

AREND'S
chestra
TONIGHT.



THE PRISONER
of Zenda.

No Raise in Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c

YOSCARY TROUPE

LEW HAWKINS, the Chesterfield of Minstrelsy

WASHINGTON GARDENS

STRICT FARM, SOUTH PASADENA

BLANCHARD HALL

UPPER ROUTES OF TRAVEL

Redondo Beach

Coronado Beach

San Diego

THE GREAT ST. ELMO QUARTETTE

Colored Jubilee Singers

Take Terminal Railway

San Francisco

The Times

LOS ANGELES SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 9, 1900. FIVE CENTS

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER
But "Tonight is the Night."
THE OLIVER-LESLIE COMPANY,

"The Prisoner of Zenda."

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BOLD MOVE MADE BY UNCLE SAM.

America Will Cut Loose from Other Powers and Settle With China on Independent Lines.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—[Exclusive Dispatch.]
The United States is preparing to cut entirely loose from the other powers represented in China and to proceed toward settlement upon independent lines. Notice to this effect may be sent the powers any moment, and the note conveying it is already written out. This move is somewhat in accordance with the policy of the government set forth in the note dated August 20. That note declared that concerted action was greatly desired, and that the United States would withdraw its troops, hoping all nations would agree, so joint negotiations might open. But this paragraph was added "and the power which determines to withdraw its troops from Peking will necessarily proceed thereafter to protect its interests in China by its own method."

The government has arrived at the conclusion that harmony of action cannot be attained on account of the attitude taken by France and Russia, and it believes further attempts to secure joint action will result only in delay and loss. Therefore the United States is preparing to take a bold forward move.

The new step looks toward the opening of communication on the part of the United States directly with the Chinese government, with the view of a settlement of the question of indemnity, and making liberal commercial treaties without waiting for the slow and uncertain movements of the inharmonious powers. To this end the State Department is preparing to avail itself of the mediation of Minister Wu, Earl Li and two other Chinese commissioners, and will doubtless appoint American commissioners to deal with them.

News Under the Times This Morning

- SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.** New fuel in Orange county... Widows heavy loss near Fullerton... Camera Club camps at Coronado Beach... Camp Fairchild reminiscent... Telephone extension at Monrovia... Alleged robberies on Gulf Coast... Not a "Foreign Devil" Left... Bryan Breaks a Record... Rear-Admiral Watson Returns... War Clouds in South America... Minister Conger Insists... Chinese Blind Man's Buff... Germany's Reply to Russia... Corbett Skips With an Actress... Earn Sport at the State Fair... Admission Day Jubilee Begins... Friendly Murder at Santa Rosa... England Profits by Peace Talk... Southern California News by Towns... Personal Mention: Men and Women... City in Brief: Paraphrased News... Home News and Local Business... Record of Marriages and Deaths.
- Part II.**
 - Part I.** Roosevelt's Tour of the West... Bold Move of Uncle Sam... Preparing to Evacuate Peking... Will Meet Bryan Squarely... Disaster on Gulf Coast... Not a "Foreign Devil" Left... Bryan Breaks a Record... Rear-Admiral Watson Returns... War Clouds in South America... Minister Conger Insists... Chinese Blind Man's Buff... Germany's Reply to Russia... Corbett Skips With an Actress... Earn Sport at the State Fair... Admission Day Jubilee Begins... Friendly Murder at Santa Rosa... England Profits by Peace Talk... Southern California News by Towns... Personal Mention: Men and Women... City in Brief: Paraphrased News... Home News and Local Business... Record of Marriages and Deaths.
- Part III.**
 - Part I.** Adventures of an Australian... Plays and Playmen: Music... Events in Society: Personal Gossip... Out of Town Society... Mr. Dooley on a Bachelor's Life... Our Daily Story... The Eagle Screams... Editorials: Editorial Paragraphs... All Along the Line: Coast Notes... Alhambra Tennis Tournament... Bible Lessons for Bible Students... Military Topics Carefully Compiled... The Jungle Man.
- Part IV.**
 - Part I.** The Public Service: Official Dolgo... Police Commission and Saloon Men... In the Police and Justice Courts... News from Various Oil Fields... Financial and Commercial... Stock Quotations on Eastern Boards... A Thrilling Story... Mr. and Mrs. Gipsy... In the Fraternal Field.
- CLASSIFIED NEWS SYNOPSIS.**
 - THE CITY.** Heroin rescue at the risk of life... Unspeaking Thorpe sentenced to six months in jail... Woman arrested for arson... Prize awarded in Alhambra tennis tournament... Garden party interrupted by a policeman... Saloon men humble, but seeking relief from Supreme Court... Novel separation agreement followed by litigation... Irrigators after the ice man... Mining promoters at out... Shovel wielder in jail... Dully mix up in court.

The names of Judge Day, Benjamin Harrison and John W. Foster have been suggested. The importance of this radical step has been fully considered by the government. It is anticipated that the move, when it becomes known to the other powers, will act instantly to bring things to a head and precipitate a final crisis or clear the air. Should France and Russia back down after learning this latest intention on the part of the United States, then the President will desist from his independent course and allow all the powers to come together for that joint action for which he all along contended, but should these two nations continue to hold aloof from the concert, the United States will press forward diplomatically in the hope of being able to extricate itself from the present inert position.

PREPARING TO EVACUATE.

Orders Sent to Chaffee for Withdrawal of His Forces from Peking.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—[Exclusive Dispatch.]
Orders have been sent to Gen. Chaffee to prepare his forces for withdrawal from Peking. Further than that the War Department has taken steps to have at Taku a sufficient number of United States transports to remove the troops to the Philippines as soon as they reach the port. These orders are preparatory and don't necessarily indicate that our government is ready to modify its immediate withdrawal from China. It is simply placing itself in a position to carry out the pledge conveyed in the reply to the Russian note in this language: "The result of these considerations is that, unless there is such a general expression by the powers in favor of continued occupation as to modify the views expressed by the government of Russia, and lead to a general agreement for continued occupation, we shall give instructions to the American forces in China to withdraw our troops from Peking after due conference with the other countries as to the time and manner of withdrawal."

POLICY UNCHANGED.
Up to the present moment our government has not changed its policy in this matter of withdrawing troops. It is the original note which was written, but at all times there has been kept steadily in mind the propriety of reserving the American troops from China as soon as this could be done consistently. It is intimated that the prospect for securing these objects through complete harmonious action by the powers is brightening every day. It is felt that this is a time for compromise propositions, as between the Russian and German designs in China and such propositions now form the substance of nearly all the diplomatic exchanges which are in daily progress.

CHINESE REASSURANCE.
The continuance of quiet in Peking, tending to reassure the Chinese officials, is believed to be rapidly hastening negotiations for final settlement. There is the best reason to believe that the Chinese government once assured personal safety of its members, were it relieved of a fear of a diminished Chinese and the menace of a large foreign force in the capital, the imperial court, including the Emperor and Empress Dowager, would lose no time in returning to Peking and entering negotiations for a settlement. Hence the suggestion has been thrown out that the allied forces in Peking be reduced to a number sufficient to insure the immediate safety of the legations, while the remaining forces retire beyond the wall of the city, perhaps to Tien-Tsin, and if the progress of the negotiations is so rapid, it is perhaps to be withdrawn altogether from China soil.

ONE REFRACTORY POWER.
There are only two obstacles to the execution of this plan. One is the difficulty of framing suitable guarantees for the continuance of a satisfactory conclusion of the negotiations for the final settlement. The other is the uncompromising attitude of one of the powers. It is now believed that the difficulty as to guarantees can be satisfactorily adjusted. The obstacle may be overcome by a threatened isolation of the refractory power, for it is believed that no one power would care to pursue a war upon China when the other powers had deliberately expressed their judgment that further hostilities were unwarranted. Besides, to injure the interests of the other powers in China, might be regarded by them as authorizing a joint demand upon the single power for guarantee which would be very difficult to meet.

HOPING FOR HARMONY.
For this reason, it is hoped that the powers can be brought to act in harmony in the matter of the evacuation of Peking, and it is entirely possible, if this plan is executed, that all of the American troops, and a small number left to guard the legation at Peking, can be withdrawn from China before winter sets in. It will not be necessary to delay the evacuation until the evacuation is completed. Even now our government, for one, is in position to begin them instantly upon the assurance of proper security and protection of the legations and the representatives of the Chinese government. Of course it is preferable that all of the other powers interested take the same view of the sufficiency of these credentials, and this government is devoting its entire efforts at the present moment toward securing harmony of action to this end, and to hastening the initiation of the final negotiations.

ROCKHILL GOES TO PEKING.
Special Commissioner Rockhill has been dispatched to Peking. A report by cable from him dated yesterday indicated that he had begun the discharge of his duties.

ROOSEVELT'S TOUR A GREAT SUCCESS.

Michiganders and Hoosiers Gave Him a Great Reception—Opening of the Campaign in Ohio.

[A. F. NIGHT REPORT.]

CHICAGO, Sept. 8.—Gov. Roosevelt arrived in Chicago at 8 o'clock tonight and proceeded at once to the Auditorium Annex, where he will remain over Sunday. He will start for Lacroix, Wis., tomorrow night, where he will deliver a speech on Monday. While in strong health and good spirits, the Governor is very much exhausted by his recent labors in Michigan and Indiana, having made no less than twenty-one speeches, most of them in the open air, in forty-eight hours. Speeches were made today at Holland, Allegan, Kalamazoo, Benton Harbor, Niles, Mich., and South Bend, Ind., at all of which places his welcome was warm and the crowds large. At South Bend the largest political demonstration of the present campaign was accorded the Governor. Large numbers of people met the train as it rolled into the station, and the streets for miles were blocked with the multitude. A tent was arranged in the Courthouse square, which was crisscrossed long before Gov. Roosevelt made his appearance. At 5 o'clock the train arrived at Benton Harbor, where the Governor left his coach and spoke for ten minutes or more on the financial question and expansion, and urged all true Americans to come to the support of McKinley, whose reelection, at this time, meant continued prosperity for the country and the keeping of all our national obligations.

BIG CROWD AT SOUTH BEND.
[A. F. DAY REPORT.]
SOUTH BEND (Ind.), Sept. 8.—Since dawn crowds of people poured into the city and a vast assemblage greeted Gov. Roosevelt when he arrived. The city had been decorated throughout with American colors and pictures of McKinley and Roosevelt. A reception committee, headed by Congressman Brick, had gone to Niles, Mich., on a special train to meet Gov. Roosevelt and escort him into Indiana. Rough riders and marching clubs escorted Gov. Roosevelt to the stand for the occasion.

DUTCH ARE IN IT.
[A. F. DAY REPORT.]
HOLLAND (Mich.), Sept. 8.—Gov. Roosevelt began the closing day of his flying tour through Michigan by addressing an audience composed almost wholly of Hollanders and their descendants. In the Holland City Park 2000 people were assembled. President Kollen of Hope College presided, and referred to the fact that Roosevelt came from Holland stock like themselves, and said, "Gov. Roosevelt was born a Dutchman." In acknowledging this salley, Roosevelt, smiling, opened his address with "My Fellow-Dutchmen." This set the crowd cheering, and some of the old settlers yelled Dutch salutes. Roosevelt responded, said: "The chairman of your Republican State Committee came from the Dutch stock. The Republicans of Minnesota have nominated a Dutchman for Governor, and another has been nominated for the Dutch are pretty well in it this year."

After alluding to the Dutch ancestry of most of those present, as well as his own, Gov. Roosevelt said: "I hope you will pardon me another reminiscence. I have taken a certain satisfaction, while at Albany, in going to the old Dutch reformed church, the same church in which 86 years ago old Peter Stuyvesant attended services, when New York was New Holland, and when he was my predecessor in the government. I address you, the men of Dutch stock to which I belong, and I address all others here today, no matter of what stock, and appeal to their patriotism and love of their country. I want to call your attention to one or two issues. In the first place, the issue of the most importance and consequence to every man, and above all to every man who has a wife and children, is to keep this country in a prosperous condition. All such men are interested in maintaining the prosperity of the country, and in the past four years, there is only one threat to the welfare of this country, and that is the election of Bryan. If we reverse the policy and the conditions which we have achieved such a measure of well-being, then we shall surely cause an industrial crisis and create a paralysis of business and induce a state of anxiety and worry for the men of means, and grim starvation for the wage workers. It is important for everybody to keep the conditions that have enabled us to secure this well-being."

In closing, the colonel appealed to all citizens who love their country and their flag to stand by the administration which, he contended, had made the nation great and prosperous.

OHIO CAMPAIGN IS OPEN.
Foraker, Depew, Hanna and Nash Evoke Enthusiasm at Youngstown.
[A. F. DAY REPORT.]
YOUNGSTOWN (O.), Sept. 8.—The Republicans of Ohio formally opened the national campaign here today with a large parade, followed by a meeting, which for enthusiasm, eloquence and attendance has rarely been equaled in the Buckeye State. Everything tended to a successful demonstration. The weather was ideal. The three oratorical stars, Senators Chauncey M. Depew, J. B. Foraker and Marcus A. Hanna, drew thousands of visitors from all parts of Ohio and Western Pennsylvania. At 9:35 a.m. the first train from Cleveland over the Erie Railroad pulled into the station with Senators Depew, Foraker and Hanna. Accompanying them as guests of honor were Judge William C. Miller, ex-Governor of Ohio, Cameron, Dist. Atty. J. J. Sullivan, Myron T. Herrick and Andrew Squires of Cleveland and George H. Waldorf, Collector of Customs of Toledo. The distinguished party was met by the Reception Committee, headed by Caleb Wyck, and escorted by the Foraker Republican Club, was driven to the residence of Mr. Wyck, where luncheon was served, followed by an informal reception.

AND POSTOFFICES.

Made Yesterday at the Ho-

delivered to Residents of Cal.

NOT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

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EVACUATION OF PEKING STILL UNDECIDED.

OUR MINISTER INSISTS That Li Hung Chang Shall Be Allowed to Proceed to Peking.

BRITISH POLICY OF INACTIVITY.

Growing in England Salisbury's Supineness in a Great Crisis.

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SENSATIONAL INDICTMENTS.

Prominent Citizens of Hartville, Mo., Implicated in Murder by Death Confession.

HARTVILLE (Mo.) Sept. 8.—Great excitement exists here tonight on the action of the grand jury in returning indictments against twenty prominent citizens of this (Wright) county for the alleged murder of John Mitchell and Jack Kaufman, and the wounding of David Mitchell in April, 1897, by "regulators."

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JEALOUS NEGRO'S CRIME.

Shoots Two Persons to Death and Escapes—Officers With Bloodhounds in Pursuit.

PUEBLO (Colo.) Sept. 8.—Officers with bloodhounds are tonight on the chase of Levi Thomas, a negro, who this afternoon killed a colored man and a woman. Armed with a rifle and a revolver he first accosted James Snowden, who was sitting in front of a neighbor's house, and after a brief quarrel fired three shots, one of which passed through Snowden's head. Going to his own house, Thomas met his wife coming out, who, frightened at his appearance, ran. He chased her through the house, shooting at her, until the woman fell, struck by the back of her head. Thomas also set a bullet after a neighbor named Wrenn, which passed through his clothing, but the latter escaped.

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SLAIN BY CANNIBALS.

Nine Members of the Wells Expedition Reported Killed in a Fierce Fight.

CHICAGO, Sept. 8.—[Dispatch to the Chronicle from Hermosillo, Mex., says: "Nine of the dozen members of the Wells expedition, which left Guaymas last June to explore Tortugas, have been slain by cannibals on that island. Three men who escaped did so only after a fierce fight to reach one of their boats."

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fourth of the adult males. The cities of San Juan and Ponce contain most of the foreign element of the island, but even there the native whites and colored each outnumber the foreign element, while together they outnumber them nearly 3 1/2 to 1.

IN Ponce the native whites are more than three times as numerous as the foreign element and the colored are double this number. Of the males of voting age of Porto Rico, 73,810 or 93.3 per cent. are colored.

MARICOPA COUNTY TICKET.

PHOENIX (Ariz.) Sept. 8.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Maricopa county Republican convention today nominated the following ticket: Councilman, Recorder, George A. Mauk; District Attorney, A. J. Edwards; Assessor, C. W. Barnett; Superintendent of Public Instruction, J. C. Wasson; Surveyor, A. Hancock; Supervisors, P. H. Parker, J. T. Priest.

"BLACK JACK" MUST DIE.

CLAYTON (N. M.) Sept. 8.—Tom Ketchum, better known as "Black Jack," the leader of a gang of outlaws that terrorized the Southwest for several years, was today convicted of train robbery, the penalty for which is New Mexico's death.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

30 DAYS TREATMENT.

DR. J. C. WATSON'S CASTORIA.

It is the product of a pure and honest process. It is the only medicine that can be given to infants and children without harm.

Stomach all right? Suppose you leave off drinking coffee and drink

Cof-farin.

Get it at your grocer. Steep it like tea, in the proportion of a dessert spoonful for each cup.

Ansonia Pirate Alarm Clocks. The best low priced clock.

MONTGOMERY BROS. Douglas Bldg., Spring and Third Sts.

WAR DECLARED.

AGAINST THE OWL

The Owl has 30 days only to live.

Buy now or forever hold your peace.

At a meeting of the new drug trust among the retailers of this city (which the Owl Drug Co. refused to have anything to do with), present a full quorum of weepers, including the two wholesalers of the city, who were escorted to private boxes, especially decorated for them, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Resolved THAT we are the people and we own the drug business in and around Los Angeles, and The Owl Drug Co. fitting up an elegant store in our very midst merits our severest censure.

Resolved THAT The Owl Drug Co., having the finest prescription department in this city, and putting up prescriptions at half the price we now charge, is in violation of the ethics of the profession.

Resolved THAT the cutting the price on all patent medicines down to 10 to 25 per cent. less than our cost is an outrage on our high-priced drug trust and shall not be tolerated.

Resolved THAT WE BOYCOTT every jobber in Los Angeles that dares to supply The Owl a dollar's worth of goods.

Resolved THAT we give The Owl just 30 days to live, and direct the two jobbers occupying private boxes in our midst to constitute themselves a committee of two and see they die promptly according to this resolution.

Resolved THAT we all weep three times a day (Post Cribum) for 30 days in memory of the poor, dead Owl. So mote it be.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHOEA.

Mr. G. H. Dawson, a well-known citizen of Pomona, Cal., writes: "I have been afflicted with the cholera, and I have used your medicine, and I have been cured. I can testify to its merits."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Lavative Brown Glycerin Tablets. All druggists receive the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

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...andena school children should
of the school-children's content

WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

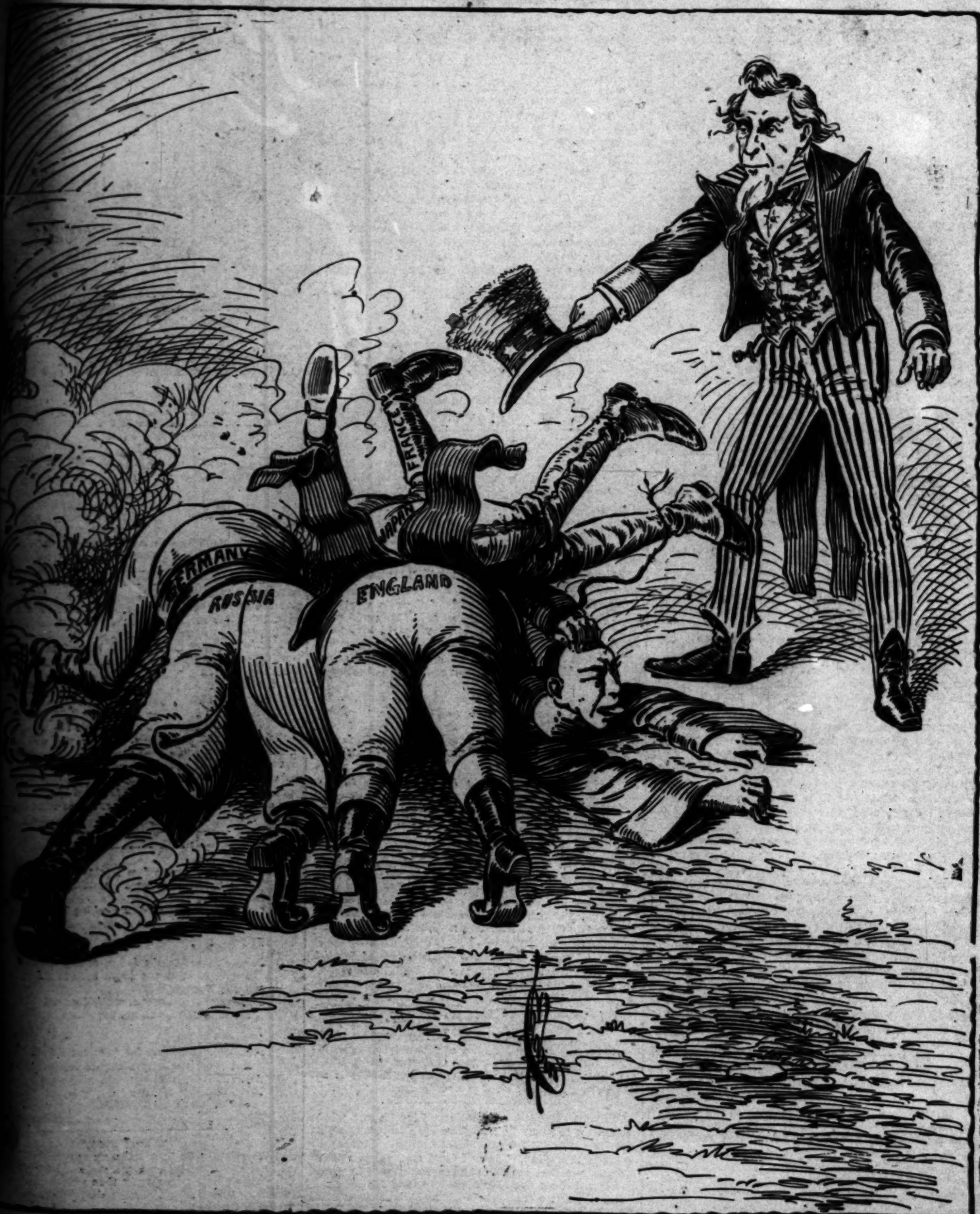
Los Angeles Sunday Times

SEPTEMBER 9, 1900.

PRICE PER YEAR.... \$2.50
SINGLE COPY.... 5 CENTS

THE DIPLOMATIC DISPOSITION OF CHINA.

UNCLE SAM WANTS FAIR PLAY.



Uncle Sam: "Sufferin' saints! but I am glad I'm not in that muss." To the Powers: "Say, boys, let him get on his feet, so that we can do business with him."

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, though only in its third year, is an established success. It is complete, in itself being served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

Its contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics touching a strong Californian color and a pleasant Southwestern flavor; Historical, Descriptive and Personal Sketches; Frank G. Carpenter's incomparable letters; Sea by Sea; the Development of the Ship; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Timely Criticisms; Scientific and Solid Subjects; Care of the Human Body; Romance, Fiction, Poetry, Art; Anecdotes and Humor; Noted Men and Women; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Excursions; Stories of the Firing Line; Animal Stories; Fresh Pen Pictures, and a wide range of other fresh, popular up-to-date subjects of keen human interest.

Being complete in themselves, the weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes—thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 25 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. THE TIMES-PUBLISHING COMPANY, Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 3, 1897.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

IT HAS been the habit of a certain class of Americans to decry their own country, its laws and customs and the form of its government. This carping spirit, to be sure, has been chiefly for home consumption. It is only one of many different species of the supercilious patronage by which a man endeavors to persuade his fellow-men that he is himself in an elevated position because he is able to look down on something. In this particular case, the attempt is usually to convey the impression of a cosmopolitan spirit acquired through much foreign travel and an intimate acquaintance with the titled aristocracy of the effete monarchies. Abroad, however, the American is usually very patriotic—even belligerently so. He thinks everything American superior to everything foreign, even the sunsets. He is very like some of the good old mammys we all of us know, who are wont to refer to their worse half as "that missable old nigger Jim," but are insulted if anyone else does not speak of him as "Mr. James Jones, the colored gentleman of the fifth floor back."

Exceptions there are to this rule, however. You will find a considerable number of them resident in the American quarters of foreign cities or among the "permanents" at prominent boarding-houses frequented by American travelers. Their countenances are wrapped in Machiavellian gloom whenever the American Constitution is mentioned, and they are always ready to admit to the Baron Von K—or Lord R—, their table vis-a-vis, that this country is rushing to the demotion bow-wows at a break-neck rate of speed, presenting a remarkable contrast to the stable European governments founded upon the firm rock of conservative monarchy.

Notice is hereby given these fellow-citizens that they are no longer in fashion. Their cut is rapidly going out. If they wish to agree with the Baron Von K—or Lord R—, they will have to adopt quite another style of opinion.

Our country is not without its faults. We all know them. If we did not, we should learn all about them in our next political campaign; learn all the flaws that exist in our institutions, as well as some that exist only in the imagination of the calamity-howling politician. In a republic faults are not concealed. It is therefore especially agreeable to listen to what other nations are saying about us, just at present. It is more than agreeable. The objective view of one's own personality is not supposed to be as complimentary as the subjective, and to see ourselves as others see us is not regarded as a probably pleasant experience. The remarks that have been made in foreign countries recently about our foreign policy, the statecraft of our officials, the character of our soldiery, the efficiency of our Federal institutions generally, ought to constitute a means of enlightenment to a certain class of agitator. It is not a small part that the United States is playing today in world history, and not a stinted praise that the press of the nations is giving the performance of that part. The report of Joseffy, who has just returned from abroad, that ideas of America have undergone a complete change lately corresponds to the printed intelligence that reaches us from all sides.

THE PROTECTION OF WILD ANIMALS.

AN ACT intended to prevent cruelty to wild animals has just become law in England. It is substantially an extension of law already existing for the protection of domesticated animals to the case of ferocious animals. Unnecessary injury to these while still at large, and wanton ill-treatment, laceration, teasing or terrifying without good cause, are prohibited under penalty of imprisonment not exceeding three months or a fine of £5.

This broadening of humane law is sure to excite the interest and approval of a large number of people outside the kingdom of Great Britain. It took the civilized world many centuries to arrive at a conception of responsibility and duty to any species besides the human, and the growth

of that conception was in the beginning a slow one. Its recent development, on the other hand, has been of marvellous rapidity. Modern biology, following the direction given it by Darwin and the other great evolutionists, has had much to do with this rate of speed. Its greatest promoters, however, have been the literary artists, with Kipling at their head, who have given us a realistic interpretation of the natural hopes and fears and joys of other species than our own, and of the tragedies that enter into their experience. The older, anthropological representation of animals, wild and domestic, was useful at times for the amusement of the children, but the newer, objective view appeals to grown men and women by its verisimilitude, and makes us aware, through the medium of our emotions, of a kinship with nature at large that Darwinism first demonstrated through the medium of pure reason. To Rudyard Kipling and Ernest Seton-Thompson, with Olive Thorne Miller and a few other somewhat older writers in a minor category, the animals owe a debt of special gratitude for the assistance rendered our somewhat obtuse imaginative powers in the comprehension of what life may mean to them. It is not perhaps without reason that the first law for the protection of wild animals from cruelty as distinguished from the mere protection of life for the ultimate benefit of human beings should have its origin in Kipling's native land.

Our own laws, however, have been designed to cover both wild and domesticated animals; with some special sections relating to the responsibility of owners and custodians of animals for their food and care. A case of cruelty to a rat has been successfully prosecuted in Massachusetts. As the civilization of a nation may be best judged by the degree of humanity shown in its midst to all things weak and dependent, Anglo-Saxon peoples have reason for pride in the progress of their human laws. The nation that is cruel to animals is sure to show inhumanity in plenty to men and women, and children, also; and it need not surprise us, after reading travelers' accounts of Chinese abominations of cruelty to animals, to learn of barbarities of their part toward prisoners of war, such as were unthinkable to men of Caucasian descent.

Because of President McKinley's position in regard to the army canteen, the members of the W.C.T.U. are zealously at work developing an endless chain of prayer against his reelection. The question is now, whether the ladies who are organizing this campaign effort will be willing to abide by the comparative rating of the W.C.T.U. and the Republican administration with the Almighty, as indicated by the election returns, next November.

CURRENT EDITORIAL THOUGHT.

[Omaha Bee:] The difference between Labor day of 1900 and the same day four years ago talks louder and more forcibly than all the Labor-day speeches.

[Anacosta Standard:] The war in China will go down in history as a war in which armies of six nations fought and bled, and yet which technically wasn't a war at all.

[Indianapolis Journal:] The manufactures of the United States sold abroad last year amounted to about \$255,000,000, of which at least \$150,000,000 was paid to American labor. That is expansion.

[Memphis Commercial-Appeal:] Wisconsin wants the direct State primary for all State offices. This will never be satisfactory until a State primary can be held under as strict a law as a State election.

[Baltimore American:] The rule in large cities now appears to be: When in doubt concerning municipal retrenchment or delay in payments, begin with the schools. It is about time that the schools should be the first thought.

[Columbus Dispatch:] Now Sweden comes borrowing, having failed to get what she wants of her usual banker, John Bull. What do the nations of Europe take Uncle Sam for, anyway? He can't be all kinds of uncle to all kinds of people.

[Milwaukee Sentinel:] The American people do not cherish grudges against nations which they have found it necessary to discipline. The Spanish Minister was cheered and the Spanish flag was greeted with smiles at the Iron Brigade banquet in Chicago.

[New York Tribune:] Russia comes roaring to the front with the claim of having first entered Peking, a contention which several military leaders, Gen. Chaffee among them, must pass upon before it is admitted. It is of no great consequence who got in ahead or which gate first yielded to the allied artillery, but because he is big, the Northern Bear must not be allowed to paw over and muss up the facts of history.

[Chicago Post:] The placing of \$10,000,000 of Swedish bonds in this country so soon after the English loan of \$60,000,000 was negotiated is decidedly significant. It shows the place that the United States is taking in the financial world. About a year ago one of the governors of the Bank of England predicted that the United States in time would take the place of England as the leading monetary power, and yesterday one of the most experienced and conservative bankers of Chicago asserted that "the United States has become the creditor nation of the world. She is not supplanting England; she has already done so."

The Duke of York is a cigarette smoker. He once said to the Czar of Russia: "A short time ago I had an idea that cigarettes were bad for me, so I determined to limit myself to five smokes a day. The first day I managed to exist on the number I had determined upon smoking. The second day I smoked all five before luncheon and felt miserable during the rest of the day. The third day I smoked the five judiciously, but still felt a great 'wanting.' The fourth day I couldn't stand it any longer and so smoked fifteen cigarettes to make up for my self-denial during the other days."

ADDING MACHINES IN DEMAND.

INVENTORS ARE BUSY IN DEVISING AUTOMATIC MATHEMATICIANS.

[Chicago Record:] There is unusual activity among inventors at present in the effort to produce machines for mathematical purposes, and perhaps the largest number of applications received at the patent office for any one invention these days is for patents for improvements upon adding machines. The electric computers in use in the census office have reached a higher degree of accuracy and speed than any other automatic mathematicians, and are many other devices for making computations and use throughout the country which are being rapidly improved, and even in their imperfect state are a great advantage where large calculations are necessary.

"For many years many attempts, more or less successful, have been made by inventors to devise what are called adding machines," said Commissioner of Patents in Washington the other day, "but not until recently such machines come into general use, for the double reason that they are easily thrown out of order and cannot be repaired by the ordinary mechanic, and, secondly, they are not accurate, especially in carrying over from one denomination to another, as from units to tens, or hundreds, etc. Adding machines are now coming into extensive use in banks, counting houses and large concerns where long columns of figures are to be added, and they serve to make an expert accountant out of any one who can become skilled in manipulating keys, for the machine, even in its present state of development, is less liable to error than the human brain, and it never gets tired."

"The adding machine upon which inventors are working with considerable activity is one in which number or unit types are set up by means of keys in position for printing. Connected with these number types are known as total number wheels, which, when number types are restored to their position, continue to revolve in the same direction until all the numbers have been printed. These total number wheels are moved by operation of the machine a distance corresponding to key operated, so that as soon as all the separate numbers are printed one may read off from the total number of the sums of all the individually recorded numbers, thus saving a long and arduous mental calculation."

"The earlier machines had many attachments that have been found to be useless, and by omitting these have made the present adding machine comparatively simple. It is now their main effort to develop a machine which will not make errors. This will probably be accomplished by improving the apparatus that prevents the inertial overthrow movement at the end of each operation, keeping the parts locked except during the instant of the key operation, and by perfecting mechanism for transferring from one denomination to other."

FRIGHTS ARE OFTEN FATAL.

[New York Tribune:] "Sudden frights, checks or presence of physical danger," said Arthur Childs of the Hotel Netherland, "have curiously direct effects on different natures. The presence of danger renders some men as cool as ice, others—and equally as well—will tremble violently and break into perspiration. I remember once hearing of a chap who, coming unharmed of a railroad wreck, worked like a demon to assist his fortunate fellow-passengers. All the time he was at it, however, he held one hand to his collar and when he over one of his companions discovered that he was lying tight to his necktie, which he had been in the act of tying when the collision occurred."

"I know a young girl who had learned to swim well, and one day she essayed the feat of swimming in a bathing pool on a wager. There were plenty of people about, and the distance was not great, but when she half way across someone yelled out, 'How deep is it?' She came up once, tried to scream, but the water was over her head and she went again. A man who was in the gallery surrounding the pool, realizing that something was wrong, jumped in, clothes and all, and dragged her out. He was gone too soon, for she was unconscious when he pulled her up. It was the sheer fright of knowing that she was out of her depth that caused it all, as otherwise wasn't the slightest danger."

IF I CAN LIVE.

If I can live
To make some pale face brighter and to give
A second luster to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or even impart
One thrub of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by;

If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,
My life, though bare
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us on earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy,
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,
Is bidding clouds give way to sun and shine,
And 'twill be well
If on that day of days the angels tell
Of me, "She did her best for one of thine."

—[Helen Hunt Jackson]

[Chicago Tribune:] "I don't know," the party said dubiously. "We have had more applications for called spell-binders than we can shake a stick at. We got more eloquent men already than we can use. We want now is some chap who can simply take the words of the other fellows."

"Got him right here," replied the caller, beckoning a man in the background. "Mr. Manager, let me introduce my friend, Mr. Abel Skinner."

BETWEEN TWO OCEANS.

By a Special Contributor.

HOMEWARD bound at last! Good-by to all New York, and, settled in my compartment, good-by, with fluttering handkerchief and dim eyes, to the group of familiar faces as they grow smaller and smaller behind me. Good-by—"we say it for an hour or so."

Through New Jersey—green woods, market gardens, fields. I wish I were a child again, to be up in a daisy field! Everything is so vividly real because of the little shower that just now fell from the window. Oh, this is real, real country, like that long-hoped-for England. There is actually an English pump in that yard, and a woman working in her life filling tubs. We are passing a field of onions. I never realized before that onions were so delicately gray-green, star-tipped with little white bells. Writers of well-paid reputation tumble over themselves in search of "local color," and why may not a humble tyro describe that creature soaring over the fields as a "Jersey mosquito?" She never saw one, and it looks like a buzzard—but quiver safe?

Pennsylvania. We are passing long reaches of river, and with clay green islands. One pointed hill is on the shore, wooded to the top like a heavily-mounded stone. No paucity of old farmhouses on the river edge. On our side is a fringe of trees close down to the water. The tops are penciled, vivid green, and the trunks are dim and black against the pale-gray river. Sunset is burning out, but it is still very light. Was ever a country so green! California will seem a sun-burnt globe after this—but dearest of all, despite her freckles and sandy hair. But those fields, with their starrings of great daisies; and the green grass everywhere; and the vines festooned with grapevines in the hollows by the river—such draping and bowing and twisting—a green arch as the curve of a wave just before it breaks—all glowing and glistening from the last sunshower! I never saw that the world was so beautiful. . . . They have two hundred vivid points of garnet and topaz against the green trees and pale blue dusk. The smoke trails off in misty misty veils, just a shade bluer than the air. The stars begin to glow in the sunset. . . . Another view of the river—smooth and steel-gray, with little silvery streaks. The dark banks have sepia reflections. Someone is carrying a lantern near the bank on the opposite shore, a bright speck of orange glittering down and down like the perfect mirror, a wavering and shimmering gold.

The couple opposite me are very interesting. Whether they are lately married or not I don't know, but rather not, for he is such a selfish pig. She is the very sort of timidity and devotion—not beautiful, and what Miss in slang call "a lumpy dresser," but her face becomes transfigured when she looks upon her lord. He leans on the back seat (letting his wife ride backward,) his polka-dotted socks over and anon protruding restlessly through the open window. His coat is off, his lordly back against their one pillow. She is tired to death, as her face shows, but her one thought is for him. He lets her put her head down on the arm of the seat and rest as best she can. He smooches luxuriously—the pillow is soft. Perhaps this is partly to blame; it is round and receding, with a deep dimple. His hair is curly. A man is to be pitied who has to fight through life the handicap of curly hair, a receding, dimpled chin. I think his wife is a cook, to judge by her hands. One or two giddy marriage rings, a hat, attire and breastpin suggest bridal extravagance. The pride of possession with which she looks at that man! He is sure they have been recently married. He seems to her in caste, has the hands of a clerk or book-keeper, a suggestion of refinement in his face which his manner does not justify. I longed to throw a book at him a moment ago when he languidly motioned to her to pick up his boots.

We are due in Chicago at 3:30 o'clock, and I have just had breakfast. Last night was hardly a success. I lay for hours courting sleep. Through the little screen at the foot of my berth came a refreshing breeze, and I ought to have been like a tired child. Just as I began to lose consciousness the fresh air current suddenly changed to burn, with a sulphurous smell that nearly stifled me. I leaped to throw a book at him a moment ago when he languidly motioned to her to pick up his boots.

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ference. Young yellow locks has been looking wistfully this way. Can I be of any help?

"Tablet doty"—I am getting westward and shall follow Bret Harte's vernacular—was fine. In Kansas, too. Quite luxurious. Generally these eating stations are what the Virginians call "swalla" and git-out troughs," but here, oh, shade of Lucullus! we were given cold slaw and batter cakes for a first course! Then, in quick succession, chicken with mushrooms, beefsteak with ditto, bacon omelette and potato salad, hot rolls, iced cucumbers, unlimited choice of soft drinks, and, as a triumphant finale, roman punch with sponge cake and ginger snaps! Resolute in getting my money's worth, I sampled everything before me. I might never have another just such opportunity—for 75 paltry cents a banquet beginning with cold slaw and ending with roman punch! By the way, is it a translated variety (Bos Ambrosia, from Olympus) of sublimated steer that feedeth on the sunflowers of Kansas and the cactus of Arizona? Pain would I again brave their cyclones and duststorms and molten sands to taste once more the tender, juicy, succulent steaks that make a thousand miles of meals a mouth-watering memory.

Here's a sunset for you! The strip of sky behind the thunderstorm in the west has turned gorgeous orange, changing that dark veil of rain to wisps and columns of pale purple. A wide band of flaming color, it looks all the more brilliant between the dead blue of the heavy clouds above and the even green of the fields beneath. And the lightning runs in white zigzags across the purple and gold.

As it grows darker under the oncoming night, Kansas outside this rain-washed window is alternately in Stygian blackness and dazlingly visible for miles. At times I can distinguish every shade of green in the fields we pass, under a steel-colored sky, split with white-hot streaks. And the thunder! It is scenic—but alas! I grow sleepy.

Early morning in Colorado—mountains and a breath of coolness. This keen air gives one a glorious appetite. At 5 o'clock the chorus begins. From the berth opposite me, "Mamma!" Sleepy grunt from the comatose parent. "Mama! I'm awful hungry!" Sounds of discipline. "You go to sleep, Willie, and let mamma alone!" "Say, can't I get a cracker from that lady in the next berth? I saw her have some!" The innocent refers to me. Well, anything for peace. Wrapping the drapery of my couch about me, I grope under my berth for the box of graham wafers and clutch it after nearly tumbling head foremost into the aisle. He grasps the boon with round-eyed gratitude and subsides. But I shudder to think of his mother's sentiments toward me, her gratitude tempered by gritty crumbs and the moist fragments which will be amiably pressed into her mouth.

A big voice from the end of the car, "Oh, porter!" "Yes, suh?" "Where do we get fed?" (my pork merchant from Chicago, bless him! he has been affording me entertainment and material for my sketch-book all through the trip.) "Eight o'clock, suh." "And what time is it now?" "Five-ten, suh." A groan, and a few remarks, to which I am discreetly deaf. Then all the members of our little colony wake one by one, with virtually the same query, and take the reply according to their various natures. Presently we are all up and dressed, exclaiming at the scenery—all save my Porcine Czar, as I affectionately term him. He slumbers once more behind his green-flush curtains—slumbers sturdily, with audible enjoyment, on a stupendous scale, as he seems to do everything. When the train pulls into Las Vegas with hungry puffs and snorts, and we make a delicious rush for food, the porter has to wake his Majesty. He rushes in when five of the precious twenty minutes are gone—in a berserker rage, without his necktie, and shouts his order in a famished roar. I watch him, fascinated, but am obliged to leave just as a gravy-dripping chop, clutched by the bone, is on its way to join its comrades below.

This heat! Surely it is in this vicinity that the hens fry fried eggs. New Mexico is flat and wavering, with fiery air, under a sky blue as a hollow turquoise. The train makes a hot noise, and so much dust! The German boy is fanning his father distractedly; the heat makes the invalid's tired face a shade grayer, and draws blue rings under his closed eyes. The rest of us are far from white—we range from pale cerise through crimson lake and rose madder to a deep, rich carmine. The kindly impartial dust has settled on all alike, the perspiration has streaked it, and we care not.

At the last stop a clamorous group of unsavory Indians claimed our languid attention and casual dimes. There were baskets for sale, pots, jars, and uncut turquoise and moss agates in little trays. Bold black eyes appealed to us under the heavy, straight-cut fringes. One little chap, with an old bandana for sole attire, held up a little clay doll to my Czar. He threw down a 50-cent piece—"But I'd give \$50, young man," he sighed, "for your dress suit and the privilege of wearing it." The Czar was very warm. From his physique, he might yield seventy-five pounds of pure lead, and it looked as if it were all melting. I felt sorry for him, but not much. Heat makes one a lazy, hopeless egoist.

Arizona—desert! Now the question is, how much hotter can I be and live? The plush cushions are white with alkali dust—so am not I. Somehow it makes me black, but to wash with the alkali water is, they say, to invite destruction. Collars disappeared hours ago among the masculine contingent; coats have also gone by the board. We await further developments with some uneasiness. A gentleman says to me, "How can you look so cool?"—I could kick him.

The day is over and blessed coolness has come upon us at last. We have left the Needles behind, and the last of Arizona is dropping rearward—faint blue ranges, jagged as if a child's scissors had shaped them. We are plunging straight into the heart of the yellow West, and there is a long strip of glistening cloud above us, like a triumphal banner. I love the very cactus and sagebrush. Shine golden; O sunset, over the Golden State—over home!

Breakfast at San Bernardino—a hollow mockery. The desert is a memory now. Bless me! how natural the dear brown hills look, and the pepper trees, and the blue gums! Pains in long avenues—none of your scrubby, little, conservatory exotica! We shall reach Pasadena in two hours!

If I lean any farther from the window I shall awake in

the mosque, but I must have a first glimpse of Hotel Green! Ah, the Czar has forestalled me—and what does he care? "Poopy big building for this one-horse town!" says his Porcine Majesty. First glimpse of the outskirts of home, what art thou to such as he! . . . Pasadena behind us—Los Angeles in fifteen minutes. They are long minutes. . . . We are drawing into the depot—such a thronging host of mere people! Where—where—ah, there they are!—and the train stops at last.

NORA MAY FRENCH.

A NATURAL ICE MINE.

IT WOULD BE A GOLD MINE IF IT WERE MOVABLE—SUPPLY IS GREATEST IN SUMMER.

[Boston Evening Transcript:] About twelve miles from Ehrenbriestien—the famous rock fortress on the Rhine, opposite Coblenz—is the railroad station of Montabaur. From Montabaur a short railway trip of twenty minutes brings you to Wallmerod station. Then half an hour's walk will land you at the Blasinsberg, which, with its opposite neighbor, the Dornburg, shuts in a somewhat narrow valley. Between the two hills are natural deposits of ice all through the hottest summer; and the southern and southeastern slopes of the Dornburg are covered with them. These deposits are in ditches, most of which are from five to six feet deep, although some are over twenty. In every case the ice reaches to within a few feet of the edge of the ditch.

The greater the heat of summer, and consequently the fiercer the rays of the sun, the greater the body of ice. With the thermometer at 90 deg. in the shade, the ice has been known to rise, in the deeper ditches, as much as three feet higher than in moderate heat. The Dornburg is composed of basalt and in the lower portion are deep clefts out of which pour an icy wind.

It is in spring and fall that the ice pockets shrink most markedly, but then only as much as they increase in very hot weather. In winter there rushes out of the upper part of the hill a current of air which, even when the outside atmosphere is coldest, has a temperature of about 55 deg. As a consequence snow rarely reaches the ground there as snow, and, if it does, melts very quickly. This warm current of air is particularly noticeable on the Wildweibchen-hauschen—a basalt cliff with a very deep cleft in which, according to legend, wild women once lived.

At the foot of the hill bubble up many cold springs, which do not change their temperature winter or summer, and are the coldest springs in Germany. The temperature is 39 deg. all the year round. So far scientists have not devoted much attention to these peculiar phenomena; and, as a consequence, no sound and satisfactory explanation has yet been arrived at. It is, however, sure that the numerous clefts, the great hollow chamber, which is known to exist in the heart of the hill, and the vast amount of water trickling have much to do with the peculiar phenomena.

Another peculiarity is that the opposite cliffs of the hill have opposite magnetic poles. As the Dornburg is composed of basalt it contains much iron. It is probable that in the interior of the hill are large iron deposits, possibly of magnetic iron, and that the magnetism is intensified by the changing air currents. The top of the hill is flat, and has an area of about twelve acres. The soil is very fertile and is well cultivated.

TURKISH BOYS AT SCHOOL.

TRICKS THEY PLAY UPON THE HODJA—SOME ASTONISHING THINGS THAT ARE TAUGHT.

[Boston Herald:] The beginning of a Mohammedan boy's school life is always made an occasion for a festival. It occurs on his seventh birthday. The entire school goes to the new scholar's home, leading a richly-caparisoned and flower-bedecked donkey. The new pupil is placed on this little beast, and, with the hodja, or teacher, leading, the children form a double file and escort him to the school-house, singing joyous songs.

To a stranger the common Turkish school presents a singular scene. The pupils are seated cross-legged on the bare marble pavement in the porch of the mosque, forming a semi-circle about the hodja, who is, as a rule, an old fat man. He holds in his hand a stick long enough to reach every student. By means of this rod he is enabled not only to preserve order among the mischievous, but to urge on the boy whose recitation is not satisfactory. But, as a rule, hodjas are lazy and often fall asleep. Then it is that the pupils enjoy what the American boy would style a "picnic." A trick they specially like to play on their sleeping teacher is to anoint his hair and long gray beard with wax, which is, of course, very difficult to get rid of. You may be sure when the hodja wakes he makes good use of his lengthy weapon.

Some of the answers these little Turks receive to their questions would make an American child open his eyes in amazement. A half-grown boy, in the presence of a missionary, who tells the story, asked the hodja:

"What makes it rain?"

"Up in the clouds," answered this wise teacher, "our prophet, Mohammed, and the one who belongs to Christians went into business together, the profits to be divided. One night Mohammed stole all the profits and ran away. In the morning, when the Christian God discovered his loss, he pursued Mohammed in his golden chariot, the rumbling of whose wheels makes the thunder. The lightning is the bullets of fire which the God shot after his fleeing partner. Mohammed, finding he could not escape in midair, plunged into the sea; the Christian God followed him, and the shock splashed the water out and it fell to the earth in rain."

And the young Turks, believing the teachings of their father, were investigating the cause of rain, and is taught an American child in the kindergarten.

PAINFUL INFERENCE.

[Chicago Tribune:] "Don't trifle with me, Miss McCurdy!" pleaded the young man, desperately. "Wait till I have finished. Do I need to tell you after all these weeks how completely and absolutely your image fills my heart? Have you not seen? Do you not know? Have I not betrayed myself by my looks, by the tones of my voice, by the eager joy that lights up my features whenever you appear? Must I put in words the feelings I can no more disguise than I can—"

"Mr. Whingood," interrupted the young woman, "are you in earnest?"

"Glycerine McCurdy," he said, drawing himself up with injured dignity, "do you think I'm doing this on a bet?"

Amoy, Where Japan Landed Her Troops.

THE GATE OF HAL

AN INTERESTING ISLAND WITH NUMEROUS CITIES AND TOWNS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE landing of troops recently in Amoy, by Japan, upon the pretext of immediate satisfaction for the accidental destruction of their temple at that place, evinces the intense feeling still existing between the little brown men and their neighbors of the Flowery Realm.

Amoy, which is the local pronunciation for Haimun, meaning Gate or Harbor of Hai, is a small island, with numerous thriving towns upon it, and several cities, the most important one being the ancient city of Amoy. Being an island, this "grab" is attainable without necessarily involving dismemberment of the Chinese empire. Besides, no other country is particularly aspiring to the possession of it. The Japanese having made this forward move, it became advisable for Uncle Sam to send a gunboat of investigation, hoping, of course, that the threatened disturbances would be quieted through the salutary effect that a gunboat or two gives, and also that Japan would realize her broken faith with the Chinese viceroys, and desist from the further landing of troops on the island.

What with England occupying Shanghai, Russia New Chwang, Germany Shan Tung and Japan Amoy, it keeps America somewhat busy trotting after them to see that things are all right.

The situation of Amoy is like a huge rock in the mouth of the Pei Chi River, with the arms of the mainland almost encircling it, leaving a narrow, deep channel, with here and there other clean-cut little islands located in the most defensive spots. The largest of the protecting islands is Quemoy or Golden Harbor, but the most important one is Kulangsu. This island bristles with fortifications, and lies only 850 rods from Amoy, with only a deep, safe channel between. No sooner was Amoy opened to foreign trade than did Kulangsu become the foreign settlement. With its position and proper fortifications it commands the entrance to this famous harbor.

A Center of Disturbance.

Amoy lies almost equidistant between Shanghai and

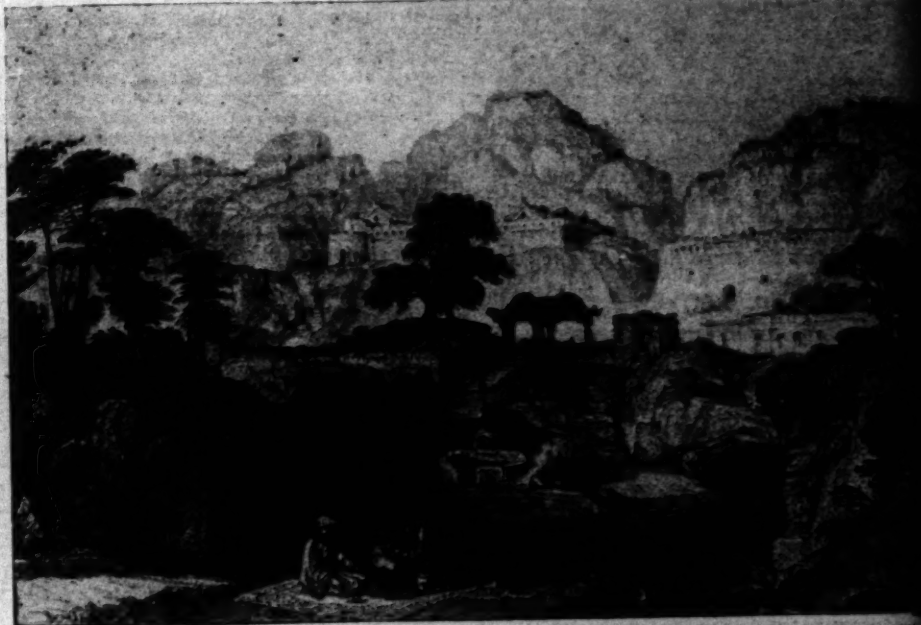
mass of thousands the day's labor for the love-lorn couple has not been in vain.

Amoy's Tea Trade Gone.

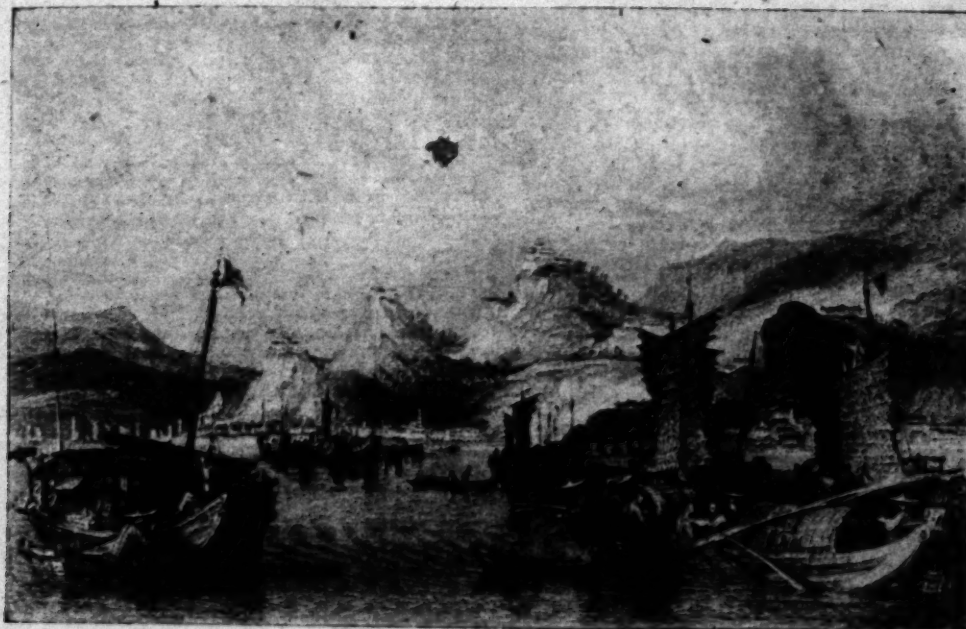
Twenty years ago the great trading interest of Amoy was Oolong tea. But the competition of Assam and Ceylon teas has entirely ruined this trade, leaving only silk, sugar, paper and porcelain as exports, while the foreign curio

hunter still finds the exquisitely-carved peach-stone lots to rejoice his traveler's heart, even if he must dollar a stone.

The interesting old city has an enviable location, perched on a hillside, with an outer and inner harbor, an outer and inner city, or what might be called a city and a city. The two cities are divided by a high rocky hills, with a fortified wall running along



ANCIENT TOMBS NEAR AMOY.



AMOY FROM THE OUTER ANCHORAGE.

Canton and in the channel of Formosa, exactly opposite the island of that name. On account of its close proximity to Formosa it has been, not infrequently, in the past the center of disturbing influence and designs upon that island; therefore the timely caution of Japan.

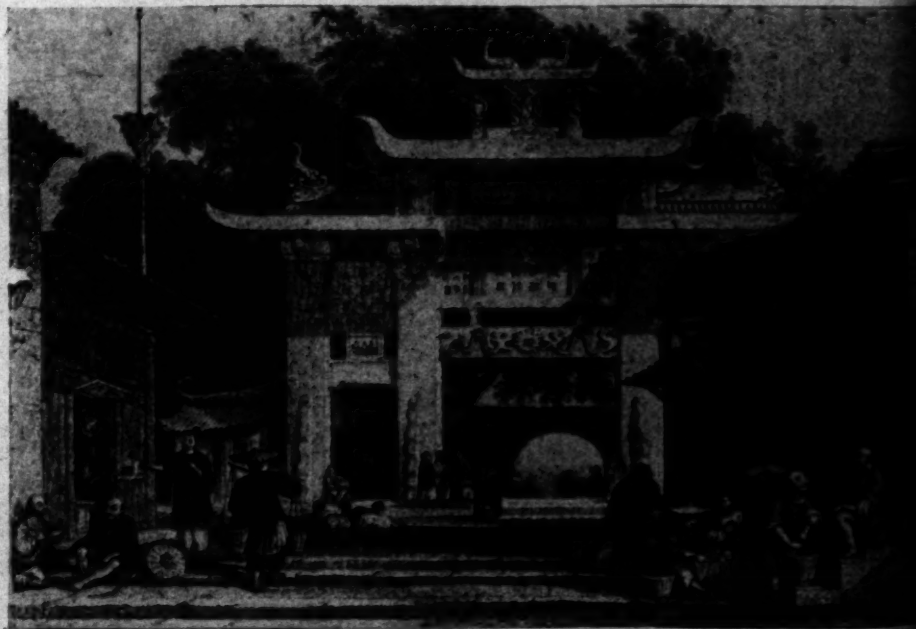
The island of Amoy is only about forty miles in circumference, and upon this area are nearly one hundred and fifty villages. Many of the old "Green Head" line of junks still flock the harbor like stately swans, and gracefully ride to the very house doors of the ancient city, the water being deep enough and the harbor so secure. The harbor has been Amoy's wealth. The city is perhaps eight miles in circumference and although the streets are well paved and a foot wider than those of most Chinese towns, they seem a narrow bed for the vast human current flowing between two banks of houses, and the stranger finds himself a single item swallowed up in a stream of shaven heads, dangling queues, flowing robes and fluttering fans. The noise and uproar of this compact, struggling mass is bewildering. The trader bawls the merits of his goods, the barber sounds his tuning-fork and the mendicant groans and begs, and every now and then a high official borne aloft in his sedan chair clears the way for a moment and you are free to breathe, but not to think, before the noise closes in upon you and you are again in pandemonium.

Should you perchance come to an opening and can understand what your own ears hear, a pretty beggar girl may promptly demand your sympathy, and for what? Why she has a young friend who is very poor, and she is engaged to a young man even poorer, and as nothing added to nothing produces a blank, so the charming young friends levy contributions upon the passer-by. The charms are successful. You watch awhile and find that about one in every hundred drops a penny, and in the seething

and the two towns connected by a paved road. The population is near 350,000; the value of trade for 1897 was \$10,000,000. Some of the finest sea-fishing in the world is to be had along the coast of Amoy; but the absolute prohibition, by the Chinese government, of the importation of salt renders the lucrative resource of the island of little avail, as home-made salt is too expensive to use for fishing. Salt-fish can be shipped into the island at a duty of 5 per cent. ad valorem paid and still sold cheaper than home-prepared salt fish. Salt is a monopoly of the Chinese government. To this monopoly and the importation of grain are attributed the frequent famines occurring in China. Grain is allowed to be imported from abroad; but the Chinese product may not be even from one province to another, without special permission from the government. Consequently the government only the amount that will be consumed by pressing necessity in his own district. If the crop is a failure the famine. For the ordinary Chinaman is pinching and therefore unable to buy.

An Important Inland City.

The large and flourishing inland city of Changchun, lying directly opposite, claims Amoy as her port, although the city of Amoy has for years been a great port, it has been only as a gateway for Changchun. This was one of the first trading posts in China, after the Portuguese and the English had been expelled from Amoy and the trading transferred to Canton. No ships were allowed to trade there. However, in 1842, it was captured by the English, and her seemingly impenetrable fortifications were as soft clay in the hands of the British potter. Amoy had prided herself upon her home-made cannon, for she had one of the first factories in China, established by Father Verbiest.



ENTRANCE TO THE CITY OF AMOY.

"Oh," she sobbed, "what have these men been punishment for? I call it inhuman. Oh, tell me what was the matter with these poor boys. Why were they crying?"

"Cryin' nothin'," said the sentry from the Bowerly. "They wasn't a-cryin'. Dat's de kitchen people, and they was a-peelin' de onions for dinner."—(Maudie Letter to the *Commonwealth*.)

THE ISLAND EMPIRE.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE AS SEEN
BY A TOURIST.

By O. C. Welbourn, M.D., M.E., F.A.C.P.S.

CHEMULPO (Korea), Aug. 3, 1900.—I first saw Japan in the bay of Tokio at the break of day. Aroused by the clanking chain as we cast anchor, I looked out of my stateroom window and saw on the far distant horizon a snow-capped mountain peak—Fujiyama. It was a perfect cone, slightly flattened at the apex, and stood entirely isolated from the near-by mountain ranges. Fujiyama had already caught the morning sunlight and appeared in the hazy distance as if bathed in an irradiating halo. The most delicate tints of the spectrum came and went till fleecy clouds gathered round her crown and stole away her welcome. At Tokio I have seen her standing solemn and grand upon a level plain; at Enoshima I have seen her hanging in the sky far out over the swelling Pacific; at Utsunomiya she appeared as a faint white spectral shadow outlined against the deep-blue sky; at Gotemba I stood at her base in the early morning and watched the color come and go, deepening into a pure white as the sun rose over the mountain range at my back, and in the evening I again stood in the same spot and marveled at the exquisite symmetry of her contour as she rose in majestic height before a setting sun; and from first to last she has been to me the one grand, overwhelming spectacle of all Japan.

The cryptomeria trees of Nikko are tall and stately, the

its beautiful arts and its ennobling philosophy; and Shintoism was modified and absorbed. Then followed centuries during which Buddhism wonderfully developed Japan materially as well as spiritually. But her priests gathered unto themselves riches and arrogance, and wrought their own downfall. Buddhism is no longer the state religion. Japan is now open to the religions of the world.

A Moral and Contented People.

Some say that this is a great field for the Christian religion, others say it is not; none, however, dispute the fact that, even though the Japanese have few of the comforts of life, they are a moral, a charitable, a contented people. They have in a large measure already attained the object of most religions. From a material point of view the Japanese are cleanly, artistic, esthetic. Every one bathes at least once a day, and some of them four or five times. The family and all of the servants use the same water and tub, and the order of precedence is carefully regulated in each household, each person washing his body before he gets into the tub.

In a Japanese house the bath and kitchen are at the front, and the front yard, which is always pretty, sometimes very beautiful, is at the back. A yard 10 by 15 feet may contain a mountain, a river and waterfall, a lake, with fish and trees, shrubs and flowers in proportion. It is just as though you were looking the wrong way through an opera glass at a beautiful park. All of the rooms are furnished just alike—that is to say, not at all. There is a straw matting about two inches thick, very soft and clean, an hibachi, which is a small brass basin used to hold a charcoal fire, and the only means of heating the room, and a single flower or picture. The house is a tiny affair, made of wood, with a tile or thatch roof. It has a veranda all around, which is closed up at night by sliding wooden doors, one-fourth of an inch thick. All other doors are mere

stills under them which raise the wearer five or six inches above the ground and keep the feet perfectly dry. Usually no underclothing at all is worn at any ages and both sexes are dressed in a similar manner, certainly a very moderate quantity of clothing for the climate, but their death rate is not excessive. The malarial tarrh prevails to about the same extent as in the United States, but tubercular diseases are seen much less frequently. At home their sick are very well cared for and their hospitals are surprisingly good.

Courtesies of Japanese Medical Men.

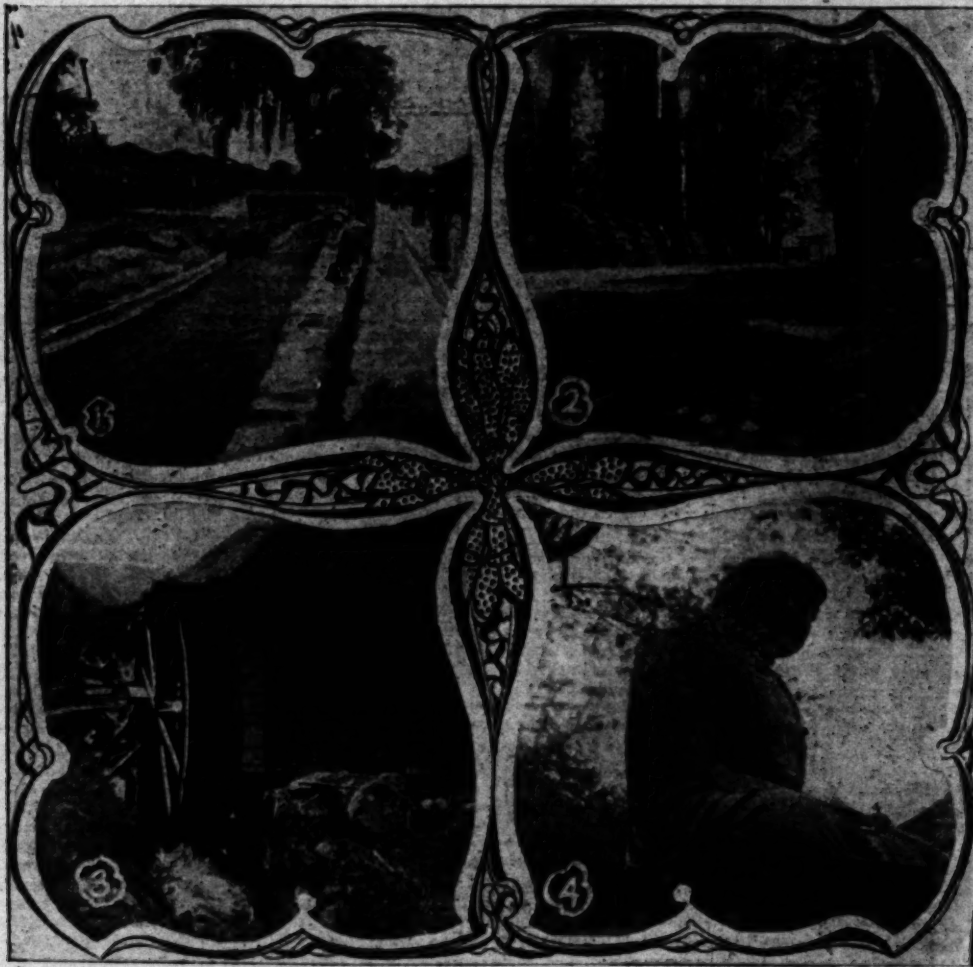
Their doctors are kind, attentive and scholarly. Their methods are accidental modified to suit the needs and possibilities. I have had many ludicrous experiences when in contact with this branch of the medical profession, but an introduction to a Japanese doctor in a genuine ordeal. It is best not to guess what he will do. He may place a hand upon each knee and knead it, which on being interpreted is found to mean, "I hope you are in excellent health," or a second time, "I hope you are in excellent health," or a third time, "I hope you are in excellent health," and possibly a fourth time, "I hope all of the members of your family are in good health." If he should inspire quickly and the air making a hissing sound as it passes through his teeth, he is showing you great and unusual respect. He is expected to return all of these compliments in kind, and quantity, and "then is when the fun begins." He may aspire to greet you à l'Americaine, in which case he has an exactly even chance that he will extend his hand. However, through it all one cannot but feel that the Japanese, and his apparent desire to show you over and over is undoubtedly genuine. In fact, all of the Japanese, except an occasional one at the seaports, are friendly and wish him well. They meet his curiosity with a smile, and charitably overlook his sacrileges, in all instances showing a kindly regard for him, not at all in accordance with their poor food, climate and leaden skies.

The country is only fairly resourceful. Every inch of soil is tilled with a thorough mixture dreamed of by the American rancher. Imagine planting out barley as we do cabbage in a field, and garden, carefully cultivating the same by hand, allowing a single weed to appear and extract vigor from the soil, the present richness of which is a result of the anxious care given it by their ancestors for generations. As the plants mature they grow up straight and clean. Should there be a heavy rain, the ground very soft, there is of course danger that the grain might "fall" with a strong wind; therefore, the straw is gathered in a bunch just below the head and tied with a straw string, the design being to make the bunches as strong as a lightness. In the proverbial golden brown covers the fields and the eye. Then comes "ye farmer maiden." She is in a blue garment, cut rather décolleté and falling to the knees. Below this may be seen a pair of white feet connected with the above by a pair of white trousers. Around her head is wound a cotton cloth, is armed with a tiny sickle and a pair of black eyes. She carefully severs the bunches of the straw to the roots, and gently lays them side by side on the ground. A few days later she is a picturesque machine, engine, separator and crew, all combined. She stands before a large, stationary wooden teeth of which are perpendicular and quite close together. Seizing bunches of the straw by the butts, she draws the straws through between the teeth, and the barley to fall on the far side. Later she will be grain into the air and the chaff will be blown to the straw is tied in little bundles around the tree, to be used as fertilizer "next year." Absolutely ing is thrown away in Japan.

The Raising of Rice.

But the raising of the barley is a makeshift, being only where it is impossible to grow rice. Japan has as she has for centuries, upon rice. However it is the same rice that appears upon the American table. Japanese woman can cook rice. But this is not possible when you consider that it is their principal, and their only, article of food. This, with fish, seaweed and rarely an egg, is all they have to eat. It is only be grown where there is an abundance of water, is necessary that the ground be covered for months time. The fields are of the same size as barley fields perfectly level. For a border there is an earth eight inches high, which makes it possible to water to an equal depth with water. In the early summer appears in the field dressed in a loin cloth and bare feet. If the day be warm the latter may with due regard be discarded. He stands knee deep in mud and with "spades" the ground with an enormous hoe. The surface of the field is covered with the straw, so carefully preserved from "last year," and the family come out to tramp it into the soil. The neighboring young people lend a helping hand, as is merry as a humping bee.

The plants are set out in rows and the field is covered with water until the rice matures. The water is drawn off, and the rice harvested in much the same manner as barley. Flour is made from both rice and barley being hulled it is placed in a huge stone mortar cracked by a wooden pestle, which operates in the same manner as our steel power hammer, only the power is usually a crew of men, sometimes a wheel. The cracked grain is then fed into a mill, which might have been a remote ancestor of our old-fashioned flour mill. However, these mills are like those in that they grind both "slow and exceeding fine" product is quite fair. These flours are principally used in making cakes that are to an accidental accident, though extensively eaten by the Japanese when they are ten. And their tea, the Rin no Higo Gokuro, is a fairy tale, a "midsummer night's dream." I have seen or heard of it in America, and I am told that the entire product is consumed in Japan. The plant is a small bush trimmed into a sphere about 12 inches in diameter, and having a leaf somewhat like



(1.) CANAL. (2.) CRYPTOMERIA TREES, NIKKO. (3.) FLOUR MILL. (4.) DIABUTSU, KAMAKURA.

shores of Lake Biwa are beautiful, the islands of the Inland Sea are picturesque, and the mountains of Miyazaki are grand; but Fujiyama stands alone as an embodiment of the sublime—a goddess.

It is claimed that 10,000 people visit this mountain every summer for the purpose of worship. These pilgrims may be seen all over Japan, going and returning, and are easily recognized, being dressed in a white garment of peculiar shape. The religions of Japan are Shinto and Buddhist, and are curiously blended and interwoven. Some temples have the furnishings of both religions; in fact, there is nothing incompatible in a single person believing in and giving allegiance to both at one and the same time. Shintoism is the worship or adoration of one's ancestors, and in every temple there is a large metal mirror placed in a central position. From this mirror the particular ancestor whom you most adore, and who is therefore your guarding angel, looks down upon you; and in this mirror you see yourself as others see you, which is an incentive to better things. The rest of the furnishings are in keeping with this extreme simplicity, but are of no importance, being merely used to direct the wandering eye toward the one central idea. In a Buddhist temple there is always to be found one or more gods, large or small, and each temple is devoted to a specialty, as mercy, charity, etc. The gods of one specialty are all carved upon certain well-established lines, which are distinctive, and the initiated can name the dedication of a given temple at a glance.

Originally Shintoism was the religion of the Japanese. But Buddhism came, with its rich trappings and its glitter,

sliding frames, covered with white paper. Apparently there are no thieves to break in and steal, for there are no locks and no means of locking. Any man with a determination and a good jack-knife could in half an hour cut a hole through any part of the house large enough to walk through. Privacy in such a house is impossible. Any room may be used as a drawing-room, a dining-room or a library at a moment's notice, and all of the rooms are used for sleeping purposes. From behind a sliding door in the wall a pair of thick cotton quilts and a wooden pillow with a paper cover are produced, spread, and placed upon the floor, and the best chamber of the house is at your disposal, i.e., if the house be unusually large and the family unusually small.

Ordinarily four persons sleep in a room nine feet square. When retiring a Japanese does not remove his clothing, though a different garment is usually worn out of doors. His one garment is a kimono. It is a long garment, with very ample sleeves, and it extends from the neck to the feet. It is wrapped closely about the body, and is held in its proper place by an obi. An obi is a beautiful piece of very heavy silk wound around the waist to form a belt. The usual size for men is 4 inches wide and 12 feet long, for women 11 1/2 inches wide and 20 feet long. A shorter "overcoat" is sometimes worn out of doors during cold weather. In the house the Japanese is always barefoot, and out of doors he wears one pair of a half-dozen different kinds of gets, or clogs, according to the state of the weather. If the streets are muddy the gets worn have

leaf. The fresh green leaves appear on the new branches, and are carefully picked, and dried in the spring and autumn. The small new leaf nearest the tip of the branch makes the best grade of tea from that plant, the second leaf the second grade, etc., etc. The tea from some districts is very much better than that from others. The tea plant is a beautiful little shrub and greatly improves the scenic effects.

Mulberry Plants and Silk Worms.

This may also be said of the mulberry plants, for they are in little old corners all over Japan. In the distance they look like blackberry bushes. I fully expected to find silk worms upon them, but was disappointed. Instead, the silk worms are kept in a pen and the young shoots are cut and dried to them as fast as they may need the leaves to feed. They are coddled and petted as becomes chief workers in so important an industry. The most beautiful sight in Japan during April is the cherry tree, with its luxurious extravagance of blossom, brightens the face of nature and dries the tears of the passing winter. The great size of the bloom of both single and double varieties is to be seen from afar off, but the artistic delicacy of texture of the petals, with their exquisite shading from a bright pink to a pure white is the reward to a closer inspection. Truly these cherry trees in blossom are a thrill of pleasure worth the fatigue of a long journey. The fruit is not eaten, being small and bitter. The scenery of Japan is beautiful, very beautiful. The rugged mountains, the terraced pine-crowned hills, the bubbling waterfalls and tumbling brooks, the shimmering blue and gem-set islands charm the eye, fill the senses with awe and delight the soul. The recollection thereof is a source of pleasure as long as the mind shall live.

The perfect works of nature and of art are sometimes found side by side, and sometimes the result of such coincidence is a blending of the two into a perfect unit. These instances can be counted upon the fingers of one hand, and one of them is in Japan. At Kamakura there is the great bronze casting of Daibutsu, whose "calm, intellectual, pensive face, which seems to concentrate in itself the whole philosophy of Buddhist religion, the triumph of mind over sense, of eternity over fleeting time, of the enduring majesty of Nirvana over the trivial prattle, the transitory agitations of mundane existence." This idol stands in a little dell, surrounded by cherry trees which when in bloom render a delightful incense to their Creator and permit to all with eyes to see the beauty and majesty of His handiwork.

I have left Japan. One sultry afternoon at 5 o'clock I went on board a Nippon Yusen Kaisha steamship, and we moved down the long, narrow, tortuous inlet called Nagasaki Harbor, and out through a winding channel whose surrounding hills were terraced from water's edge to crest and clothed with verdure of many greens. We scrutinized with especial interest the seaward side of these hills, for there is a delight in locating cannons when they are supposed to be carefully hidden away. To the right, to the left, the tree-clad island hill tops came marching up, saluted and passed by. The great, yellow China Sea, with its hideous dragon, rolled up, and the sun became the usual flaming, red disc of Japan, and disappeared forever. The little, pale, far-away Japanese stars came out for a final wink and a gentle sayonara—farewell.

Japan, picturesque, beautiful, fascinating Japan, the land of the Mikado and the home of a smiling, contented people, vanished in the mellow darkness of a still night, and all that remained to me was a sketch upon the canvas of memory. Sayonara.

CIVILIZING ALASKA.

WHAT OUR NATIONAL BUREAU OF EDUCATION IS DOING IN THAT TERRITORY.

[Dr. W. T. Harris in *Ainslee's*.] In Alaska, the entire work of education is under the direction of the United States Bureau of Education.

Alaska is a big rock, covering 400,000 square miles, that is covered with moss in the most barren places. It is the land of moss that the reindeer eat. The human being can live on moss, also, but it is better to have the reindeer eat the moss and provide man with meat and milk.

In the work of education in Alaska the object has been to prepare the natives to take up the industries and modes of life of the States, and to induce them to discontinue their ancient tribal customs. It had been obvious from the beginning of the government subsidies in 1855-56 that there should be not only education in the elementary English branches, but also a training in the employments of civilized life. From the first at all the missions established by different religious denominations there was instruction in cooking, housekeeping and clothes-making. Then followed more careful education in the trades of carpentering, blacksmithing and shoemaking, under the direction of the Bureau of Education, which subsidized for this purpose the Presbyterian Industrial School at Sitka. It was believed that if the natives of Alaska could be taught to use the English language, be brought under Christian influence by the missionaries and be trained in suitable forms of industry, the increasing white population of Alaska, composed of immigrants from the States, would be able to employ them in mining, transportation and the production of food. It was found, however, that in order to reach the thousands of primitive inhabitants of Alaska, something entirely out of the ordinary in educational methods must serve as a beginning. The idea of introducing herds of reindeer and of persuading the natives to care for them was first considered in 1891. This plan was suggested by Dr. Sheldon Jackson and Capt. Healy, of the United States revenue cutter Bear. Forty thousand natives engaged in reindeer herding and transportation would not only be brought a step further toward civilization, but would furnish the contingent needed to make possible the mining industry. After four years of experiments it became certain that this project would prove a success.

[Chicago News:] (First Pedestrian:) Say, you jabbed me in the eye with your umbrella.

(Second Pedestrian:) Oh, no; I didn't. This is a borrowed umbrella.

IN RUSSIA'S CAPITAL.

A BAPTISM, A WEDDING AND A CHURCH SERVICE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

By Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, D.D.

WITHIN a short time we saw in the capital of Russia a baptism, a wedding, and a church service. The babe to be baptized was 3 days of age. The god-father and the god-mother stood in the cathedral, in the hand of each a tangle, not to give light, for it was daytime; but in solemn ceremony. Two priests officiated, the one reading from a book and intoning the words, the other responding in what I suppose to be a Russian "amen." The priests were quite richly robed, and conspicuous on their ecclesiastical attire was the cross. How wonderfully strange that the rough wood of that instrument of torture that was planted centuries ago on the hill outside Jerusalem, horizontal piece against perpendicular piece, should have become the chief emblem of these three great religions of the world—the Greek, the Roman Catholic and the Protestant! Nothing like the cross to impress an audience, or solemnize a marriage, or inflame a host in battle!

After quite a prolonged making of prayers and readings from the scriptures, one of the priests opened a small vial of oil and dipped into it a brush and put a drop upon the forehead and the chin and the eyelids and the hands and the toes of the child. I took the meaning of this to be that the infant was to be wholly consecrated. Then more

at no time did the crowns touch the heads. The priest put a ring upon the hand of the bride and a ring upon the hand of the bridegroom. Then the priest exchanged the rings, and the one that had been put upon the hand of the bride he put upon the hand of the bridegroom, and that which he had put upon the hand of the bridegroom he put upon the hand of the bride. Then the priest took hold of the joined hands of bride and bridegroom and led them three times around the altar, the lady attendant of the bride, by considerable skill, keeping the long trail of dress moving afloat in the procession. Then the priest advanced to the happy pair and blew out the lights, and the crowns were put back upon the platter. The bride and groom then ascended the steps near a picture of Christ and kissed it. I testify that they were thoroughly married. The priests disappeared and the wedded couple turned around to receive the congratulations of friends, and the groom was kissed by the men as well as by the women. It was only by suppression of ourselves that we did not join the congratulating group and express our good wishes that the yoke might set easy on both their necks while the twain pull the load of life up the steep hill. Blessed marriage! inaugurated in the Garden of Eden, and a perfect relation until sin entered. But do not put all the blame on Eve. She never would have tempted Adam with the apple if he had not coaxed for a bite of it.

And now we hear the sound of singing, the mighty bass overpowering the other parts, for we are entering the cathedral of St. Isaac. It is Sabbath morning in St. Petersburg. There is no roll of organs. The Greek Church has no instruments of music, but makes up, by special drill of great choirs, for absence of key and pedal. We move into the building under the hoisted inscription in letters of bronze, "To the King of kings," and between two great pillars of Finland granite, there being 112 of them, soaring into Corinthian capitals, and along by columns of richest malachite, and by pedestals of porphyry, and under arches that seem like hovering eternities, and join a vast



CATHEDRAL OF ST. ISAAC, ST. PETERSBURG.

(Photo from Christian Herald.)

prayers and more readings and coverings of the forehead and breast by priests and god-father and god-mother and audience. Then the priest unrolled the child from the blanket in which it was wrapped, and the little one, without any swaddling clothes, was put clear under a vase of tepid water, and the second time and the third time completely buried in baptism. Then the infant was lifted and wrapped again in the blanket, while the god-mother hushed as well as she could the startled child's crying. Then, three times, those who had administered and those who had been administered unto walked around the sacred vessel in which the child had been immersed. More prayers and more readings, and then all the participants in the ceremony kissed the book from which the ceremony had been read. Then the lights were extinguished and the scene ended. No doubt that everything done that day had a symbolical meaning, and whether one liked or disliked the ceremony, he must be impressed with the desire of all good parentage the world over to have children start life with a blessing.

But we turn to another occasion. We saw a great flutter of excitement and delight at the door of a cathedral. We knew right away it was a wedding, and not many seconds of time passed before we stood near the altar to see something we had never witnessed—a Russian wedding. The bride was fair and looked happy, and excited our admiration for the manner in which she endured the marriage service of more than half an hour in length. She did not look different from an American bride. The same bouquet in her hand, the same white veil, the same satin dress with long train. But everything else was as different as possible. Two priests officiated. The deep bass voice of the one and the soft vocalization of the other were something memorable. There seemed to be but one word of promise on the part of those about to be united. They took the sacrament standing, the priest holding the wine to their lips. There was a going to and fro from a room behind the altar which seemed a "holy of holies." A priest, with his back to the couple, read again and again from an ornamented book. A lighted candle in the hand of bride and one in the hand of the bridegroom.

After awhile, from a room in the rear of the altar, a man advanced with two crowns and two rings upon a platter. The crowns seemed of silver adorned with precious stones, or imitations of precious stones. These crowns were then waved by the priest over the heads of those to be wedded, and waved three times, and the waving followed the shape of a cross. Then two attendants held the crowns above the heads of the candidates for marriage, and

assemblage in a building so large that no human voice can fill it. There are sunrises and sunsets in marble, and a very carnage of color that seems deluged with blood of battlefields. Though I could not hear a distinct word, I was impressed and overpowered with the solemnities. There are no seats, and so all stand except as they kneel. Side by side the affluent and the beggar, the richly robed and the ragged, those hard in crime and innocent children. Many thousands, all bowing, all making the sign of the cross, many of them not only kneeling, but reverently putting their forehead down against the cold stone floor.

In the midst of the service there comes down upon the assemblage an awful hush, and the multitudes are as silent as the dead, when the "royal door" of embellished panels back of the altar slowly opens, and the chief of the ecclesiastics enters, carrying the "holy eucharist," and to offer prayers for the imperial household. We lean against a pillar of lapis lazuli and inhale the redolence of the incense swung from the censers, and gaze with enchantment now at the figures in bronze representing "The Adoration of the Magi," and now at a group showing us the "Angel at the Tomb," and then looking at very dark blocks of stone illumined with flashes of light, so that the granite seems to have been cut out of some midnight irradiated with aurora borealis. A building worth kingdoms in cost of money, yet the sanctuary of many who have not where to lay their heads. All up and down this immensity of architecture a kissing of the pictures of Christ, and a lighting of candles by worshippers who have purchased them at the doorways, and then these candles devoutly placed in sockets provided for them. Oh, what music! It sounds as if it rained from heaven. It seems made up of the sublimest parts of great oratorios. Even the echoes seemed charged with solemnities. The reverberations of that service will linger in our ears until they are closed forever. What a procession of grand marches! What an enthronement of hallelujahs! What doxologies in stone! That cathedral is the frozen prayer of a great nation.

It is worth a journey across all the continents and all the seas to attend the 10 o'clock Sabbath morning service in St. Isaac's Church in St. Petersburg. How many superstitions mingled in the service I do not conjecture. I cannot be critical. It is the best way of feeling their way up to God and heaven that they know of. That they are in earnest no one who has been present at such a service can doubt for a moment. They do the best they can in the way of worship. I have no doubt there will be millions of people in heaven who never thought as we do. The thirty or forty genial Christians with whom we sat at the Lord's Supper in Holy Communion an hour afterward in the British and American chapel are not all the people who will get to heaven from St. Petersburg.

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BIG GUNS AT PARIS.

LONG TOMS AND RAPID-FIRING GUNS
AMAZE THE CROWDS.

From a Special Correspondent.

PARIS, Aug. 22.—The war in South Africa has made big guns popular, and the name of Creusot has become famous all over the world as the manufactory from which arrived the "Long Toms" which surprised the English troops at the very first encounter at Dundee, and which have remained since the mainstay of the Boers. Consequently it was not unexpected to find the pavilion of the Creusot company at the exposition well thronged with people of all sorts and conditions whom one could hardly have considered to be interested at ordinary moments in the manufacture of mammoth instruments of destruction. There were shopkeepers from Paris and their wives, small boys and little girls, priests from the provinces and Boer sympathizers from every country in Europe, gazing in open-mouthed wonder at the cannon thirty feet long, at plates of armor half a yard in thickness, and "ingots" fifty tons in weight, on all of which they uttered sage opinions.

The pavilion, situated on the left side of the Seine, nearly opposite the Trocadero, attracts the attention from afar by its peculiar appearance—a huge, red-painted iron dome, surmounted by a smaller dome, representing approximately the turret of a battleship, and adorned with a fantastic assemblage of constructions exhibiting the character of the work turned out by Creusot, while cannon of various sizes project in the menacing and insolent fashion peculiar to the species. These cannon are doubtless "Gummies," but within the building all is real, and we come at once in contact with that peculiar atmosphere of solidity and seriousness which one associates with Mammoth hammers and the casting of steel.

A Cannon Barrel Thirty Feet Long.

One of the first objects to strike the attention is an immense tube or barrel of a cannon standing thirty feet in height, showing the appearance of the instrument before

electric currents in connection with the magnificent exhibit of vast dynamoes.

The Biggest Gun of All.

The largest gun shown is an immense structure whose tube stretches no less than eleven yards into space from the platform on which it stands. The caliber of this weapon is 9 1-2 inches; it weighs about twenty-five tons, and it carries its projectile, weighing 300 weight, to a distance of nearly sixteen miles, although it is not "effective" beyond the range of twelve miles. The breech of this cannon is, of course, of mammoth size, yet so perfect is the workmanship and so delicate the mechanism of the piece that the breech can be opened by one man with the aid of a kind of winch. One man can also adjust the pointing of the cannon for taking aim. Cannon similar to this shown have been ordered from the Creusot works for arming the Spanish cruisers, Cimetera, Cataluna and Principe de Asturias. These guns have all the latest improvements. The charging of the breech and all the movements of pointing and turning can be performed by one man, either by a crank worked by hand or by electricity. The initial velocity of the projectile is about half a mile per second.

Near by is a gun mounted in a turret "à l'écluse," that is to say, a turret that disappears as soon as the shot is fired and reappears at the moment required to take aim and to discharge a new projectile. The turret is really a kind of steel dome, or carapace, out of which projects the barrel of the cannon, and which fits like a piston into the cylinder. That comparison in fact gives the hint of the mechanism of the immense apparatus, for the tower disappears simply by being withdrawn, by a piston action, into the body of the cylinder-like second turret. The structure which looks so uncompromisingly massive and heavy is so well adjusted that the movement can be effected by a man turning a crank in the interior of the turret, or still more easily, though less simply, by the use of electrical apparatus. The gun is a quick firer, and it is not difficult to imagine what havoc might be wrought by this one uncanny instrument sending forth its shells at great distance and with startling rapidity, and yet offering only an occasional glimpse of itself to the enemy. The "note" of modern warfare as exhibited by the Creusot works is quick fire. To this is added extreme facility of loading, ease of manipulation and extreme accuracy of adjustment of the entire mechanism.

growing voice of a hirsute attendant, who asks you do not observe the notice posted everywhere, "Ne de ne pas toucher" (Please do not touch.) The monsters of war are guarded with quite an affectionate and jealous solicitude.

On the same platform a young sailor in attire worked for us a small naval cannon which looked on the side of the dome as it would from the deck of a vessel, and which he turned from side to side and depressed with ease. The word small must be relative, for the caliber of the gun was after all 10 inches and the projectile surmounting the brass muzzle case containing the charge stood about 3 feet 6 inches high.

Creusot the Home of Mammoth Guns.

Perhaps one of the most interesting exhibits in the is a finely executed model of the workshops and accommodations of Creusot. The factories and the dwellings of the people form in reality a large town, being quite unlike a city, built around and dependent entirely upon the work of a single company; for Essen which is the home of Krupp's works in Germany has a separate though small existence, apart from the manufacture of big guns. A branch of the Creusot industry has a separate workshop and the department of the big guns has not only a special installation, but it has secured the services of the most noted chemists, metallurgists and engineers in France who devote their whole attention exclusively to the improvement of the Creusot weapons. The company has three trial grounds for testing in every particular piece, as well as the plates of armor, issued from the works. One of these trial grounds, situated not at Creusot, but at Havre, permits tests to a distance of eight miles. The tire town of Creusot is built on a model plan and there perhaps no other center of population in the world in which every part is arranged on a system of such close connection with every other. The railway system, for instance, is installed, that the finished product of the workshop is deposited directly on the truck destined to carry it to the general railway system of France and thence to any part of the world. The town is also united by railway lines belonging to the company, with centers of supply of the material used in the working of the manufactures. The pits of Montchaumon and Longperdu, in the department of Sarre and Loire and of Decize in the department of Nièvre, supply a great part of the fuel consumed. The farthest are distant some fifty miles from the workshop. The iron ore is obtained in great part from the mines of Mazonay and of Change in the department of Sarre and Loire. These are distant about twenty-five miles. The section of the workings of the coal pits and iron mines is so close with that of Creusot that they may be all looked upon as parts of the same great system.

The same system of order and organization prevails in the laying out of the whole town, yet though everything is dependent on the workshop and owes its life to that function, a considerable charm has been given to the town by the arrangement of parks and tree-lined boulevards. One of the most striking buildings in the town is the hospital, capable of receiving 250 patients, the service, together with that of the pharmacy and of all attendance on sickness, is gratuitous. The workmen's houses are modern buildings and facilities are afforded to the men to become proprietors of their dwellings after a certain term of service. The old age pension system is here a practical success in full swing. A man after thirty years of service is entitled to 1.1 per day, and there are various ways of lightening the burdens on those having more than five in a family or whom ill-fortune has placed at a disadvantage. The schools for boys and girls flourish in the place and the education afforded is brought to a fairly high grade. And yet such is human nature, strikes frequently occur in Creusot and for some time a desultory condition of strike seems to have become chronic.

Three Generations Perfecting the Organization.

Such an establishment, so vast, so complete, so well ordered and organized, could not be worked out by any man. Creusot is a growth, an industrial evolution whose development has been determined by the needs of our century. It is a grim satire on our boasted march toward the millennium that so enormous a work and so great an expenditure of thought and energy should mainly be devoted to the task of destruction.

The bust of the founder, Eugene Schneider, a keen and clever looking Alsatian Frenchman, adorns the upper gallery. He has been succeeded in turn by his son, Paul Schneider, and his grandson, Eugene Schneider, the present representative. All the Schneiders have been able men and it is to their credit that while they have so closely followed the commercial development of their country, in a metallurgical side, they have been sincerely desirous of providing for the comfort of their employes. Hence in various strikes which have agitated the community, Eugene Schneider seems to have retained his personal popularity and by that means he has more than once averted what would have been not only a calamity in Creusot, caused by the shutting down of works so vast, but also a veritable national disaster. V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

HOW HE WOULD DO IT.

[Josh Wink in Baltimore American:] "Say," said Human Salamander to the Lightning Calculator, "you are pretty good at figures, but you can't make two plus two one."

"Nor can anyone else," responded the Lightning Calculator, extracting a cube root with the daffiness that comes with long practice.

"That so?" sneered the Human Salamander. "Well, I send two schooners of beer over here to my platform and I will demolish the science of mathematics for you."

And the audience laughed with that ready sympathy which a reference to drink always evokes.

[Chicago Times-Herald:] "Fine, patriotic fellow," said Winkins! When he heard of the Chinese war he cut the heads of all his prize chickens."

"What had they to do with it?"

"They were Shanghai."



THE SOUTH END OF THE CREUSOT BUILDING, WITH THE PROTRUDING 22-CENTIMETER GUN

turning and polishing. Near by is exhibited a tube of even vaster proportions, for it represents the core in which the barrel is cast. On the same floor we see a series of enormous steel plates, intended for the armor of battleships, which have been subjected to tests by the Creusot projectiles. One of these plates played a part, though a passive part, in a series of "studies" on behalf of the United States navy in 1890. The plate, ten inches in thickness, was fired at by a cannon of 6-inch caliber, carrying a shot weighing a hundred weight, with the average velocity of 500 yards a second. Two of the projectiles, being of steel hardened by what is known as the Holzer process, went through the plate in well-cut, smooth, round holes; but when the projectile was of softer material it actually stuck in the plate, and may now be seen there so tightly lodged as to seem part of the casting.

Stupefying as these results seem they are surpassed by the exhibits representing the trials of a later date. In 1893, the armor plates of the Russian battleship, the Three Saints, was subjected to similar tests. The plate, however, had no less a thickness than sixteen inches, while the caliber of the cannon was increased to 9 1-2 inches, and the weight of the projectile to over three hundred pounds, the velocity remaining about six hundred yards a second. The plate in this case was not perforated, the projectile having apparently penetrated to the greater part of the width and then bounced out. A number of other plates tell the curious history of the struggle between the force of the projectile and the resistance of the armor, in which successive discoveries or inventions have alternately given the advantage to one side and the other, until at present the problem seems like that famous logical one of the encounter of the irresistible force and the immovable obstacle.

Railway locomotives, vast cylinders for printing machines, and other products of the arts of peace, are close by, but these deserve a separate article. We ascend a staircase to view the cannon themselves, a notice catching the eye as we set foot upon the first step.

"Do not touch; danger of death."

This startling announcement is due to the presence of

Guns for Land as Well as for Sea Service.

All the guns hitherto described are naval guns, somewhat resembling those monsters which Capt. Scott took from his ship to play so prominent a part in the relief of Ladysmith. The enormous range of these guns enabled the English to shell the Boer positions while remaining themselves in complete security. Their bulk, however, renders their transport by land so difficult that altogether different designs of the carriage are necessary for the army artillery. The Creusot company has not made any special display of its "Long Toms," nor even of the redoubtable Maxim-Nordenfelts, or "Bomb-Maxims," as the Boers called them, which proved so deadly to many a storming party of the English and whose force and aggressive double bark could be heard for a mile around to give a rallying point to the burghers. Creusot, however, does just as great a business for the land service as for the sea, and as I write I hear that not only is the Spanish navy to be equipped with the most modern guns, but that the entire artillery of the army will be overhauled and that an immense order for quick-firing guns will soon be carried out. Nearly every country in Europe has recently bought artillery of various kinds from Creusot, and not only have countries like Japan and China felt called upon to acquire these very latest products of civilization, but even republics like San Domingo have found it necessary to be "in the swim" and to assert their importance by having guns as good as those of their neighbors.

We ascend to a platform above the floor on which we have been standing, and we find representations of the various kinds of engineering works carried out by Creusot, including bridges of all sizes and designs which the company is prepared to supply ready made and waiting only for erection. On this platform are to be seen models of the various big guns. The models, which look like mere toys beside the mammoth originals, are completely finished weapons, and at one time would have been considered quite formidable little pieces of artillery. Fancy a pretty toy that can send a half-pound shell to a distance of a mile and a half, and that at the rate of a shot per second. On this platform is exhibited a diminutive model of the disappearing tower, but the temptation to work it is checked by the

DISCOVERED AMERICA.

AN AUTHENTICATED ACCOUNT OF THE CLAIMS OF THE CHINESE.

By a Special Contributor.

CHINA claims almost everything in this world, while the rest of the world is making claims in China. At least the Chinese have claimed almost everything that modern civilization has introduced to them in modern times. Gunpowder, the mariner's compass, printing from movable type, playing cards, chess and many other things. "We had that a thousand years ago," has been their ready reply upon seeing these things in the hands of the West. But their claim to the discovery of America, as is believed by every man and woman of ordinary education in China, is well founded and worthy of note. The history of China extends back further than those of any other country on the face of the globe. The very date corresponding to the year when Joshua is said to have commanded the Israelites to stand still can be found on these records. If we turn down the official chronologies to 499 A. D. we will find an account of one Hwui Shan, who in that year returned to China with the statement that he had come from a country lying a great distance to the east. His story so interested the government that the imperial historiographer was commanded to enter it upon his official records. Although the Chinese and Japanese both are thoroughly familiar with the story of Hwui Shan's discovery, the celebrated Chinese scholar, Ma Twan-lin, searched the ancient records and made a copy of the imperial historiographer's original digest that it might be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Hwui Shan, the Chinese Columbus.

Hwui Shan was a Buddhist missionary priest. With five hundred missionaries he left China, sailing north by the peninsula of Kamchatka, to the Aleutian Islands, eastward to Alaska, and thence to Fusang, which is the name of the country he tells the most about. He describes the people he encountered on his voyage. The Aleutian Islanders, he said, were a happy, joyous people, having the custom of tattooing their bodies, and they received the stranger with a great show of hospitality. East of these islands was the country he called the "Great Han," whose inhabitants had no implements of war, nor carried on a war with any one, but were content to live by hunting and fishing. This description of a people applies truly to the inhabitants of Alaska, the Esquimaux, who are a peaceable people, never having been known to have had wars of any kind.

Fusang, the Discovered Land.

Fusang, literally "The Land of the Mulberry Tree," is described as being situated twice 10,000 li to the east of "Great Han." By a glance at the map it will be seen that an easterly course from that part of Alaska nearest the Aleutian Islands would bring the navigator to British Columbia, but then the old Buddhist missionary may have been careless in regard to his sailing directions, or the imperial historiographer may have carelessly substituted east for southeast. "Twice 10,000 li" is figured variously between 6000 and 7000 miles, and that distance in a southeasterly direction from Alaska nearest the Aleutian Islands would bring the navigator off the coast of Mexico. Now, Hwui Shan's account of Fusang and its people, where he appears to have tarried some time, applies to Mexico. His particular attention was called to the fact that the inhabitants of the country had no walled cities or towns, which would be the first natural observation of a Chinaman arriving in a thickly-populated country from one where everything is encompassed with a wall as in China.

Fusang in the Old Records.

Hwui Shan describes the houses of Fusang as being constructed of adobe or sun-dried bricks, similar to those of the Pueblo Indians of the present day, and then he gives a detailed description of the Mexican agave, that most useful of all plants to the native Mexican. He said they made clothing and paper from its fiber and ate the tender sprouts of its young roots. He speaks of a milk which was probably none other than the fermented juice of the maguey, the pulque of the present day, and calls the tuna, the fruit of the cactus, which we call a prickly pear, a red pear, which, if not pinched, remains on the tree throughout the season. The people had no iron, but used copper in a variety of ways, and gold was of no value. Speaking of the inhabitants, he said the children married at a very young age, which is true of the aboriginal tribes of Mexico.

Buddha Religion Founded.

The religion of Buddha was founded in Central India about the beginning of the Christian era. No Jew, Greek, Roman or Brahman had ever thought of converting anyone to his religion. By them religion was considered a private individual property, with which no outsider had any business to interfere. But Buddha, the founder of Buddhism, commanded his proselytes to go forth with his doctrines and preach them in every part of the world. Thus with religion East Indian arts were carried into China and Buddhism was eventually accepted as a religion by the Chinese, who preserve in their records accounts of journeys made by various devotees of the Buddhist religion in 385 A. D., 399, 400 and 401. These accounts are all written by the Buddhists themselves, whereas the account of Hwui Shan is described by the imperial historiographer.

After the destruction of the dynasty of Tsin in 400, China was divided into two empires, that of the north and that of the south. Li-yen-chen, a Chinese historian, who wrote the history of these two empires about the beginning of the sixth century, gives an account of Fusang, and describes how the land is reached by sailing along Kamchatka, the Aleutian Islands and the coast of North America. By this route the navigator is out of sight of land but once, and that too for a distance of 300 miles. The Yuen-kin-tai-han, the great Chinese encyclopedia, gives an account of the discovery of Fusang by a Buddhist priest, who arrived in the village of King Chow on his return from a voyage to that

kingdom. The article is illustrated with a picture of a native of Fusang milking a hind with white spots, its young standing near, also spotted. The picture is probably imaginary, but it is curious to note that this species of deer is found in Mexico.

The Origin of the Aztec Civilization.

We have it that Hwui Shan returned to China, that he was a missionary priest who had been to some country far to the east, where he had left his five companions to carry out the missionary work commanded by Buddha, the founder of their religion. Whatever became of these five missionaries we can only conjecture. A thousand years have passed since Hwui Shan arrived in the village of King Chow and related his wonderful discovery, and the prowess of the Spanish caravels plow the Caribbean Sea and Mexican Gulf. They find a people inhabiting the mainland possessing a civilization nearly equal to their own. The Aztecs inhabited well-built cities, possessed written records and maps, and made paper from the fiber of the agave. Their advanced state of civilization was marred only by their abominable human sacrifices.

The Mayas of Yucatan had attained even a greater degree of civilization than the Aztecs, especially in arts and architectural science, as the remains of their cities and temples attest to this day. The Spaniards in their blind zeal for the Catholic faith destroyed nearly everything they could get their hands on, which showed the peculiar civilization of these people. Whence they got this civilization has often been asked.

The Toltecs appear to be the first of the aboriginal races who had attained any degree of civilization. They inhabited the valley of Anahuac (the valley of Mexico), built cities and temples and did not indulge any fondish desire for human sacrifices. The Aztecs, a fierce, warlike tribe, came down from the north, desolated their cities and drove the Toltecs south into Central America and Yucatan, and took to themselves some of their arts and industries. So that we see the civilization of the Aztec was that of the Toltecs. Now we have the remains of the Mayas in Yucatan, who were evidently Toltec, and what do we find?

Remarkable Evidence.

In the National Museum at Madrid there is preserved one of the books of the Mayas which escaped the general auto da fe of the Bishop Landa, who burned these books whenever found. The paper resembles very much the paper manufactured by the Chinese, and it consists of a long strip doubled in folds between two boards like their early books.



MAYO POTTERY SHOWING CHINESE ORIGIN.

The text consists of hieroglyphics and picture writing, which is the only thing about it not resembling the Chinese. It is, indeed, a beautiful piece of aboriginal bookmaking.

In Mexico there existed traditions of the visit of a strange people to the country who taught many things, and Alexander von Humboldt, in his "Views of the Cordilleras," mentions a number of surprising coincidences between the Mexican and Asiatic civilizations. Recent travelers in Mexico and Central America must have noted the fondness displayed by the native races for fireworks, which they manufacture themselves, and set off in honor of their Catholic saints, which were substituted for their idols by the Spaniards. Now, where did they obtain their knowledge of fireworks, if not from the Chinese? Certainly they did not get them from the Spaniards, who care nothing for fireworks, and, like ourselves, if they ever had any, got them from the Chinese. Another thing which the modern Mexican Indian indulged in which is peculiar to the Chinese is the straw, or rush mat. They use it in one form or another as an umbrella, an awning, a curtain, a rug, and finally, a cover to their couch to sleep on. And what is more Japanese or Chinese than the sayacal of the Central American Indian? This is a form of water-proof cloak, made by stitching long blades of the palm leaf, one over the other, like the slats of a Persian blind, or the shingles on a house. When not in use it is conveniently rolled and carried by the Indian on his journeys, and upon the appearance of rain he unrolls it, holds one end up over his head, and letting the rest of it hang down his back it sheds water completely.

Mayas of Yucatan and Chinese Same People.

Of course, if old Hwui Shan's account of Fusang is correct, and that country is really Mexico, his five Buddhist missionaries left there could not be expected to change the physiological characteristics of the people, though the effect of religion, education and training is evident in a single generation of our own people. Nevertheless, the Mayas of Yucatan closely resemble the Chinese. Some years ago an English company, endeavoring to start a sugar plantation in the colony of British Honduras, imported several hundred Chinamen, indentured for a number of years, to work their plantation. It was not long before these Chinamen disappeared. They had seen some of the Maya Indians, and discovering some similarity between them and themselves, had taken to the bush with them. Among the people inhabiting the lake city of Peten on the southern borders of Yucatan,

the writer of this article discovered a Chinaman whom he did not distinguish from any of the natives, although he was generally called the "Chinaman." He was one of the survivors of the Coolie traffic to British Honduras, and when questioned talked freely of the little he could remember of his past. He did not seem to be speculative enough to discuss any affinity between his own race and the Mayas, though he spoke their language, probably better than he did Spanish. He showed me the wooden outside door of a house which one of his countrymen had artistically painted with pigments and brushes of his own discovery and invention.

Testimony of the Temples.

When we come to search the remains of the Toltecs, or whoever the builders of those cities were, now scattered in ruins throughout Lower Mexico and Yucatan, we find in many places the counterpart of such Buddhist temples as are found in Java and many other Asiatic countries to which the Buddhist religion was carried. M. Desire Charnay, in his "Ancient Cities of the New World," gives a drawing from a photograph of the "Temple of the Sun" at Palenque, and opposite, a picture of a Japanese temple. The one is almost a counterpart of the other, but M. Charnay limits his remarks to asking how this resemblance is to be explained, and stating that a theory might be started with respect to the probable Asiatic origin of the Toltec tribes. In his beautiful work he does not appear to have any knowledge of Fusang and its historical discoverer, old Hwui Shan, or, if he does, he ignores him. He seems to believe that the Japanese carried on a steady traffic formerly on the coast of North America, "as also by fortuitous immigrations resulting from shipwreck." Later he compares the stucco bas reliefs on the ruined nunnery at Chichen Itza to Chinese carvings. These ruins are in the true country of the Mayas.

Elephants' heads on some of the American ruins have excited the wonder of all archaeologists. Where did they get the elephant? has been the universal query of them all. And there could have been but one place they could have got it from, and that is India. If we examine a drawing of the restored palace at Palenque and compare it with the temple of Boro Budor in Java we will find that they resemble each other. Waldeck found the old temples of Yucatan analogous to those of the Buddhist of Pegu, Ava, Siam and the Indian archipelago, with the same kind of niches in which the cross-legged god Buddha sits in Java. In view of all this evidence it seems that we must accept Hwui Shan's discovery as that of America—his "Land of the Mulberry Tree" as Mexico, and that his five missionary Buddhists remained among the primitive races, teaching them the arts and religion which the Buddhist first carried into China. In the thousand years which intervened between Hwui Shan's discovery and the discovery made by Columbus, the Toltecs had ample time to build such cities as we find ruined throughout their land, making use of and improving upon, or modifying the things they learned from the Buddhists.

THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JR.

WOMEN OF NOTE.

Harriet Williams Brand, who died recently in Brooklyn in her ninety-second year, had the rare good fortune to see representatives of nine generations of her family, extending from her great-great-grandfather to her great-great-grandson.

Beatrice Harraden, while trying to regain lost health on her California ranch, has, it is said, taken up carpentry, and has become skilled in the use of the saw and plane. She has become also proficient as an orchardist and in other work upon her grounds.

Mrs. Stanislaus Veyrik, the representative of the Polish photographers of Chicago at the convention of the American Photographic Association at Milwaukee, is one of the few women professional photographers in America, and the only Polish woman in the United States who makes her living by her camera.

Margherita, the Dowager Queen of Italy, once said to the Prince of Wales: "I can overlook many faults of a man and make many allowances for his shortcomings. One fault, however, I cannot overlook, and that is—his not smoking. When my husband, the King, is annoyed I give him his pipe; when he is good-tempered I give him a cigarette; when I want him to do something particular for me I give him a cigar. With a pipe I can console him, with a cigarette I can delight him, but with a cigar I can lead him anywhere and anywhere."

The widowed Duchess of Saxa-Coburg-Gotha, according to the Westminster Gazette, has an income of \$30,000 a year from the British Treasury, besides a jointure from the Coburg Duchy estates. The Russian estates of the Duchess and her own invested money and her life allowance from the imperial treasury produce an income of about \$250,000 a year. It is reported that in future the Duchess will spend half of each year in Russia, and the picturesque hunting lodge of Rosenau, in the Thuringian Forest, near Coburg, will be her summer residence.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, wife of England's Colonial Secretary, is absorbed in her husband's political career. She has few aspirations for the pleasures or triumphs of society, and mingles but little with the American colony in town. No young American woman was better suited for the wife of a rising politician than Miss Endicott, who had been trained from childhood to take an interest in all things patriotic. She inherited from her father, Secretary of War in President Cleveland's first administration, a passion for politics and a taste for diplomacy.

An interesting and curious function takes place almost mechanically whenever Her Majesty leaves Windsor Castle or returns to that royal abode. It is useful, too, to residents and also to visitors who have been initiated. When the Queen is at home at the castle the royal standard flies from the summit of the round tower. When she is away, the Union Jack takes its place. But every one does not know that if Her Majesty leaves the castle simply to go to London for an hour or two, these flags are changed.

A YELLOW LARIAT.

TROOPER DULIN'S NEW ADVENTURES
IN THE CHINA SERVICE.

By a Special Contributor.

IF YOU are capable of the sense of fear, which is given to most sane men, a twisty, premonitory shiver will curl upward from your boot tips, when they first touch hostile soil. The smell of the land is strange and bodes no good. The faces of men seem full of hate and murder. The cities are turned against you. Treachery is printed upon the heavens. The sunshine is alien.

Venture with a loaded gun into a hostile land and you will feel the thoughts of a burglar who creeps into a crowded house. A mis-step on his part will turn the whole world against him. His salvation is the dark. You feel as he would, but you are without his salvation, for the eyes of angry, hating thousands are upon you. The thought comes of the rage you would feel if armed men landed upon your shores and it makes you wonder why you are not crushed momentarily by the weight of numbers. The sea behind you is alone safe and natural and alluring. . . . Because I am particularly sane, inasmuch as I can hold the sense of fear in all its vastness, these thoughts, oppressed me when I set foot with the first contingent of American troops in China. The night settled down upon silent soldiers and desolate hearts and we still lived.

Nature, who can do all things, had been against us that day. Long ago in the harbor of Taku, she lifted great rocks from the bed of the bay, and even when the foul waters are swollen from the incoming tide, these black monsters rear their heads, and the plunging surf encircles them with a collar of spray. Because of these rocks our troopships and their smaller armed consorts had to wait for us far out in the clean open sea. We could barely see their lights through the mist-bung distances. We wished that they were nearer.

And Nature had filled the air of the day with the breath of a live volcano. Ungodly Luson in her ugliest mood could not have passed up to her humans a hotter day than this had been. With the falling night a chill filled the air. It was a new experience for the American soldiers after their months of Philippine service, and was greeted with hoarse murmurs of gratitude. But the chill intensified and stayed, and the white men, made bloodless by the torrid heat, shivered first, then cursed. I heard the commanding officer say to a couple of his staff officers:

"The boys are doing altogether too much thinking. They've not got things straight what they're up against. They are making ugly pictures for each other and they ought to be asleep. They need to hear their guns go off. And they're cold—poor fellows!"

He was a grand old soldier—this American leader (Liscum)—a military giant with the whitest of hair, the bluest of eyes and the greatest of hearts. His rank came from the callous of many wars, and as the cold, impassive army records will tell you, he was blood, bone and brain a soldier—a regular army man. None of those timid thoughts which had been mine that day found a place in his mind. He was too busy with the magnificent and delicate machine, which he held in the hollow of his hand—this intricate and terrible composition of individual, thinking strength, which he called "my boys."

With two of his staff officers I followed the old colonel in and out among his companies. He spoke to the chilled, fatigued, worried fellows, called some by name, put blood into all of them with an abrupt, devil-take-care-of-tomorrow kind of humor.

"It's hell," he informed them, striking at the heart of the matter, "but it's all in a lifetime." He wore no blouse because "his boys" were without them.

"Oh, to be a man like that!" thought I, and I wished that my good friend Dulin was in the camp.

Life would be quite worth the struggle if I could crawl into that moist warm saddle blanket of Dulin's and feel the big fellow close by. I was at home with the cavalry. I was more of a man, with Dulin's nerve for a stimulant. These dough-boys were good men and true, but I had not lain on the firing line a score of times with them. Dulin was not of them.

I will pass over five days and nights, which in the justice of man or the devil, should be subtracted from any sinner's final hell-portion—five days full of curses, pestilence and pitiless scorch, five nights full of curses, coughing and cruel north wind. And I will tell you of the night, when a cavalry squadron from Taku pounded into the American camp and the horrid realism of the present vanished, when I heard the voice of a trooper asking one of the infantrymen this question:

"Are there any civilian correspondents with your outfit?"

The dough-boy didn't have to answer, for I pulled my good friend Dulin from his horse. I won't soon forget that night in the American camp five miles from Taku. I had talked it all over with Dulin, and we had lain down together in that saddle blanket which was peculiarly perfect. Men and women and worldly conditions were all settled. Cow-cow, the China-boy, had greeted me with words fearfully incomprehensible and grimly marvelous made, and I was ready for hostile herds to do their worst. Had they not done so before in that other service? Was I not with the cavalry and had I not drunk much coffee, hot and strong, with my good friend Dulin?

About midnight we heard the pounding of galloping hoofs and the loud challenge of an American sentry. Hurrying toward the voice, I saw a courier drop into the arms of the soldiers about, and heard the man say:

"I'm from Tien-Tsin. The Chinese are killing off the foreigners. We can't hold out long. For God's sake get after them."

Then because he had told the whole story, because two bullets were in and much blood out of him—because he had finished a hard task, the man became unconscious. Then the American officers became very busy repeating com-

mands. Tien-Tsin was twenty-five miles away. The troops were ordered to set out for the city at once.

"It smells like a cellar," said Dulin when we were in the saddle. The night wind had a cold, sickly touch. There was nothing frank, nor bracing about it.

"It's the river you smell, Dulin," said I. The Pei Ho slid along at the right of us in an oily, sneaky fashion. A foul drain is the Pei Ho—a sadly overworked drain, clogged with dead Chinamen. I did not blame it for smelling bad. Its busy mouth stains miles and miles of sea water. A clean man would not die in the Pei Ho.

"It's the Russians I smell," said Dulin.

Indeed his words were not without a certain significance. I had passed through a Russian camp that day, and had felt ill-at-ease in a sea of low-browed, unsmiling, unwashed faces. The men wore trousers, black and baggy, and blouses which had been white once. But their rifles were clean and in the hands of Russians these rifles had a gaunt, hungry look. For want of something better to say as we rode along, I told Dulin:

"I'm not kicking on the odor of the Russians. They have a cut-your-heart-look, and I'm willing to have the air strong with them so long as they are only out after the Chinese. Cow-cow turns white every time he sees a Russian."

"Lussians veeel bad," the yellow one observed, drawing his finger across his throat and showing the whites of his eyes in a ghastly fashion. "Lussians eatee pool China-boy."

"How about the Japs?" Dulin asked, dragging his slave up behind his saddle.

"Japanees—nigger—allies same Filipino," Cow-cow announced in a voice full of disdain. Then after a moment he added, piously, "Japanees no Christian."

It could be seen very easily that Cow-cow did not share the rash opinion of the world's powers to the effect that the Mikado's soldiers were great among soldiers. We could hear the little islanders in question, as they advanced parallel with us 200 yards to the left. A shrill, nervous murmur was audible in their files. It made me think of a girl's seminary at recess. The Russians swayed forward in close formation—a compact monster, full of silence and power and sullen rage. Four hundred yards ahead rode the Cosack scouts. Our eyes smarted from the dust, which their mounts made. Just in front of us, leaning forward in the saddle, was a deep sea of concentrated military intelligence—the white-haired leader of the American contingent—the same who had walked among his men the night before. It was an impossible dream that all these mighty arms were straining forward in the one purpose of opening the veins of other men. A trooper behind hummed lazily:

"Ship me somewhere east of Suez,
Where the best is like the worst—
And there ain't no ten commandments
And a man can raise a thirst."

"Shut up," growled a sleepy sergeant.
The Pei Ho slunk by, dark and silent and strong—like the Russians. And at last, when hope was gone, the night snatched the north wind in her folds and fled from the dawn.

The dark brought its shadows once more, and the soldiers were too weary to fear death. The city was before us. In the heavens above it there was a lurid reflection of flames. Guns, mighty and many, boomed inside and the devil sat upon the wall.

A spark trailed across the sky high above our heads and moaned a death march. My under jaw started to tick an accompaniment. A thousand yards behind, where the Kaiser's pets were following, the shell struck. Then came thunder and lightning, and every horse in the allied command snorted. A growl, ominous and ugly, arose from the Russian ranks. The Japs snarled, and Dulin saw it to remark:

"Tough finish for the German band."
There were other shells, nor did these others land invariably in the Dutch files. The White-haired in front of us raised his right arm in the signal to halt, and a trumpet interpreted the command. Then while sparks and death marches played above our heads, Dulin cooked coffee in a glorious mood, and I breathed irregularly.

"Oh, hell, where is thy sting?" he sang merrily, regardless of the correct quotation. "We're going to have another San Juan tomorrow, with a walled city for a block-house."

"It will be worse than that," I said disconsolately. "I tell you, Dulin, I'm sick of this business. I'd like to sleep in a bed and eat three times a day, and go to a theater and sit next to a white woman."

"And take her home," Dulin finished. "Yes, and you would dream of blood and fights and itch to smell a troop horse and ride with a troop. You are as much of a savage as I am. Throw that coffee into you and quit croaking."

I was silenced by great truths. I was no stranger to pangs of the wander-passion. I told myself that I was supremely happy—and lied. All that night the heavens above Tien-Tsin were red and the devil sat upon the wall.

We were up against it before light. A chapeau freighted with tremendous responsibilities landed in the center of the American picket line, wiped a half dozen troop horses and one stable guard clean from the landscape, and stamped the rest of the herd. We were far from the advance and without horses. The White-haired stood up in the dark, impatiently awaiting intelligence. The plans of the allies were to be sent to the different commanders. The air about the American leader was whipped by Mausers. The bullets came from three sides, which was hard to understand.

When it was dawn, I saw that we were cut off from the other troops, and though our force was large enough to route the combined Filipino armies, we were now surrounded by thousands who seemed eager to die. John Chinaman, the humble, smiling thing to kick at—the patient burden-bearer of the Philippines—is a different being at home.

What I saw that dawn was a revelation—little yellow devils had crept in on our left and rear in the night. They handled guns like white men, exposed themselves and felt no pain. Their hearts were full of the accumulated rage of centuries. John Chinaman, the fatalist, whose gods are on his side, was shooting at us with a gun which had no superior in the world. And he was shooting true, because men had already died about us—without breakfast. It was plain now why the White-haired had not been

consulted regarding the plans of the day. We were cut off—a squadron of unhorsed cavalry and a regiment of infantry, and since the guns of all nations were hot with fight, we had no reason to expect that we would be rescued except through our own efforts.

On our right was the Pei-ho. The Russians and Japs the left were, separated by the ugly horde which was thinning our ranks. The American troops thus held a lariat, were fighting for their lives. The White-haired stood straight up, giving commands and encouraging men. Ever at his side was a little trumpeter, hardly more than a boy. His face was very white, for he was hit somewhere. He repeated his leader's commands with the same There was not a tremor in his loud, clear tones—and he was bleeding!

"That boy has a good mother," Dulin said, for he was a man when he saw one.

Cow-cow was sticking to his lord and master, as he always done, since the day he led the way up into the hills. With fumbling hands and sightless eyes (for the death was a power within him), he refilled the chamber of a dead trooper's carbine and placed it near Dulin's. As for myself, I occupied very little space and was clashing words, with the eyes of one who expected to be crushed each moment.

Never again could I hear to hear such maddening notes of triumph and anticipation as came from the yellow horde, which slowly and surely tightened about us. Never had I seen such destruction. The gods of the Celestials were on earth, and no fear can live where the gods are. The Chinese leaped in the air, snatching at the bodies which flew high. They were crazed with that fanaticism which had no nerve, no feeling, only joy.

"Steady, steady boys," rumbled magnificently forth the throat of the White-haired. He stood up, unconquered as a god. No man could look upon him and be a coward. The little bugler lay at his feet propped up on an arm and played—played faintly, I know not what—and yet in my dying, I could say such a prayer as that trumpet sounded, there would be no night in my eyes.

"Steady, steady boys," repeated the White-haired, even as his words rang in my ears, I saw beyond the burning lariat of Celestials a cloud rise from the plain. A deeper it thundered, and there were shadows in it!

"Great God!" yelled Dulin. "Look at those Celestials ride!"
Indeed they were beautiful. A thousand-yard front of splendid Russian cavalry charged into the yellow horde which had faced us—and the lariat snapped! The Celestials were literally hurled into the air. Their gods had descended and for the first time the Celestials saw the greatness of their dead.

The Cosacks made a hole for us to slip through. We could join the allies now, but there was no joy in the moment, for when we found time to look, Dulin and I, we saw that the White-haired had fallen. And the little trumpeter lay near him. I wish I could remember these last notes. They were so—so beautiful!

"Steady, steady boys," the White-haired had said, imperishable in memory are those last words of the White-haired!

"If I could only have been in the charge with these Cosacks," I heard Dulin say, when we were falling back of range with the allies. There was no light left in the ranks of the "foreign devils" that day, but there were many, many missing.

And at night from afar off we saw once more that the heavens above Tien-Tsin were lurid with the flames that the city. And the devil sat upon the wall.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.

MOTHER OF THE IMMIGRANTS.

MRS. REGINA STUCKLEN'S DISTINCTIVE WORK
AT THE NEW YORK BARGE OFFICE.

[John Gilmer Speed in *Ainsley's*.] Probably no women in America come so close to a varied people's history as Mrs. Regina Stucklen, Chief Inspector of the Women's Department of the Barge Office, and well known as the Mother of the Immigrants, and her assistant, Mrs. Taylor. No church in all the metropolis colonizes so many marriages as the Barge Office, and no matrimonial agent on earth arranges so many weddings as does Mrs. Stucklen; and beneath the majority of these there is saving proportion of romance that leaveneth the whole heavy lump. Thus there are compensations even in the most arduous tasks and amid surroundings that are repellant to a refined feminine mind.

Personally, with great benignity and with signal absence of official fussiness, Mrs. Stucklen regards the wants of the women. She learns not only whence each comes, but whether each wishes to go and what each purpose is in the struggle with the great problems of existence in all countries and in all grades of social life. Mrs. Stucklen knows enough to fill volumes. The Mother of the Immigrants is a woman of strong personality, calm, firm and sympathetic under most trying situations, and to be would-be bride, who has arrived a stranger in a foreign land to meet her promised husband, she is at once a selector, witness and friend. As about three hundred marriages take place annually at the Barge Office, or directly under its auspices—one solemnization for every wedding day of the year—and as Mrs. Stucklen inquires into the intimate history of each matrimonial affair, she has more than an ordinary opportunity to study this interesting part of life. Whether they go and how they prosper after leaving her guardian care, the inspector has little opportunity of knowing—whether to found honorable and prosperous families, or to fail and fill the pauper's grave. Rarely per cent. of them ever retains enough grateful memory of her services to inform her. But there are rewards in knowing one's duty well done; and if there is a seeming gratitude on the part of brides and grooms alike, it is because the government, and the Barge Office as one of its institutions, is a thing of odium to the average immigrant—the thing from which he fled when he forsook his hills and valleys; and the sorrows and tribulations of detention pens the immigrant seeks to blot from his memory as speedily as possible.

BEING A BOY.

By a Staff Writer.

What is the man who, if he could, would not go back to his boyhood days again? Back to caged seasons, held up by a rusty nail; back to tattered clothes hat; back to "bare-foot days," with its stinging thistles, thistles and poison ivy; back to the days when a call to "come out in the woodshed" was to bring in wood, but something which left a memory behind.

You didn't take life one-half as seriously as you do now. You didn't have to lie awake nights wondering how Sam Hill the company would strike oil; you didn't worry about where the next meal was coming from. There was always a loaf of bread in the big kitchen, the pantry, and a jar of jam or jelly behind the door. What was the use of worrying? You didn't even wonder what you were going to do for clothes. Your mother, who was just beginning to go out in company, had a pair of "pants" which were considered good for you to put on after he had discarded them. You were to wear out in company. True, they had to be changed, taken in behind and otherwise altered, but sometimes "fearfully and wonderfully made," you didn't care for a little thing like that.

The Springtime.

When you were asked to tell which season of the year you liked best in your boyhood days I fear you would hesitate. When the dusk and mud and sleet of dreary March had passed away, and the south wind came blowing, blowing the trees and blossoms back to life, with it the robins and orioles, and an ever-growing desire for cowslips or dandelion "greens;" when the spring proclaimed that it was time to "go in swimming" when you used to steal out at 4 o'clock in the morning through the dewy grass with an alder pole, a cotton line and a tomato can full of worms, to the slip of a brook and bubble through the ten-acre pasture, and wherein the little incidents, coupled with the fact that the woodchuck down in the orchard had a family of his own to bring up and educate in all the tricks of the trade, regarding boys and double-barreled shotguns, and when you recalled that the crows could get in your field unless you were there with your ever-ready gun, it comes a flood of recollection to come stealing in, and you wonder if, after all, you ever enjoyed life more during the spring months.

The Summer.

When you think of summer—glorious summer! when the sun was over and you flung your books in a corner of the closet with an exclamation of disdain, and went out of the house, yelling like a young Indian; when you went over to the lake "camping out" with the boys; when you could look forward to the "glorious" and "circus day" with a thrill of delight; when the apples caused many a stomach ache and doctor's visit; when you could roam the woods for bird's eggs, and when you could roam the woods for bird's eggs, and when you could roam the woods for bird's eggs, you think summer was about the best season of the year. And yet, when those sweltering days would come, along with August and September, when every thunder shower was welcomed with delight, and your big sister tried in vain to keep her bangs in curl, you began to long for a change. You commenced to have visions of buckwheat cakes and hickory nuts and cider; you hankered after your mother's "biled cider apple sass," and wondered what partridge you used to scare up every time you went through the berry patch down by the big woods had the family of little ones who used to scuttle away from the bushes as you passed. You began to long for the "hickory" which would open the chestnuts and bring the nut-cracked gray and black squirrels out within range of an shotgun, and to ask yourself if it wasn't about time to pay an early morning visit to the "slough," where the boys could be heard splashing about and quarreling long before daylight. Surely a boy enjoyed life during the summer more than at any other season, some one says.

The Sports and Pastimes.

What about the days when everything was locked fast in the Arctic embrace? When the trees had been stripped bare of their foliage, and stood grim, naked and spindly; when the little brook looked like a bar of steel as it stretched away through the meadow, and the high of sleigh bells was heard on the frosty air; the more fun it was more fun to clasp on your old-fashioned skates and glide around the "slough," riding "benders" and doing equally hair-raising fool tricks than it was to be out of the kitchen range. Liked winter best? Of course you did. Show me a boy who didn't!

The sport of coasting down a long, steep hill on a sled. Oh, the fun the native-born Californian would have! He might as well say he never knew what snow was, for he didn't, until he went back East on a sled and went whizzing down a steep incline at a mile-a-minute on a double-runner with a crowd of whooping youngsters, or took a trip down a toboggan at a speed which he never before supposed attain-

The Sled.

What about having a cousin visit me when I was a boy, and never seen snow until that time, although he was ten years of age. There was a long, steep hill near my house, which the boys of the neighborhood had worn as smooth as glass in coasting, and my cousin was persuaded to go down it on a double-runner, but not until he was convinced that we would bring him out alive.

Our sled held about a dozen, and my cousin seated himself about in the middle of the crowd. In half a minute we were going down that hill like a streak of lightning, and the worst-scared man east of California was that cousin.

"Stop her, boys; stop her!" he shouted, as he attempted to check the speed by digging his heels into the ice. He might as well have attempted to check the flow of Niagara. Of course we were at the bottom of the hill before he realized it, but that was his first and last slide. He couldn't be persuaded to make another trip.

Not the least of the sports you enjoyed during the winter in your boyhood days was a "sham battle," with a snow fort to storm and capture. Of course this sport was marred somewhat if the opposing party used snowballs which had been soaked in water, or put stones inside them, especially if one of these missiles struck you in the eye or ear. Neither was it any fun to have an over-zealous combatant roll you down in a snowbank, wash your face and fill your boots with snow, but it had to come, as a matter of course, and you always accepted it with the best possible grace.

That Attic Bedroom.

There were other things, too, which, for the time being, marred the pleasures of winter time. You haven't forgotten that little attic room upstairs, away over in the north corner of the house, where you used to sleep. You recollect how you used to go up to it with chattering teeth; how you used to hustle into bed, draw your knees up under your chin and lie there shivering like a sick dog. How the old north wind would come shrieking down and take particular pains, it seemed, to strike that certain corner of the house. How the old blinds would rattle and the windows shake! How the snow would somehow manage to drift in through little cracks and crannies. It wasn't pleasant at all, was it? You stood it as long as you could, and then, finally, crawled out and piled every available bit of covering on your bed—overcoat, undercoat, old pieces of carpet, and even your boots—in a vain attempt to coax a little warmth into your freezing carcass.

Finally you did somehow manage to doze off to sleep, but the pleasure was all marred by dreams of sliding down icebergs or going in swimming through a hole in the ice, or some other equally unpleasant predicament.

Getting Up in the Morning.

But the hardest part of all—the part which you will never forget, was when, while it was yet darker than a barnful of the blackest cats, and you were just realizing the effects of the additional covering on your bed, you were rudely awakened by a shout from the stairway: "Will-yum! Will-yum! Get right up at once, and go out and clean off the sidewalk. There's two feet of snow on it." What a ring of irony was always couched in your father's voice as he slammed the hall door. Fathers didn't have to get out and tackle a big snow drift—not they! That was always the boy's job, and fortunate indeed were you if you had a brother who was compelled to turn out and assist.

The slamming of the hall door and your father's warning call were not heeded—at once. Why couldn't a healthy youngster have his full quota of sleep, instead of being routed out at such an unearthly hour? You merely answered, "all right, pa," turned over and snoozed on, and it was half an hour later before you heard another voice—a gentler one, calling: "Will-eel! Will-eel! It's time to get up." You yawned, rubbed your eyes, and began to have thoughts on the subject yourself, but in the midst of them you began to nod, and it was only when the hall door opened again with a bang and you heard heavy footsteps ascending the stairway three at a time, that you bounded out of bed like a rubber ball, and met your father's angry, "you'd better get up, sir!" with "I'll be right down, pa."

No, it wasn't any fun at all to stand there and work yourself into your cold clothes on those below-zero mornings, and yet, after you had gotten out into the feathery flakes and exercised for ten minutes, you wouldn't have changed places with an African king under a shady tree with the thermometer at a hundred, and later, when you sat down to a breakfast of crispy buckwheat cakes, maple syrup (the genuine article,) and home-made sausage, you were thoroughly convinced that there was no season of the year which compared with winter.

Those Moonlight Sleigh Rides.

And those rides with a merry party in the old bob sleds, filled with hay, and with plenty of buffalo robes to snuggle down under! Those moonlight nights, when the roads were all in perfect condition, the weather "just right," and the horses eager for a spin across the frozen highway. Forget 'em? Why, the man who can't remember all about that last moonlight sleigh ride he took away back East, with a pretty girl at his side, is a mighty poor specimen of a human. You can hear, even now, the jingle of those sleigh bells, and the squeak, squeak, of iron-bound runners across the snow. You can see every boy and girl who was on that ride with you, even though it was twenty years ago. You can remember the songs that were sung as you went swinging along over the icy country road, occasionally going ker chuck! into a "thank-ye-marm," which always elicited little squeals of delight from the girls. You can recall every incident of that delightful ride—if you can't, you never went through the experience, that's all.

Mysteries of the Cellar.

And say, wasn't it fun, when all the chores had been done for the night—plenty of coal brought in, and a supply of "chunks" for the old base-burner in the sitting-room, and everything had been made snug for the night—wasn't it genuine sport then to go down cellar, where everything in the shape of vegetables, apples, etc., was kept; and get a big pan full of rosy-cheeked Northern Spies, a pitcher of sparkling cider, a quart or so of hickory nuts and a dozen ears of "rice corn" which would pop? The cellar was warm and still, and was always a place of interest. Your mother kept her geraniums down there, which she had pulled up when the first frost came, and hung up to one of the cellar rafters. There were all kinds of herbs and roots, which were supposed to possess more or less medicinal value, suspended from the rafters, and over in one corner was a swinging shelf on which your mother kept her supply of canned fruit—peaches, pears, currants, gooseberries, blackberries and a dozen other varieties, with innumerable little

glasses of jelly. It wasn't every day that you got a taste of it, either, as your people were having more or less company at different times and the fruit was saved for such events.

Over in that other corner were the crocks of butter as the "beef barrel," for, of course, you always had "corned beef" during the winter. The long potato bin was filled to overflowing, and turnips and Hubbard squashes were there in plenty.

A Typical Winter's Evening.

The apple barrels occupied one side of the cellar, and I didn't take you long to find the particular kind you wanted after, draw the cider, fill your basin with hickory nuts and popcorn and get back upstairs. Then the fun commenced. It was probable that you had company to entertain—Uncle Hecm may have driven up from Wyoming with Aunt Mary and the boys—and they all assisted in popping the corn, cracking the nuts and "helping" generally. Then there were games to be played—"snap dragon," "blind man's bluff," "button-button," "hunt the thimble," and others of which you have but recollections. The wind shrieked and howled without, and the house creaked and snapped with the biting cold, but inside everything was cheerful. The old base-burner roared like a furnace, as though defying Jack Frost's attempts to get his cold grip on everything, and it was only when the clock slowly struck 11 that you began to think mentally about getting sleepy.

"Come, boys; it's bedtime," finally announces your mother, and amid protestations that it is "early yet," you were sent off up to your little "ice box" in the north corner of the house. Whew! but it was freezing cold, and your teeth rattled like castanets as you pulled off your clothes and burrowed down under the comfortable. How the big trees outside snapped in the Arctic weather, and the wind sent the light snow swirling against your window! You began to feel drowsy, and presently was sleeping the sleep of healthy boyhood, and, intermingled with your dreams, was the thought: "Yes, winter time is the best time of all the year while you are a boy."

Don't you agree with me? E. A. BRININSTOOL.

MEN OF NOTE.

Admiral Alexieff, head of the Russian naval forces in Chinese waters, is a man of 55 years of age. He has a great deal of Tartar blood in his veins.

The Democratic candidate for Governor of Wisconsin, Louis G. Bohmrich, is a successful Milwaukee lawyer, who was born in Germany forty-five years ago.

Lord Salisbury recently characterized Hiram Maxim, the gunmaker, as "the man who has prevented more men from dying of old age than any other person that ever lived."

Gen. Zebulon York was a general officer in the Confederate army, though born in Maine. The war ruined him. It is said his losses occasioned by the war amounted to \$3,000,000.

Walter Warder, who, in the absence of Gov. Tanner, acted as Governor of Illinois, won popularity in Chicago during the Haymarket riots by his fearless action before the mob and the ready aid he gave the wounded.

Gen. Richard H. O'Grady Haly, the new commander-in-chief of the British troops in Canada, won the distinguished order service in the Egyptian expedition of 1882, when he was one of the fighting officers in the Second York and the Lancashire regiments.

The late Sir William Fraser possessed a splendid and unique collection of books and engravings on costumes, which he bequeathed to the Princess of Wales, who has lent the whole for a time to the British Museum, where it is accessible in the print-room.

Rev. Henry B. Smith, rector of St. Paul's Church, Ardmore, I. T., who has just been ordained to the priesthood in the Episcopal church, is a full-blooded Cherokee Indian. He will soon leave St. Paul's Church to become a member of the staff of the Cathedral at Milwaukee.

The late Col. Charles Scott Venable, of the faculty of the University of Virginia, was one of the greatest benefactors of that institution, and, besides his own gifts, secured, through his influence, the large telescope from Leander McCormick and gathered the \$75,000 for its endowment.

President Gary, of the Federal Steel Company, is to build a Methodist church at Wheaton, Ill., as a memorial to Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Gary, his father and mother, who were closely identified with religious works in Wheaton during their lifetime. The building will cost between \$50,000 and \$75,000.

Maj. Lothaire, the Belgian officer who executed the Englishman named Stokes in the Congo Free State, has been dismissed from the position as manager of the Congo Free State Trading Company. It is understood that this is the result of the charges brought against him of cruelty to the natives.

W. B. Word claims to be champion wolf catcher of the country, basing his claim on the fact that he appeared in Rapid City, S. D., recently with 332 pelts, 244 of the gray wolf, and seventy-eight of the coyote. The bounty on the lot amounted to \$820, which is the largest wolf bounty ever paid to one man so far as is known.

Germany's Emperor confessed recently that of all his habits smoking had the greatest hold over him. "When I am not asleep I am smoking, and when I am asleep I often dream of the 'subtle poison.' The Sultan of Turkey sent me a few months ago a hundred boxes of his choice cigarettes. These are the boxes." His Majesty pointed toward a row of delicately "got up" tins. "But the cigarettes are not in them; they have ended in smoke."

This pretty little anecdote about the boy King in Spain is now given: A short time ago the Queen Regent was telling her son how poor his country, Spain, was becoming, and what need there would be of reform and economy in many respects. "Mother," said the young monarch in embryo, "I have quite made up my mind that we must all give something for the sake of my country—some luxury, I, for my part, have determined to give up smoking!"

CHINAMAN AT HOME.

II.—THE CHINAMAN AND THE FOREIGN DEVIL.

By John Foster Fraser.

A STORY is told of a lady who on being told that the world was about to come to an end exclaimed: "Oh, then we shall have to go to China." She was, however, but expressing literally what is the general idea concerning the "Great and Glorious Middle Kingdom," as the Celestials themselves describe their country. For, indeed, Europeans have been inclined to regard China as a land absolutely apart from other nations, and with customs as curious as we shall probably find those of the Martians when we get into communication with the ruby planet.

Being an ordinary sort of Britisher, one thing that continuously annoyed me when traveling in the Flowery Land was the contempt that the average Chinaman showed not only for me, but for all foreigners. The opinion of the English chauvinist, who has never traveled much beyond his own little town, respecting everything that is alien is broad-mindedness itself compared with the opinion of the Celestial respecting the "barbarian."

A Chinaman thinks there is only one civilized people on the face of the earth, and those are the Chinese. All other nations are tribute-paying races, little better than beasts, and therefore deserving of no consideration whatever. You can never convince a Chinaman that the western people are better educated than the eastern. It is no good pointing out to him the resources of western civilization—steam engines, electricity, railways, and mechanical wonders. While admitting the cleverness necessary to produce these things, his attitude is like that of a university don called upon to admire a model of the Houses of Parliament made out of old corks.

The opinions of the Chinese respecting the outer world are very much like those of the English respecting the Far East in the time of that pious old liar, Sir John Maundeville. In China I became the possessor of a map of the world according to Chinese ideas. In the center, shaped something like a ham, was the Middle Kingdom. All round, as promontories and islands, were the other nations of the earth, Bokhara, Hindustan, Africa, Russia, Germany, France and England. Later on I got considerable amusement showing that map of the world to Americans. America wasn't in it!

Here is a quotation I make from the Chinese that will give an idea of the way in which foreigners are regarded: "The barbarians are like beasts, and not to be ruled on the same principles as citizens. Were anyone to attempt to control them by the great maxims of reason, it would lead to nothing but confusion. Therefore to rule barbarians by miracle is the true and best way of ruling them."

And, to show the different way in which the yellow man regards the customs of the West, it is noticeable that if a Chinaman is asked whether he doesn't think the English system of trial by jury a good idea he will tell you that if one man be inclined to act unjustly, how much more injustice would twelve men together commit!

Of course, the Chinese are an educated people. But they are not educated as we understand the word. They are interested only in their own country, in the Confucian philosophy, and in religious rites. Anything outside they have little interest in. So their ideas regarding foreigners are not only curious but amusing. In the few treaty ports lining the coast, and in some of the towns on the Yangtze River, the Chinaman has seen Europeans. Inland, however, there are many who have never set eyes upon a foreigner, and when I was traveling in the Far West I remember how the women and children used to shrink from me as though I were a demon. The men would crowd about, feeling my arms and examining me as though I were a strange animal. There was, I must say, good reason for this, according to Celestial ideas. I am fairly tall, and the Chinese believe tall men are particularly devilish. I have light eyes, and the Chinese believe that a man with light eyes can see under the ground. Further, I was then growing a villainous terra-cotta-bred beard, and the Chinaman believes that only demons of the pit have red beards!

It is a common belief in Central China that Europeans have only one eye, and that the people in the rest of the world are blind. Many a time I was annoyed by the Celestials feeling my knees. They then expressed surprise that I could bend them, for they had understood that Europeans were stiff-legged and could never lie down, but went to sleep leaning against walls. In many places the impression prevails that foreigners have holes drilled through their chests, and that when they wish to travel from place to place a bamboo pole is stuck through the orifice, so that the man can be carried by a couple of bearers.

All this, no doubt, appears silly to my readers. But you must remember that our own ancestors had very similar ideas respecting unknown parts of the world. One day in the Yunnan province, I was walking along a river bank, and just for amusement picked up a stone and flung it ahead at a boulder. A Chinaman immediately dashed forward to see what was inside the broken stone. On inquiring what had aroused his curiosity I learnt that the idea was that I had been able to see through the stone and find gold.

It is a belief that foreigners are rich because of their power to see underground. Indeed, in Kwei-chow I heard a curious story that bore this out. Two mining experts were exploring to see what the country had to produce in the way of mineral wealth. The authorities at the Yamen, to test the power of these foreigners, buried some silver in the Yamen garden. Then they took the foreigners a walk, and, standing over where the silver was, asked, "Is there any precious metal in this ground?" The foreigners laughed and said "No," that no precious metal was ever found in ground like that. Thereupon the Chinese dug up the silver and showed it to the foreigners, whom they were convinced were frauds, and therefore stoned them from the town.

It is accepted that foreigners eat children, and that the only use the mission hospitals are put to is to extract the

eyes of Chinese patients so that they could make chemicals for photographic purposes. They think eyes must be used to get pictures for the camera. Indeed, many missionaries can tell of cases where parents have brought their children and been willing to sell them to the foreigner to be turned into chemicals. The Chinese give eyes to their boats, that they may see, and are surprised that foreign boats that have no eyes can go straight.

They imagine that European books and printers' ink are saturated with a "bewildering drug" which has the same effect on the mind as the smoke of opium. I have heard of a young Celestial who refused to lick the gum on an envelope he was asked to seal because he was afraid of being bewitched.

There is frequently a panic if a missionary attempts to take down in writing the names of his scholars. The idea of romanizing Chinese characters is in itself regarded as suspicious. Why should a child be taught to write a letter his own father can't read? The school comes to be treated with distrust by the district, and not infrequently the scholars desert in a body.

As I said in my article last week, very much depends, when considering the manners of another country, on the personal point of view. We think it odd a man should shave his head and wear a pigtail. The Chinese think it screamingly funny there should be any people who don't shave their heads and wear long queues, but who allow their hair to go unshorn as though they were in mourning. For a husband to go a walk with his wife is regarded as a loss of dignity, and for men and women to meet and dine together is nothing short of indecent.

All educated Chinese wear long robes reaching nearly to the feet, and only the lowest class of coolie wear knickerbockers, and expose the shape of their limbs. Therefore you can conceive the disgust and contempt of a high-class mandarin toward a European in walking costume. The desire of Englishmen to take violent exercise, such as hunting, or playing football, tennis, or polo, is, in the mind of the Chinese, a positive proof they are not only unhuman but mad.

You can no more explain to a blind man what the color blue is like than you can explain to a Chinaman why an Englishman should want to leave his own country. It is quite incomprehensible that the "foreign devil," or yang-qui-tse, should desire to travel in other lands.

At Shanghai I was introduced by a friend to Sheng, the Taotai. My friend told him something of where I had been traveling—nights in the snow, encounters with hostile tribes, inconveniences and bad food, and the molestations of mobs. Sheng turned and asked, in his broken English, "What for he do it?" My friend explained that as I was a Britisher I had a love of adventure. The Taotai only vouchsafed the reply, "He too muchee damee fool!"

The fact of the matter is, the Chinese have for so many thousand years been so isolated from the other nations of the earth that they have become insufferably self-sufficient and arrogant. You will meet millions of Chinese who are quite certain that other nations give tribute to their Emperor; and a mandarin assured me that the English Emperor (I), who was also Emperor of Burma, had yearly to give the Chinese Emperor two white elephants! Indeed, it was not without a persistent struggle that European ministers to Peking were able to be relieved from the duty of showing humility by kowtowing nine times and prostrating themselves before a yellow-covered table with a dash of incense on it, symbolic of the Emperor himself.

It might be thought that intercourse with ambassadors and their families would have made the Emperor have a closer regard for friendliness with western nations. But it is not so. Delay and williness have for years hindered the fulfillment of treaties. Foreign business is in the hands of the Tung-li-Yamen. The eleven members of this board seem to delight in shirking their work. They trust to tiring out the ambassador by correspondence, and if he goes to the Yamen the members begin to speak at once, and fairly shout him down, all saying the same thing and saying it many times.

At home we sometimes congratulate ourselves that the Chinese are beginning to understand us. This is a mistake. The crowd jostles you in the street, feels your clothes with its grimy hands, pokes its nose into your face, while keeping up a series of insulting and obscene remarks. Even the children delight in tormenting. That man is happy who can keep his temper, for to strike one of the crowd would be to endanger one's life.

Personally, although I experienced an occasional disturbance with overcurious crowds—no worse, however, than a Celestial would experience in some parts of England—I got along well with the Chinese. They are a good-humored people, and although their inquisitiveness was frequently provoking, one was in no danger if there was no loss of temper.

In the cities I made a point of always walking out to the native restaurants and there joining the Celestials in eating the ordinary food. At first Chinese fare is not agreeable to the English palate. But one soon gets used to it, and, in time to like it. I found the Chinese willing to give me what I wanted, and even to put themselves to inconvenience in seeing that I had the best. As to prices, one could never complain of overcharges. Of course, in the mountains, where one can rarely get anything else but rice, it was disagreeable to have to live on such food for days together; but in all the big cities there was plenty of variety, and I used to pay about a penny ½ penny for a seven-course dinner.

I was at a place called Tai-fu, and wanted to send letters over the mountains to Burma, to the British authorities, who had promised to forward them to England. I could not, however, get any Chinaman to undertake the journey, because just then the district was fever-laden, and to go across the swamps was practically to invite death. But I got a Chinaman to run from Tai-fu down to Mong-tse, on the Fren Tonkin frontier. He undertook to run thirty miles a day, have four days' rest in Mong-tse, and then travel back at thirty miles a day. I paid him at the rate of 4 pence a day, and that was twice as much as he would have got from his own countrymen.

Of their cleverness in performing work, of which they have a pattern before them, there can be no doubt. The Yellow danger, of which we hear so much, is not that the Chinese will over-run Europe with armed soldiers, but that

some day they will compete with the western world and in labor undersell them. At the present moment wearing an old jacket made by a Chinaman in the center of China. I forget what I paid for the jacket, but I know that I had the jacket, vest and made, and made well, for 4 shillings. A friend sent a shooting coat to a Chinaman and told him to make one exactly like it. My friend overlooked the fact that the new one came along it was torn in the same way.

A model was found at Tien-Tsin of the vessel successfully attacked the Pei Ho forts in 1859. It acted in all particulars, but the name had puzzled him. He did not even know the name of the enemy, being along the shore one day, he came upon a close black bottle with a label, and forthwith the letter the invader was copied onto the model as "Bannan."

Instances of willingness to imitate the foreigner, however, limited to parts of the country where the fact is fairly well known. In other parts of the Flowery Kingdom a Chinaman is not so well disposed. In one instance I had my boots repaired. They were Indian-made military boots, which I had almost to pieces in climbing mountains. With a missionary as interpreter I went to a cobbler to get him to make new ones. The old man, I remember, was very much in my boots, but shook his head. He said he had asked to mend a pair of boots like those. His father he was certain, had never repaired boots like those, he was equally sure his grandfather never had. He was not going to make the attempt. The next day I had to wear sandals for some thousand miles. I came across a good-natured German in the Valley, who gave me a pair of his old cast-iron shoes until I reached civilization and was able to get new rig-out.

Many of the strange ideas which the Chinese have of the foreign devil is due to national ignorance. But the extraordinary stories that the majority of the Chinese respecting the foreigner, that he is filthy, leathery, immoral, utterly beneath contempt, are fastened on the literati. These are Chinese who possess just as much knowledge of the foreigner to hate him and to tell every absurd story respecting his manner of life. The Englishman cannot speak Chinese is proof he is not being admitted into the society of educated men. The Chinaman cannot speak the foreign tongue, he never strikes the Chinese as equally curious.

Still, in places such as Shanghai, where the Chinese and the foreigner are in intimate relations, the two understand and know each other's good points, and has sprung up a jargon which goes by the name of "English," and which is spoken by all the Chinese, and there is no better servant on earth than the Chinese and also by the masters to the servants. An Englishman telling his boy—the boy, by the way, may be of any age—to fetch him a cigar doesn't direct him as he would an English servant, but says, "John, go top-side shop and bring one piece cigar." I remember asking a Chinaman what family he had. His reply was "One piece and two piece baby." You never get a Chinaman to go if you are going bicycle riding. He will ask if you "sit down go walkies." Everything is "top-side" or "fashion" or "maskies." "Maskies" means never mind "leave" means I understand, and both these words passed into the language of the local Englishman. The amusing things I came across in China was none of "Exceller" in "pidgin English."

"Man-man!" one girlie talks he;
"What for you go top-side, look-see?"
And one more time he plenty cry,
But all time walkies plenty high!

Top-side galow!

That mighty time begin, chop-chop,
One young man walkies—so can stop
Maskies snow! maskies ice!
He carry flag with chop so nice—

Top-side galow!

Inside that house he look-see light,
And every room got fire all right;
He look see plenty ice more high,
Inside he mouth he plenty cry—

Top-side galow!

Old man talkies, "We can walk,
By'mby rain come—welly dark.
Have got water, welly wide,"
"Maskies! My wantthey go top-side,"

Top-side galow!

With all the contempt that the Chinaman has for the foreigner, frequently holding his nose with his finger thumb as a European passes, because he says his odor is offensive, nobody who has traveled in China and knows the surface can fail to have noticed that the Chinaman is too proud to admit the weakness of his inferior, he has an idea, at the far back of his mind, that this is so. And without entering into the vexed question whether missionaries are or are not doing good in attempting to impose Christianity on the Celestial, the missionaries are undoubtedly doing excellent pioneer work. They are able to see they are not the monsters they have represented, and, what is more, they come to feel the Englishman's word.

No Chinaman will trust another Chinaman, but again I was impressed, while traveling through the Kingdom, with the readiness the Chinese had to believe the word of a foreigner. They would not lend a Chinaman a handful of cash, but would willingly loan a European 100 taels, knowing that it would be repaid. In this direction of breeding trust missionaries have accomplished incalculable good.

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[Chicago News:] "Say, old man, I saw your wife in town."

"Did you? Why, when did you ever meet her?"

"Never met her until this morning."

"Then how in the world did you know her?"

"I recognised your necktie."

Stories of the Firing Line * * Animal Stories.

The Value of Appearances.

THE day after the first battle of Cold Harbor, during the seven days' fighting around Richmond, was the first time I met my father after I joined the army. The famous Jackson's men had performed during the campaign in the valley, their rapid march from there to the left flank at Richmond, the short rations, the bad weather, and the great heat had begun to tell upon them. The morning I allude to, my battery had not moved from the same grounds of the previous night, but was parked in an open field, waiting orders. Most of the men were asleep, many sleeping, myself among the latter number. I got some shade, and be out of the way, I had under a calisson and was slumbering profoundly, having many lost hours of rest. Suddenly I was rudely awakened by some comrade, prodding me with a sponge. I had failed to be aroused by his call, and was told to get up and come out, as some one wished to see me. I staggered out, and found myself face to face with Gen. Lee and his staff. Their fresh uniforms, bright equipments and well-groomed horses contrasted so forcibly with the war-worn appearance of our command that I was completely dazed. It took me a minute or two to realize what it all meant. But when I saw my father's loving eyes and kind smile, it all became clear to me, and I knew that I had fallen by to look me up and shake me by the hand. I remember well how curiously those who were with him looked at me, and I am sure that most have struck them as very odd that such a dirty, ragged, unkempt youth could have been the son of this grand-looking man and victorious leader.

After McClellan's change of base to Harrison's Landing, on James River, the Confederate army lay inactive around Richmond. I had a short furlough on account of sickness and was sent into town. I met my mother at the door of her home, and she did not recognize me. When she found out that this dreadful-looking creature was her son, she immediately had me put into a bath, and all my clothing, including hat and shoes, burned in the back yard. I do not think I was in a worse condition than many of the other "plumbers." Poor fellows! They all needed such treatment about that time.—(Robert K. Lee, Jr., in Frank Leslie's Monthly.)

John's Story.

IT WAS at Cedar Creek, Va., that a circumstance happened to a comrade and myself which goes to prove that words spoken at certain times can produce awe where you fall," said Leroy Hanna, who served in Co. L of the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery, to an old comrade whom he met yesterday. Continuing Mr. Hanna said: "We had been guarding a ford for several days and had had several skirmishes with the Confederates, in which we lost a number of our men. On the morning of October 19 a comrade named 'Jack' Derstman and myself were sent to make a dash through the foothills and try to discover a good ford for an advance.

"We had proceeded about a mile from the camp when without a moment's warning we came face to face with some rebels, all heavily armed and on the lookout for us. It was a tight place and meant either capture or death, for we two could not hope to cope with seven. Just as the foremost rebel brought his piece to his shoulder an idea came to me like a flash. Throwing up my left arm with the palm of my hand extended outward, I exclaimed: 'Hold! Surrender! The Sixth Corps is in the mountains and if you don't you seal your own doom.'

"It must have been the dramatic fire I put into these words that had the effect of aving them, for one by one they lowered their guns and we made them captives. We took their guns, bent them between two trees and threw them into the bushes. When all their pieces had been confiscated we marched our prisoners into camp and then started out again. This time we had traversed about two miles when we came upon a rebel orderly who was riding like the wind. Derstman sprang into the middle of the road and commanded him to halt and surrender. Instead of obeying he leveled his gun, but for some reason it missed him. Derstman fired, but missed him. Then he shouted to me: 'Shoot him, you fool!' I did so and ever afterward I regretted it. He was the only man that to my knowledge I wounded or killed during my term of service."—(Chicago Herald.)

The View of Gen. Pope.

WE OF the ranks had our opinion on all subjects, and we freely discussed the armies, their generals, what they should do, and what they had left undone. There was one point on which the entire army was unanimous—I speak of the rank and file—it was that we were not in the least afraid of Gen. Pope, and were perfectly ready of whipping him when we could meet him. I quote from two letters of Gen. Lee, from which we may infer that this feeling may possibly have extended to our officers. In a letter to my mother from near Richmond, dated July 20, 1862: "When you write to Rob again, tell him to catch Pope for me, and also bring in his cousin John Marshall, who, I am told, is on his staff. I could tolerate the latter fighting against us, but not his joining them." And again: "Johnny Lee (his nephew) the Louis Marshall after Jackson's last battle, who asked me kindly after his old uncle, and said his mother was well. Johnny said Louis looked wretchedly himself. I am sure he is in each bad company, but I suppose he could help it."—(Robert K. Lee, Jr., in Frank Leslie's Monthly.)

Gen. Wheeler's Encounter With Tenth Michigan Cavalry.

CAPT. R. J. BROOKS of the Tenth Michigan Cavalry, while in command of about 125 convalescents and special duty men of his regiment, and about 150 men from other regiments, was left in garrison at Strawberry Plains, Tenn.

They were attacked August 24, 1864, by Gen. Joe Wheeler and a force of from 6000 to 8000 men, with nine pieces of artillery. The Union troops made a successful defense against this force, and thus saved the post from capture and the great railroad bridge from destruction.

During this attack seven of Brooks's men, by hard fighting, held McMillan's Ford, on the Holston River, for three and a half hours against a brigade of rebel cavalry, killing forty or fifty of them; but were finally surrounded and captured. The following report is made of this incident: Eight men were sent to guard McMillan's Ford, on the Holston. One of them went off on his own hook, so that seven were left. One of them was a large, powerful fellow, the farrier of Co. B, by name Alexander H. Griggs. These seven men actually kept a rebel brigade from crossing that ford for three and one-half hours by desperate fighting, killing forty or fifty.

The rebels, by swimming the river above and below the ford, succeeded in capturing the whole party. During the fight the big farrier was badly wounded in the shoulder.

Gen. Wheeler was much astonished at the valor of these men, and at once paroled a man to care for the wounded man. Approaching the latter, the following dialogue is said to have taken place:

Gen. Wheeler: "Well, my man, how many men had you at the ford?"

Griggs: "Seven, sir."

Wheeler: "My poor fellow, don't you know you are badly wounded? You might as well tell me the truth. You may not live long."

Griggs (indignantly): "I am telling the truth, sir. We had only seven men."

Wheeler (laughing): "Well, what did you expect to do?"

Griggs: "To keep you from crossing."

Wheeler: "Well, why didn't you do it?"

Griggs: "Why, you see, we did until you hit me, and that weakened our forces so much that you were too much for us."

Gen. Wheeler was greatly amused, and inquired of another prisoner (who happened to be a horse farrier, too): "Are all the Tenth Michigan like you fellows?"

"Oh, no!" said the man. "We are the poorest of the lot. We are mostly horse farriers and blacksmiths, and not much accustomed to fighting."

"Well," said Wheeler, "if I had 300 such men as you I could march straight through —, and the — couldn't stop me."

Gen. Wheeler, after the war, met Capt. afterward Col. Brooks one day, and on being told his regiment, said:

"The — regiment out of — Whenever I met them they licked — out of me."—(New York Mail and Express.)

ANIMAL STORIES.

Pet Dog Saves Four Lives.

HAD it not been for a pet dog called Tiny, owned by Mrs. John Morris, Mr. and Mrs. James Lane and their two children, William and Emma, would probably have perished in a fire which destroyed their home, in West Chester, at 4:30 o'clock yesterday morning. Mrs. Morris keeps a news stand just around the corner from the three-story brick building in which Mr. Lane lived and published his newspaper, The West Chester Independent. She was aroused by an unusual commotion made by the terrier. Tiny had entered his mistress's room and was barking fiercely. When the dog observed that his owner was awake he bounded out of the room toward a window facing the burning building.

He was compelled to repeat the demonstration several times before the woman understood that he was trying to draw her attention to something that was happening outside. Then she followed him into the other room, and saw that Mr. Lane's building was in flames. Harriedly dressing, the woman ran to the building. She found the hall door open, and, rushing to the second floor, began beating on the doors and calling "fire." Mr. Lane was awake in an instant, and found his bedroom filled with smoke. The fumes were also dense in the hallways, and the flames were breaking out from all sides.—(New York Tribune.)

Swimming Cats.

READ a description the other day of the retrieving cat owned by a sportsman on Metairie Ridge," said a planter from the south coast, "and while the case was certainly remarkable, it is completely eclipsed, in my opinion, by a family of swimming cats owned by Capt. Bosco of Tarpon Island. Capt. Bosco is well known in New Orleans, where he occasionally comes to do some trading, and is immensely popular with the crowd that goes down to the Tarpon Club for periodical outings. He is the kingpin fisherman of Bay Adams, and as quaint and original a character as you could find on the whole coast.

"His swimming cats, about which I started to tell you, belong to a feline tribe that has lived at the captain's place from time out of mind. There are at present perhaps a dozen all told, and they have apparently lost every vestige of the natural antipathy of their species for water. They will wade unhesitatingly through the shallows on the beach, hunting for small fish, and three or four will actually swim out to nearby luggers to get oysters. Like all cats, they are very fond of that kind of food, and when the captain's lugger comes in from a visit to the beds several of them are certain to jump off the landing and swim to where it lies at anchor. It is very strange to see them come scrambling on board, mewing and shaking themselves and seemingly as indifferent to the wetting as so many setter puppies.

"How they developed such an extraordinary trait I don't pretend to say, but it has probably been a matter of gradual

evolution. Capt. Bosco don't remember when his cats began to go into the water, but it was many years ago, and with each generation the natural aversion must have become fainter and fainter. It wouldn't surprise me if they developed web feet in the course of time."—(New Orleans Times-Democrat.)

A Muskrat in Clover.

THERE is perplexity in Easton. Friday night a stray muskrat came to town, and in his wanderings in the darkness fell five feet down a basement area on the premises of Bayne Fields whence it was impossible for him to escape without assistance.

All day yesterday there was a crowd around the place, and much of the day was taken up in discussing what to do with the rat. Business was not suspended, but it was interfered with.

Last winter the Legislature, at the suggestion of Game Wardens Smithers and Hardcastle, passed a law making it an offense punishable with a heavy fine to catch or have in possession a muskrat during the close season. This is the close season.

Mr. Fields tried to put up a job on Game Warden Smithers. He asked him to remove the rat from his premises, intending to have the Game Warden arrested for catching a muskrat out of season—in other words, to "hoist him with his own petard." But Mr. Smithers coolly informed Mr. Fields that he was not catching muskrats out of season. For the same reason no one else will do it.

As half the fine goes to the informer, half a dozen people keep on the alert to inform on the one who lifts the rat. This morning the muskrat was still there, and people stayed away from church to watch it.

It having been ascertained that it is not against the law to feed a muskrat during the close season, food and water have been lowered into the areaway.—(Baltimore Sun.)

A Bulldog Kills a Turtle.

HAROLD D. BURNETT'S mildest pet is a small brownish bulldog, whose name is Bull. Mr. Burnett is only 19 years old, but he is a fearless animal tamer and snake charmer. In the basement of his home, No. 42 Livingston street, Brooklyn, he has a collection of weird pets, some of which he has captured, while others were brought there by sailors and travelers.

Young Mr. Burnett was showing a pair of moccasin snakes to his friends, George Smith and Harry Lockwood of Clinton street. He swung them around to show his control over them. While he was busy at this pastime there was a scratching, scuffling sound in the back yard. The boys looked and saw a big sixty-pound deep-sea turtle, recently given to Harold by a skipper from the Galapagos Islands, scrambling out of the crate he called home.

Bull, the bulldog, saw the turtle, too, and before Harold Burnett could stop him he had clawed the kitchen door open and sprang out to battle, his stubby, banded tail almost straightened by the fierce joy of combat. Bull frisked up close to the turtle and soon began to grunt, for the deep-sea fellow, quickly thrusting out his long, leathery neck, grabbed him by the lower lip and hung on like a tax collector.

Hastily putting away his snakes, young Burnett grabbed a cane and ran out to the rescue. He beat the turtle on the neck until it let go of Bull, backed off clumsily and uttered a fierce hiss. This was a bad error. Hearing it, Bull was able to keep away from the biting end of the strange beast. He ran around yelping and growling, and soon the rear windows of all the houses in the block were full of spectators.

After a brief reconnoitering gallop around the greenish-gray monster, Bull rushed in and grabbed him by the left hind leg. In vain the turtle launched out his flat and long head and snapped with his curved beak. Bull hung on to the leg and backed away out of danger. The turtle's little eyes glared viciously at him.

Suddenly Bull let go the hind leg and grabbed the nearest foreleg, a sort of underhold, as far as possible from the turtle's snapping beak. He worried this for nearly fifteen minutes; then with a quick maneuver loosened his hold and seized the turtle by the throat.

It was merely a matter of time after that. Bull uttered a low growl of delight and closed his vicious jaws so tight that the turtle could not breathe. Some of the spectators in the windows applauded. Fainter and fainter became the awkward scrapings and shufflings of the flipper with which the turtle tried to free himself. Then they ceased. Bull pranced around the yard and received the congratulations of his friends.—(New York World.)

Canaries and Mosquitoes.

OWNERS of canary birds will receive a valuable tip by reading this story.

A well-known educator of youths in the city has for years had as a pet one or more of the songsters hung in cages about his house. In the summer it is one of his chief delights to sit on his front porch and listen to them. Recently he noticed that two of his birds were becoming droopy, irritable and very restless and that little spots of blood mysteriously made their appearance on the bottom of the cage. He watch the canaries closely for the next few nights, and made the astounding discovery that they were being nearly bitten to death by mosquitoes. In speaking of the affair he said:

"I watched one of the birds narrowly for a long time and wondered why it kept hopping from one foot to the other. I saw the mosquitoes in the cage, but it never entered my mind that they were attacking the canary until I saw a tiny spot of blood on the bird's leg. I picked the bird up and saw that it had just received a well-developed mosquito bite."—(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

LILLYBELLE'S BURGLAR.

By a Special Contributor.

"NOW don't forget to lock the back door!"

"No, ma."

"And be sure and fasten the windows!"

"Yes, ma."

"Put the washboard over the hole in the pantry and drive in a nail to hold the back door shut; that old broken lock would give a burglar on the outside pushin'!"

"Yes, ma!"

While Mrs. Cressy and her three daughters, in voices shrill with excitement, carried on this dialogue, Pa Cressy sat in the old buckboard convulsed with silent laughter. "Why, ma," he said, when Mrs. Cressy had clambered painfully over the wheel, "because the burglars broke into Squire Mills's house and stole his solid silver spoons is no reason they've again to break into ours; we ain't got no solid silver spoons."

"How are the burglars goin' to know all that before they've broke in; and who wants 'em breakin' in to find out?"

This was a cincher, and pa began to whistle "Annie Laurie"—his usual strategy when worsted in an argument; Mrs. Cressy snuffed in a manner indicating supreme scorn; and Dolly jogged her tranquil way down the rocky road.

Meanwhile Lillybelle, Daisy and Rosy, the Cressy nosegay, as they were nicknamed, stood looking at one another with something like consternation in their faces. It was the first time they had been left to spend a night alone, and while they experienced certain pleasurable little thrills of excitement over the novelty, the situation seemed to them not devoid of peril.

The Cressys lived on the outskirts of a small village called—let us change the name to Pleasantville. Their house was a decrepit old frame structure, sadly in need of paint. The front gate had a propensity for hanging dejectedly upon one hinge, while any little trifles the family had no further use for were strewn in careless disarray about the front yard.

The people of Pleasantville, though they spoke of the Cressys as shiftless, could not deny that they were good-natured and fond of one another, and both Mr. and Mrs. Cressy were natural-born nurses. In the event of illness, for miles around, it was first the doctor and next one of the Cressys. But this was the first time they had both gone and left their little flock alone.

They had been at dinner, taking that meal in honest Pleasantville fashion, at high noon, when little Jim Whitney came galloping up on his father's big buggy horse. Every hair upon Jim's head seemed bristling with importance, and each individual freckle seemed fairly standing on tip toe.

"Pa's been took with the appendicitis," he informed them, with the air of one announcing the fact that his father had been elected President of the United States, at the least. James Whitney, Sr., was in a critical condition, and little Jim had been dispatched by the doctor "to fetch" Mr. and Mrs. Cressy, one for day and one for night nurse. In the hasty preparation which followed, no one thought of the burglars, and it was not until pa was waiting with old Doll and the buckboard that Mrs. Cressy thought her to give the girls their final directions with regard to the house-breakers. Since Squire Mills's house had been entered, the week before, there had been much locking and double locking of doors in Pleasantville, and the whole community was in an excited state.

It was during the short days of late November, and at 3 o'clock the hills were putting on their purple evening robes. The Cressy girls had an early supper to pass the time which hung rather heavily upon their hands. The usual hilarity at table was absent; the situation seemed strained.

Lillybelle, the oldest of the nosegay, was a slender girl of 12, with a broad, white forehead and sweet, patient mouth. She had, of course, the usual complement of other features, but they seemed, somehow, not to count. A phenologist, visiting the little school one noon, as the children were at play, had passed his hand over Lillybelle's blond head and said:

"Here is a little girl with the 'mothering' instinct strongly developed; she will go through life 'mothering' everything within reach. Moreover, she is quite capable of heroism in defense of those she loves."

No one but the minister, however, thought much about Lillybelle; hers was one of those modest, retiring, unselfish natures which, alas, too often go through life unappreciated by their nearest and dearest. Daisy was supposed, by her parents, to be the brilliant one, and Rosy the beauty, though outsiders were at a loss to account for either of the suppositions.

Lillybelle cut the bread and poured the milk for their simple meal, trying not to show her inward quaking and apprehension as the dusk crept up. Daisy contributed to the general enjoyment by relating the stories of burglars, robbers and murders that she had read in the newspapers and penny-dreadfuls, and her store of information on these subjects was neither narrow nor circumscribed.

"Please don't, Daisy, dear," pleaded Lillybelle; "we've nothing to steal, you know."

"Yes, but burglars often kill people when they don't find any booty," suggestively.

"Oh, Daisy, we could scream and the Smiths would hear us! There, Rosy, eat your bread and milk, pet; sister will take care of you!"

"Lillybelle," said Daisy, in a stage whisper, the very sound of which made poor little Rosy drop her spoon and fliten with wide-open eyes and ears, as nerve-racking to an excited, frightened or ill person is a whisper. O ye nurses and caretakers!—"what I am most afraid of is being mesmerized. Yes," with a decided nod, "they mesmerize you so you can't believe—ah! then they make you go and get the money for 'em, you know—and you do just what they will you to—ah! you can't help yourself—ah! I heard

Dr. Snow tell all about it one day—an' even if they should will you to go and get the butcher knife and cut my throat and Rosy's—why you'd have to do it," gasped Daisy, out of breath with her rapid recital and the horrors of her own conjuring.

"But how do they do it?" Lillybelle had forgotten Rosy and caution. Fore warned is fore armed, and she wanted all the information that she could get. Daisy was one of the, alas, too common type, who, though they may be profoundly ignorant upon a subject until asked about it, rather than confess their ignorance, suddenly discover that they know all about it.

"Oh," she replied, in an off-hand manner, "it is a certain noise they make."

Rosy's tears had been diluting her milk for some time, but the vision of Lillybelle, her own Lillybelle, being willed to do bloody deeds with a butcher knife, and she, Rosy, being the victim, was too much, and she cast herself howling into her sister's arms. It took some time to soothe and quiet her, but at early dark they lit the lamps and prepared for bed and burglars.

At Daisy's suggestion they left a lamp burning at the side window in the living-room, to deceive the house-breakers into thinking the family still up. Lillybelle flew around working and directing.

"Now, Daisy, you lock the doors and fasten the windows, and I'll attend to this broken window and nail the side door. We must hurry, for Rosy is nearly asleep!"

Daisy was through with her part in a remarkably short space of time, and was enlarging upon the subject of mesmerism.

The Cressy dwelling had once been somewhat pretentious, and boasted a front and back stairway. It was up the back stairs that the sisters carried the now sleeping Rosy to their bedroom above.

The minister was sitting by his study window, copying his manuscript for tomorrow's sermon, when the whistled strains of "Annie Laurie," mingled with the rattle of a rickety buckboard and the tump, tump, tump of Dolly's jog trot, broke in upon his meditations. "The Cressys are going to nurse Brother Whitney," he soliloquized, "and these three girls will be alone tonight. It ain't likely, either, that they have heard of the burglars having been taken, so they will be timid. I must try and get over to see them before bedtime. The others would not suffer greatly, but Lillybelle, with her sweet, motherly heart, bless her, would be awake all night to keep guard."

It was 9 o'clock that evening when he carefully blotted the last page. His kind face wore a perplexed frown: "I wonder if little mother Lillybelle and her sisters have gone to bed? More likely they are too frightened; anyhow, I will go over and see; then I can go to my own bed with an easy conscience."

The minister lived alone with only his old housekeeper to look after him; therefore he was accountable in his comings and goings to no man—or no woman. He took his hat from the peg and stepped out into the starlit night for a brisk half-mile walk to the Cressys.

In an hour Daisy and Rosy were wrapped in peaceful slumber, thanks to youth and good health; but upon Lillybelle's young shoulders the responsibility of her position lay heavily. When assured by their regular breathing that her sisters slept, she stole quietly out of bed. Thrusting her bare feet into a pair of her father's old carpet slippers, very much run down as to heel and split out as to sides, she groped her way in the darkness to the dresser. The drawer creaked dimly as she pulled it out. With teeth chattering from cold and fright the poor child took from the drawer an old-fashioned revolver. She knew it was loaded, and the fact that it had not been reloaded nor cleaned for years troubled her not at all; she was possessed, in common with many of her sister women, of a deep and satisfying ignorance on the subject of gun lore.

It was loaded; that was enough for her—too much, indeed. She carried the weapon gingerly and at arm's length, making her way carefully back to her sisters. Her plan was to place the revolver close at hand, and, if necessary, use it. She thought, with a queer little tightening of her throat, that some one might begin to mesmerize her, but he should not live to finish it. The tender mouth drew itself into a hard, straight line at the thought of killing a man, but she did not waver in her resolution.

At the bedroom door she stopped and stood as though turned to stone; her heart fluttered wildly, and her whole being seemed concentrated into the sense of hearing. The gate remonstrated upon its broken hinge; crunching steps came up the gravel walk, it could not be—it was, heavy steps in the hall below.

With the revolver in her hand, and absolutely without sense of fear, the girl flew down the front stairway, shedding the carpet slippers as she ran. In the dim light coming through the half-open door she could see the faintly-outlined form of a man, his hand on the knob of the living-room door, through the keyhole of which streamed a narrow ray of light from the lamp within. At her exclamation the man turned; in her long, white night-gown she was much more plainly visible to him than he to her; even the revolver, pointed directly at him, showed ominously plain, with the faint light glinting on the barrel.

"What—!"

"Not a sound, not one sound, air, or I shoot!" The click of the revolver as she cocked it carried added conviction, if the deep earnestness of her manner left room for doubt. An inexperienced girl and a loaded revolver form a dangerous combination, and the man deemed it wise to remain silent.

"Sit down in that chair behind you and keep perfectly quiet; if you make one little sound I'll have to shoot."

The man did as he was directed. Lillybelle stood against the baluster post with the revolver pointed directly at the figure in the chair; half an hour later they were in precisely the same position; an hour, two hours, and neither had moved a muscle. She listened for the faintest sound from the man; she was as silent as he; not a sound was made by either of them. She could hear the clock in the living-room as it ticked away the seconds; the wind made a wailing noise and rattled a loose window; a dog barked and was answered by another dog; in the house itself there

were strange little cracking noises now and then; it was the first time in her healthy young life that Lillybelle had been awake to listen to the strange, noisy stillness of night.

Fortunately the weather was phenomenally warm for time of year. If it had not been the child-jailer, with bare feet and thin nightdress, would have been fast at her post. As it was the warmth was only comparative; the hall was like an ice box, and she dared not move close the half-open door. As the night grew colder, the girl became chilled to the marrow, and finally seemed to lose all sensation of feeling; then came a prickly sensation, and she grew rigid with terror, thinking, for a moment, that the man must be mesmerizing her by some method. A moment's listening, however, brought her assurance and a great relief; the man slept; she could rest by his regular breathing.

Although her relief at knowing this was so keen as to be almost joy, the young sentinel never relaxed her vigilance for an instant. No sudden awakening of her eyes should take her unawares. She stood there through long hours of the night; through the half-open door she saw the gray dawn creep up, and, finally, after an eternity of waiting, a faint, rosy tinge crept over the sky.

The man slept on, his hat fallen forward over his eyes, and his head sunk low on his breast. The rosy flush was growing deeper; it touched the fair hair of the nightwatcher, making a halo of light about the brave, pale face; it played with fantastic, fairy fingers upon the barrel of the revolver. Just then the man awoke, started, looked up; the rosy morning light showed the iron-gray hair and kindly face of the minister.

Ten minutes later, Daisy was awakened by a full laughter in the hall below. She called to Lillybelle, but Lillybelle was not there. Arousing little Rosy the minister made a fire in the heating stove while Lillybelle, wrapped snugly in his coat and the comfortable cover, and tucked into a big chair drawn close to the stove, was laughing and crying in an April-morning fashion.

"Well, of all the sillies—not to know our minister!" said Daisy, after she had heard the particulars.

"Yes, nearly as odd as for Daisy to leave the front door not only unlocked, but open," replied the minister, as Daisy hung her head.

There was a funny twinkle contending with the weariness in the minister's eyes that Sunday morning as he stood in his pulpit, and a very tired little Lillybelle, with a strip of red flannel about her throat, ushered her down into the pew. When she had arranged Rosy's dress and found Daisy's place in the hymn book, she glanced up at the minister, and some of the people noted and wondered at the look and smile he gave her.

MINNIE S. SWELL.

SLAVE TRANSPORTATION.

[John R. Spears in Scribner's Magazine:] In the large ships the space between the top of the cargo and the underside of the deck was sometimes as much as five feet. It devoted all that space to air was, in the mind of the thoughtful slave, sheer waste. So he built a shelf or gallery air full wide all the way around the ship's hold, between the deck and the slave floor that was laid on top of the cargo. On this shelf was placed another layer of slaves, thus increasing the number carried by nearly 50 per cent.

The crowding in the big ships, having two decks regularly, was still worse, for a slave deck was built across between these two, and the galleries or shelves were built both under and above the slave deck. There were ships where four layers of slaves were placed thus between permanent decks that were only eight feet apart, and there are records of cases where smaller ships—ships having but three feet or so of space between cargo and deck—were fitted with galleries so that the slaves stretched on their backs had but a foot or less of air space between their faces and the deck or the next layer above them.

To increase the number carried, when stretched out on deck or shelf, the slaves were sometimes placed on their sides, breast to back—"upon fashion," as the slaves called it—and this made room for a considerable per cent extra.

However, in the eighteenth century the usual practice was to place them on their backs, and to allow about two and a half feet of air space above the faces of the slaves, and in this way cargoes of over three hundred were carried.

THE ANTIQUITY OF AGRICULTURE.

[Prof. A. C. Hadden, in Knowledge:] The origin of agriculture is lost in the mists of antiquity. We know that in Neolithic times in Europe eight kinds of cereals were cultivated, besides flax, peas, poppies, apples, pears, hollyhocks, etc., at the same time various animals were domesticated. Among these were horses, short-horned oxen, horned sheep, goats, two breeds of pigs and dogs. Prof. W. Boyd Dawkins says that evidence goes to show that these animals were not domesticated in Europe, but probably in the central plateau of Asia. He also thinks that agriculture arose in the south and east of Europe, and spread gradually to the center, north and west. A hunting population is often very averse to even the slight amount of work that agriculture requires in a tropical country. The same holds good, as a rule, for pastoral communities. In all cases a powerful constraint is necessary to force these peoples into ungenial employment. Fate is stronger than will, and at various periods, in different climates, hunters and herders have been forced to till the soil.

A CHINESE BOY'S EDUCATION.

[Harper's Weekly:] In examining the characteristics of a people one turns first to the status of education and to the nature and depth of religious belief, and in both of these the deadness is oppressively conspicuous. One day while journeying along a highway in Hunan I turned to a bright little boy of apparently about ten years who was in the crowd surrounding me, and asked him if he went to school. "Oh, yes," he replied, and in answer to a question what he studied, said, with a look that clearly indicated his surprise that anyone should ask such a question, "We study the classics, of course." Not a word about geography or history, even of his own country, to say nothing of science; not a line of science; not a single thought of anything that could do him a bit of good or fit him to be a useful member of society, but merely the teachings of Confucius, who lived 500 years ago.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

In Obstructionist.

"One day while I was hustling along Lexington avenue with me hansom," said the New York caddy, as a smile lighted his face, "a pedestrian, as they call him, to cross in front of me and is knocked down and killed on the curbstone."

"What? Are you kill?" says I, and I holds up and looks at him.

"At all, sir," says he as he rises and bows to me as you please.

"Are you much hurt?"

"A bruise or two, thank you kindly."

"What he limps off and I drives on. Half an hour later on Fifth avenue, a galoot saunters out in front and is knocked down and run over by two wheels."

"What's the matter with you, me laddybuck?" says he comes to a stop.

"Excuse me, sir," he says as he stands on his feet and looks at me like a lord.

"What ain't you the chap as I run over on Lexington avenue as an hour ago?"

"The same, sir, and I'm begging your pardon for the trouble I'm making."

"What that he walks away with the marks of the wheels on his body and I drives on. I goes down to the end of the road and back to Madison avenue and up again, and it is now twenty minutes before me horse knocks somebody down at a crossing and I feels the kerriage go bump! bump! I stops and looks around, and a man gets up from the pavement and bows to me and says:

"Really, now, but I beg of you to overlook me carelessly."

"Whoo!" says I, "but it's you again! Didn't I run over you on Lexington avenue?"

"Thanking you kindly, but you did."

"What on Fifth avenue?"

"It's true, begging your pardon."

"And now it's the third time."

"It is, sir," says he, as humble as you please, "but I'm anxious to be willing to do the right thing. Here's a couple of dollars for your trouble, and if I puts you to any more trouble."

"What off he goes with a limp in both legs and six muddy shoe marks showing like rings around his body. And I did not see him again. There was a man for you, sir—there was a man as was a gentleman, and I only wish that I could meet the likes of him a dozen times a day!"—[New York Sun.

Asked for Information.

"A SELMA man was in Mobile a few months ago," says a tourist, "engaged in a business enterprise which involved six others from different parts of the country. After it was concluded the party sat down to a friendly game of poker. The Selma man protested that he did not know the game, that he went to Sunday-school, etc., but was forced in. 'We'll show you,' said one of the party. As they played and the Selma man was answered when he questioned the others as to the rules of the game. Finally it came to the last hand, and a big pile of wealth was on the table. When the betting was nearly ended the Selma man looked up from his hand as he raised the bet and asked meekly: 'Do four aces count for much?' With a gasp the others threw down their cards and left the table and cash to the innocent member. Finally one turned back. 'Did you have four aces?' he asked. 'Oh, no,' replied the Selma man, dropping the cash into his pocket. 'I only had three and seven; I asked for information.'"—[Selma Journal.

Mr. Webster Was Not Thirsty.

"DANIEL WEBSTER," said M. H. Gilman of Boston yesterday at the Murray Hill Hotel, "at one time was taking to Cambridge from Boston. He was billed to make a speech at the home of Harvard, and his companion in the ill-fated gig was a member of the Reception Committee and a resident of the town. On the way Mr. Webster turned to his fellow-traveler with an inquiry whether there was some place in the neighborhood where they could have a drink. 'If you will drive a short distance out of your way to my house,' was the courteous response, 'I think I can promise you as good a drink of Jamaica rum as you ever tasted.' To the house the twain accordingly proceeded, and once there, the host, true to his promise, set before the statesman a decanter of extremely fine rum. The great Massachusetts Senator poured out a brimming tumbler and quaffed it off without wincing. His host tentatively pushed toward him the water jug, but Senator Webster, after eyeing it a moment, said: 'Thank you, no; I wanted a drink, but I am not thirsty.' He then went on to Cambridge and delivered one of his masterly efforts."—[New York Tribune.

A Story of Olden Days.

"THAN B. GLOVER records this story of old days: It was on the night of a new production, the play being by John Brougham, who was also a prominent member of Burton's company. During the evening there was a curtain call, and Mr. Burton hastened out, returning thanks in a customary fashion, and then proceeded to attribute certain shortcomings to Mr. Brougham, after which he retired, evidently very much annoyed. Immediately upon his retirement Mr. Brougham rushed out and exclaimed:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is one of the unhappiest moments of my life. I have never, I think I may safely say, appeared before you as a brawler or as an apologist, or as a person inclined to dodge the responsibilities of my profession, and, moreover, when I find myself ill treated, I am the victim of a misapprehension and outrageously misrepresented by the management. I know you will decide my cause is just and that the dramatist has some right that the manager is bound to respect. Therefore, I

leave my case in your hands, confident that you will do me justice."

He was about to bow out of sight of the bewildered audience, when Burton, apparently in a fury, rushed on the stage from the opposite side. Brougham paused. Burton burst out:

"Don't believe this man. When this play was written—it is now a week or two since—it was rehearsed, and we agreed—but no matter—it is now all prepared and at the last moment—Mr. Brougham knows what I say is true."

"It is false!" shrieked Brougham.

"Didn't I say yesterday—" said Burton.

"You didn't," said Brougham.

Then the two put their noses together and wrangled like two fishwomen, but not a word, not a grain of sense, could the audience make out of it all.

In the height of this scene a respectable looking old gentleman who occupied a stage box and who had been restrained by a handsome young lady, evidently his daughter, broke loose and came to the front of the box.

"Stop this wrangling," said he; "I've come here to see you fellows play—not to hear you wrangle like drabs. Stop your disgraceful quarrel."

"Shut up," said Burton.

"Sit down and mind your business," said Brougham.

"You're a couple of blackguards," said the irascible old chap, in a frenzy that was almost verging on an apoplectic climax.

The young lady clasped her hands in despair and vainly tried to calm her angry parent.

"Police! Put that man out!" shrieked Burton and Brougham together. There was great excitement in the house. The officers on duty went to the box. While they went in at the door the old man took off his wig and got on the stage, helping his daughter after him. The four joined hands and bowed to the astounded audience, while the puzzled police looked out of the private box.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Brougham, "this old man I find to be an old friend of mine—in fact, the old man of the theater—and this is our comedienne, Miss Raymond. The play is ended. This house has been completely sold."—[New York Journal.

Afraid It Would Break.

HE WAS a big Irishman and his name was Pat. He was fixing the telephone wires and whistling to himself as he worked. Just then a milk boy came driving down the street and Pat made a fatal mistake. Instead of attending to his own business he tried to work and watch the reckless driver at the same time. The consequence was that he did neither. What he did was to lose his footing. There was a cry of horror from the bystanders below, echoed by a lusty yell from above.

Every breath was suspended, and then a shout of relief went up from the crowd. Pat had made a frantic dive for the wire and had caught it.

"Hold on, Pat," shouted someone who knew him. "We will get you down somehow!"

"Run for a mattress!" yelled one intelligent individual.

"Get a ladder from somewhere!" bawled another.

"Somebody do something!" commanded a philanthropic looking individual indignantly. "The man can't hold on forever! I say, do something!" he shouted, getting very red in the face and dancing around excitedly.

Only one man in the crowd did not say anything—he was busy climbing up the telephone pole.

The excited crowd condescended to notice him finally, and saw his intention.

"Hold on, Pat, help is coming!" they shouted with one voice.

Then a wave of horror swept over the crowd. The man suspended between the earth and heaven suddenly loosened his hold and fell backward, striking the ground with a sickening thud.

"He is dead!" groaned the crowd, and men covered their faces from the sight.

But he wasn't. An Irishman has as many lives as a cat. When Pat came to and sat up dizzily, trying to realize that he was once more on terra firma, someone said to him:

"What did you let go for, Pat? Why didn't you hold on a little while longer?"

"Bejabber!" replied Pat, earnestly, "Oi was afraid the wire would break."—[Pearson's Weekly.

Sailor Who Stuttered.

THERE is one marked peculiarity about most men who stutter. When they become excited the only thing they can do to recover their lost speech is to sing, and when in anger their most fluent mode of communication is through profanity. Not long ago a boat which sailed from this port had on board a sailor who stuttered under all circumstances. He was excitable in the extreme, and at critical times it was almost impossible for him to say a word. The mate of the vessel was a tall, muscular fellow by the name of Barnabas. His peculiarity was that he always kept himself busy, and that when he had no work of his own he would do the work of the sailors. One day he was busy along the rail, and the stuttering seaman looking that way saw him lose his balance and drop into the lake. He ran in an excited way to the captain and was trying to report the incident, but could give vent to nothing more intelligible than a succession of sputters. The master divined from the look on the man's face that something was wrong, and shouted out:

"If you can't say it, d—n it, sing it."

The sailor took two hitches in his trousers, whistled once, and droned out in a sing-song way:

"Overboard is Barnabas,
Half a mile astern of us."

—[Cleveland Leader.

Devious Boston.

CAPT. E. R. MONTFORT, the postmaster, is the possessor of a fund of humor and doesn't mind telling a good story, even if the joke happens to be on himself.

A year ago, in company with his family, he visited Boston and was a guest at the Tremont House. One morning, the rest of the party being absent on a shopping tour, the captain made up his mind to go out and see the "Hub." He determined to walk about aimlessly for three hours, gather in all the sights, and then take the shortest route

back to his hotel. The captain sallied forth, and for the stated time wandered through the streets of Boston, gazing into shop windows, looking at monuments and enjoying himself thoroughly. At last, tired out by his long walk, in which he calculated he must have covered at least ten miles, he stepped up to a stalwart police officer standing on an adjacent corner, and said:

"Officer, can you direct me to the nearest route to the Tremont House?"

The patrolman eyed Capt. Montfort quizzically for a moment and then replied:

"Well, sorr, ye might cut across th' sthrate t' the front dure, but if Oi were you, Oi'd walk over on the crossing beyant."

Capt. Montfort had walked for three hours and had wandered back to a point opposite the front door of his hotel.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sorry He Got Out Again.

BEERBOHM TREE is accredited with the following rather smart take-down of a very vain brother actor, who must be nameless:

"I see you are getting on fairly well," Tree marked.

"Fairly?" I am getting on very well. I played 'Hamlet' for the first time last night. You can see by the papers' glowing criticisms how well I got on!"

"I have not read them," replied Tree quietly; "but I was there."

"Oh, you were? Well, you noticed how swimmingly everything went off. Of course I made a bungle of one part by falling into Ophelia's grave; but I think the audience even appreciated that."

"I know they did," said Tree, with a slight smile. "But they were feightfully sorry when you got out again."—[Chicago Times-Herald.

Wanted to See a Warrior.

GOV. ROOSEVELT laughingly tells a neat little story apropos his wish to make his campaign on his civil and not on his military record. While he was on his recent western tour an elderly and very near-sighted farmer came up to him, stretched out his hand and exclaimed:

"Have I the honor of addressing the hero of Sann Jew-Ann?"

"No, sir," replied Mr. Roosevelt, "you are addressing the Governor of New York."

"Oh, excuse me," said the farmer, backing away; "I've made a mistake. I thought I was speakin' to Teddy. Kin you tell me where I kin find Teddy Roosevelt?"—[Chicago Times-Herald.

He Had a Whole Edition.

THERE were many tales told in days of old of scolding wives and henpecked husbands. Evidently the ladies are becoming more equal in their tempers, or their husbands may have got the "upper hand." There is a story told of a poor man who was sorely tried by his wife's temper. On one occasion a friend asked him if he had ever seen a famous book which bore the title "The Afflicted Man's Companion."

"I has an edition o't in ma ain house," said he.

"Man, I wud like to see't," said his friend.

"Come in bye, than," he said. At the fireside sat his wife. Pointing to her, he said: "That's my copy o' 'The Afflicted Man's Companion.'"—[Scottish American.

Duke's Visit to the Pope.

THE Duke of Cambridge and his friends have many stories to tell of his recent stay in Rome. One of his experiences is specially characteristic of all the parties concerned. On the occasion of a visit to the Vatican the Duke, hearing from a friend that it was proper to talk Latin there, rather nervously brushed up a few phrases and pass-words. The Vatican, on its part, hearing that the Duke spoke only English, was equally punctilious. All guards who could speak English were ordered to the front. The chamberlains of English nationality or speech were required to attend, and the Pope himself practiced the English sentences he had learned from Mr. Neld, an English resident in Brussels, fifty years ago.

The gallant Duke, when he arrived at the outer portals of the Vatican, was addressed by a guard, who said: "This way, Your Royal Highness."

The Duke started with relief. He was rid, for a moment, of his Latin. The same experience met him at each turn, and in the ante-room it was repeated. Reaching at last the doors of the Pope's private apartments, the Duke was met by a monsignor whose mother was English and whose own accent is native, as he offered to take His Royal Highness' hat. "Well, I'm—," something or other blurted out the astounded visitor; but it was a word the Pope did not remember to have learned from Neld.—[London Chronicle.

Her Good Fortune.

CHICAGO has some dirty streets and much of the paving is in bad condition, but Dean Stubbs may well be given to understand here and now that chivalry is still abiding with us. A Northwestern elevated express train stopped at Chicago avenue yesterday morning, and a woman who must have weighed about 347 pounds without her fall jacket on, got aboard. She was not a tall woman. Gaze with your mind's eye at the broad side of a load of hay with a pumpkin on top of it and you will have before you such a picture of the lady as an impressionist of the advanced school would make.

It happened that every seat in the car which she entered was occupied, and for a moment she stood alone in the aisle, the only passenger that was not receiving all that the nickel invested at the gate called for.

Two young men who seemed to be strangers sat near the spot where the fat lady stood. They looked at her and then at each other, and without saying anything got up. The woman glanced at the place they had vacated as if measuring it with her eye, and then sat down, saying:

"Thank you, gentlemen; I am so glad you were sitting together."—[Chicago Times-Herald.

Circling the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter.

BLOODHOUNDS OF THE PHILIPPINES.

ALL ABOUT THE MACABEBE SCOUTS WHO HAVE BEEN USED TO HUNT THE TAGALOS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MACABEBE (Macabebe Land,) July 17, 1900.—Have you ever heard of the Macabebe scouts, the sleuth hounds of the Philippines? We have almost one thousand of them in our army. They form a part of every brigade, and in every march a company of them goes ahead to develop the enemy. With bolos and rifles they slip along through the bamboo. They ford rivers; they climb mountains; they wind this way and that through the high grass, fairly smelling out the Tagalos who are lying in ambush. When on the scent they will trot along for days without tiring, watching all night for fear of surprise.

They hate the Tagalos with the hatred of a tribal vendetta which has lasted for more than a century, and which has put hundreds of their bravest men under the sod. Every company of the Macabebes is commanded by an American officer, but in battle this hatred becomes so strong that the Americans cannot control their men. They find it difficult to get the Macabebes to spare their wounded,

offered themselves to the United States forces in the following letters, which are signed by Capt. Blanco, the head of one of the chief Macabebe families, and to a large extent the leader of the tribe. The first is to Gen. Otis. It reads:

"MANILA (P. I.) Feb. 22, 1899.—Maj.-Gen. E. S. Otis, Military Governor of the Philippines—Sir: The undersigned had the honor to command the Taid Company of the Regiment Blanco while the same was a part of the Spanish army in the Philippines. This company and regiment was composed entirely of men of the tribe known as Macabebe. They were always loyal to Spain and opposed to the Filipinos, thereby incurring the bitter hatred and hostility of the latter people.

"The tribe to which we belong inhabits the province of Pampanga, only a short distance from Manila by both land and water. It comprises among its members at least 5000 trained soldiers, capable of bearing and willing to bear arms. Our whole nation desires to swear allegiance to the United States and to aid her in her war against the Filipinos. We are strong, brave and honest, and will make both faithful subjects and efficient soldiers.

"About two hundred of our men who surrendered with the Spanish army are now in Manila. I desire at their request to tender their services, in connection with my

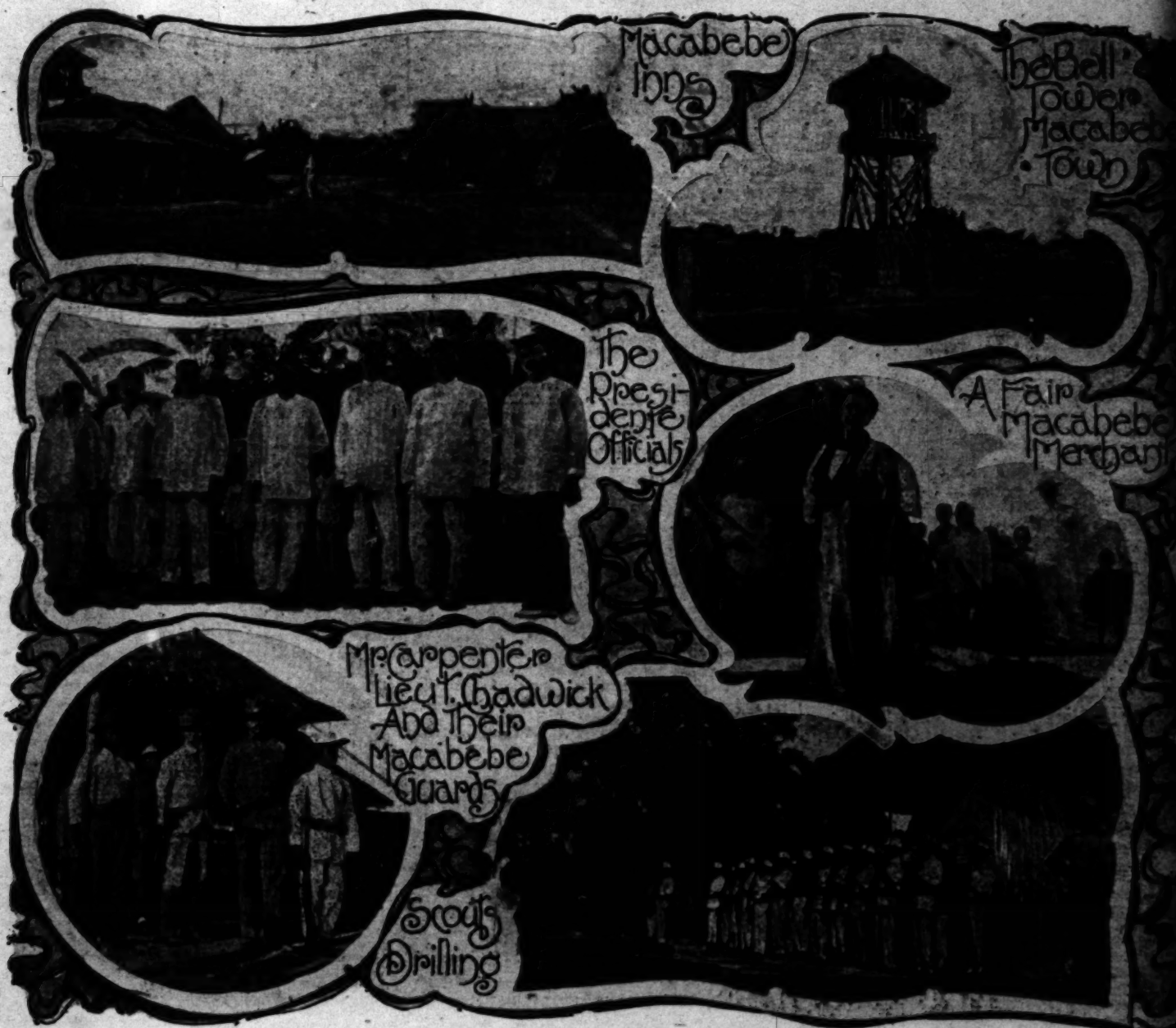
you are fully conversant with the history and character of my people and I therefore dared to hope and ask that you will interest yourself in our behalf and speak such words of commendation as you may see that we deserve. If you do this I promise for both my comrades and myself that you will never have cause to regret it and that we will prove ourselves honest men and faithful and brave soldiers under all circumstances.

"Our lot must be cast with the Americans, as the peace and hostilities for many years existing between people and the Filipinos preclude all possibility of living under their rule or forming part of the same with them. On our own behalf and on behalf of our people we desire to swear allegiance and fealty to you to serve, if we may be permitted, under your flag.

"With gratitude for the kindness and courtesy that have shown my comrades and me in the past, I beg to remain, very respectfully yours,

[Signed] "LEONARDO BLANCO Y CALVO"

The result of these letters was that Gen. Otis took the Macabebes into the army. They have proved themselves most efficient soldiers, and as scouts have been so valuable that it is hard to see how we could have gotten along without them. They have shown that they can be relied upon and they probably have the same place in our



and they prefer to kill rather than capture. With them there is no Tagalo so good as a dead Tagalo, and they fight to the death.

How the Macabebes Came to Uncle Sam.

I write this letter in the principal town of the Macabebe tribe. I have come to Macabebe Land to learn who they are and what they are and how they live. First, however, I want to tell you how they came to form an alliance with our government. They have, as I have intimated, been for generations at war with the Tagalos; and still there are only sixty thousand of them, while the Tagalos number about two millions. Nevertheless, the little Macabebes have held their own, first, by allying themselves with the Spaniards, and now by becoming the friends of the United States. Aguinaldo, at the beginning of the insurrection, asked them to bury the bolo of enmity and unite with him in expelling the Americans, saying that if they did so the Tagalos and Macabebes would henceforth be friends, but if not the insurgents would wipe the Macabebe people and their towns out of existence. The leaders of the Macabebes refused, and at the same time

own, to the United States, asking you to use us wherever we can be of service and offering to place ourselves under your orders. We promise to prove ourselves men and soldiers wherever you may see fit to use us.

"Thousands more of our people will gladly serve under your banner.

"As to our personal characters, soldierly qualities and faithfulness to every trust to which we pledge ourselves, we can refer you to all Spanish residents of Manila, both soldiers and civilians, and all resident foreign consuls familiar with the history of the past two years.

"Very respectfully,

[Signed] "LEONARDO BLANCO Y CALVO,

Captain of the Third Company of the Regiment of Blanco."

On the same day the following letter was sent to the Provost-Marshal-General:

"MANILA (P. I.) Feb. 22, 1899.—Prig.-Gen. R. P. Hughes, Provost Marshal, Eighth—Sir: I beg to advise you that I have this day tendered to Maj.-Gen. E. S. Otis the services of about two hundred Macabebes, including my own, for use in such capacity and under such circumstances as he may deem wise.

"From a personal conversation with you I know that

in the Philippines that the Sepoys have in the army of India. They may be used in policing the islands, and more of them will be enlisted from time to time. They are now organized in companies of 100 men, and are used altogether as scouts. They have a uniform, and carry a haversack, a canteen and a blanket. They are paid about \$15 a month each, and are given the same rations as our soldiers. They usually trade their rations, however, for Filipino food. They are armed with Remington-Jorgensen guns, and are able to use them with great effect. In a close fight they prefer the bolo. Each man carries two bolos, a long one and a short one, or rather a sword and a dagger. When at close quarters they use one of these knives in each hand, and they can use it right or the left hand equally well. The dagger is usually used in the left hand as a guard, while the bolo, or sword, is wielded with the right, the Macabebe endeavoring to disembowel his enemy with it.

The Macabebes have shown a wonderful endurance. They never grumble, and after the hardest day's march they are still ready to fight. In the heat of battle they advance under the heaviest fire, and once or twice they have

considerably ahead of the American soldiers. When they were first organized they lacked discipline. And it is still hard to keep them together, but they are always ready in time of battle. They usually march in their bare feet, carrying their shoes, which they put on when they come into the towns.

Macabebe Land.

The war has made things rather lively about Macabebe. This country is situated in the province of Pangasinan. It is a beautiful strip of level land, containing some ten of thousands of acres, lying between the Rio Grande and the Zambales mountains. It is surrounded by Tagalos, and the insurgents have been hovering about it for the past year and making raids upon the people. During the insurrection against the Spaniards Aguinaldo's army burnt a large part of the town of Macabebe, leaving the magnificent cathedral, a church covering two acres of ground. They burnt many of the houses and perpetrated all sorts of outrages, so that today no one can utter the name of Aguinaldo without a curse. Coming to Macabebe I had to have guards with me from Manila to Calumpit by train. Here was one of our army posts, and connected with it a company of Macabebe scouts. Lieut. Chadwick, one of the commanders of the company, offered to go with me, and we took two of the scouts as an escort. The scouts had guns and revolvers, and we were each armed with six-shooters. We rode six miles down the Rio Grande River, watching the dense growth of bamboo which we passed very carefully for fear of an ambush. We next got a dugout and had ourselves carried across the river. When we stepped on the other bank we were in Macabebe Land.

I wish I could describe to you our ride over the Macabebe plains to Macabebe town. The country is as flat as the plains of the Nile. We went through rice fields where the green sprouts were shooting out of the ground. We saw vast plantations of sugar cane, oceans of pale yellow rice, which rose and fell in billowy waves under the wind from the Zambales mountains. The road was made with a very arbor of bamboo, the feathery stalks rising fifty and sixty feet above the ground and whispering in the wind. Now and then we passed rows of beetle green, slender silver-trunked trees, topped with green clusters of green nuts hanging down like a fringe where the leaves sprouted out twenty feet from the ground.

There are many houses. Nearly all were thatched huts, built upon poles, not unlike the homes of the Tagalos. Indeed, the country and its surroundings are much the same as those of other parts of Luzon.

There is a great difference, however, in the people. In Macabebe the men and women are sullen. If they smile we can see that the grin is a forced one, and their politeness is cringing and servile and treacherous. Here everything is open. Every man, woman and child that we met on the road waved his hand and said "Good morning." Even the babies had been taught to lip "Good morning," and we often heard the words, "Americano mucho bueno." Every one seemed glad to see us, and all went out of their way to show it. It is the same in the town. The people can't be enough for us, and the experience makes me long for the day when the Filipinos shall really know that the Americans are their friends and we shall have a condition like that over the whole archipelago.

The Capital of the Macabebes.

Macabebe is the capital of Macabebe Land. It is a town of about four thousand people, made up of hundreds of small bamboo houses with roofs of nipa palm. The houses are built high upon poles. They are close to the street, along wide roads, which meet in a great plaza in the center. Upon this plaza are an enormous church, a temporary structure which has been built upon the ruins of the burnt cathedral; the bell tower, which calls the people to prayer; the quarters in which our soldiers are stationed for the protection of the town, and the bazaar or market, in which the most of the business of Macabebe is done.

One day I have forgotten one very important part of the town. This is the billiard hall and the gambling-room. This is the best building of the whole square, and they are right in the center of the town. Like all Filipinos, the Macabebes are fond of games of chance. They will play anything and at any time. The scouts, after fighting all day, will sit up half the night and gamble. The women gamble, pitching centavos. You see women playing cards upon the street in front of their stores. Every man has a game cock, which he is willing to back against all comers, and every day the gambling goes on in the center of the plaza. The stakes there are high, and every several hundred dollars change hands in one game of cock-fighting.

The greatest gambling of Macabebe town takes place every night. At this time there are immense tables set up in the plaza, and every one comes out to take his part in the game. On one of the tables the different games of chance are played and on the other are dishes of salads, meat, cakes etc. The man who wins at certain of the games has a right to select any one of the dishes on the eating table. He can take this home for Sunday, or, if he prefers, treat his friends on the plaza. The participation in the gambling is general, and all the officers of the municipality are present. The band plays, and the people come out and promenade up and down.

How the Macabebes Do Business.

I have been much interested in watching the girls shop in Macabebe town. There are no stores except the sheds of bamboo in the plaza. These sheds have bamboo floors and roofs of loose thatch. They form, in fact, a bazaar of cells opening out upon the street, each of which is a store. The merchants are all women, and many of them very pretty women. Each merchant sits down on a stool among her goods. If she is selling cloth it is piled up about her. Pieces of bright-colored calicoes are hung over her head and laid over other poles at the sides, so that she is framed, as it were, in dry

goods. If you wish to buy you must expect to bargain, for as the maiden merchant has no fixed price and expects you to low her down to at least 25 per cent. less than she asks, if you make a good purchase she will offer you a

cigarette or a chew of beetle nut, and the chances are that she may smoke a cigarette or a cigar at the time she is talking to you. I photographed one of the prettiest merchants in the store and afterward persuaded her to step out into the sun and pose for my camera.

I am told that the women are very good traders. They manage the money matters of their respective families, and there is not one of them who does not aid her husband in building up his income. The storekeepers carry their goods to their houses every night and bring them back every morning. They watch the markets, and know when to buy and sell.

Among the poorer classes of Macabebes the women do a great deal of work. They labor in the fields doing all kind of farming. They may be seen peddling in the markets, and you meet them on the country roads going along with great burdens on their heads. They are, I think, better looking than the Tagalos. They are said to be very virtuous and to make excellent wives.

Some Are Rich.

In company with Lieut. Chadwick I called on a number of the leading citizens of Macabebe town. There are many rich among them, and some of the houses which we visited were large and well furnished.

The living-rooms are on the second floor, the entrance usually being from stairs on the side. Every house had its piano, and in some the ladies played for us, and that as well-indeed much better than the average girl of the States.

The Macabebes are very fond of music. They know many of our favorite tunes, and among those which I heard today were "After the Ball is Over," "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" and "Louisiana Low." We had also some pieces from the best of the German composers, including much classical music. In nearly every case the host complained of the tune of the piano, saying that owing to the insurrection he had been unable to secure a musician from Manila to put it in order. The boys of several of the families took their places at the piano and played equally well with their sisters.

How Macabebe is Governed.

Later on we called upon the Presidente and had a chat with him and his officials about the situation. He is a straight, fine-looking, brown-skinned, smooth-faced Macabebe of about 40 years of age. He told me that he was very glad the Americans had come to the islands, and that he doubted not we would eventually find them a profitable investment. He told me that his people liked the soldiers, and that many of them were studying English in order that they might be better acquainted with us and our government.

The President here holds much the same place as one of our mayors. He is the chief officer of the town, and is elected by the people. In addition to him there is a Vice-President, a City Council and a civil guard or police. The town has a little prison or calaboose in which criminals are confined. The people are, however, very orderly. Their chief vice is gambling, drunkenness being almost unknown. They are like the Tagalos in that they have very quiet tempers and when enraged are revengeful. They carry their hatred a long way, and usually fight to the death. They do not regard life as much account, and in their quarrels slash at one another with bolos.

Very Religious.

The Macabebes are a religious people. They are Catholics, and all attend church regularly. They have native priests, and decidedly object to the Spanish friars. Every afternoon at 6 o'clock the bells in the tower of the plaza ring out the angelus. At this time every one, whether on the street or at home bows his head and says his prayers. If at home the children salute the father and mother by kissing their hands. They have a curious method of dividing the day into morning and evening, the division being marked by the ringing of the angelus. Salutation up to that time is good morning. After the angelus bell rings they say "Good evening," and usually repeat this salutation to one another, even if they have been together all day.

The minor services of the church are announced with a drum, the bell being used only for important occasions. I spent some time in the church which had been erected to take the place of the burnt cathedral. It is a structure of galvanized iron and basket work, covering fully half an acre, as big as any church in Washington City. The walls are of bamboo splints, woven together like a chair seat. The roof is of bamboo matting, with galvanized iron above it, and there is a wide space between the wall and the roof through which the air blows, making the church delightfully cool.

There is a porch or gallery outside of the church, where the overflow of the congregation is accommodated. Every one comes to church Sunday morning, although he leaves at the close of the services to engage in cock fighting and gambling. This is common throughout the Philippines. I noticed a wooden cross over every front gate leading into the Macabebe houses. There are also crosses marked on the walls of some of the houses and sometimes crosses on the house roofs.

Little Macabebes.

I am delighted with the Macabebe children. They are very bright, and can easily be Americanized. I visited one of the schools here this morning. It was held in a thatched hut about twenty-five feet square. On one side of the hut was a room for the boys and on the opposite side one for the girls. There were altogether about thirty little girls, ranging in age from 5 to 13. They were brown-faced, black-haired, bright-eyed little women, full of fun and wonderfully intelligent. They look clean, and they were, according to Macabebe etiquette, well mannered.

Strange to say, some of the little girls were smoking cigarettes while they were studying. One had a cigar in her mouth. As I looked at her she evidently thought it was out of place, for she pulled it out, turned it around and again put it in her mouth with the lighted end inward. It seems strange that her tongue was not burnt, but if so she gave no evidence of the fact.

I asked the schoolmaster some questions as to the general education of the people. He told me that only about

one in three could read and write, but that the children were very anxious to learn, and that if a common-school system was established there would be no trouble in having a very general attendance.

FRANK G. CARPENTER,

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HERDERS OF THE WEST.

HOW THE RIOTOUS COWBOY COMPARES WITH THE LONELY SHEEP-HERDER.

[Maj. J. H. McClintock in Ainslee's:] In the character of the men who care for the herds and flocks can be found an interesting subject for study. The cowboy, if he be the genuine article, is a man who daily does feats on the range that would win applause at a Wild West show. In his chase after the fleet, unbranded yearling, he is compelled to ride at headlong speed over country that a fox hunter would consider sure death. Danger confronts him in varied form, and no man can be an efficient cow-puncher who hasn't in him the spirit of recklessness. The writer once witnessed a stampede of wild cattle at midnight. A great herd was being held in a cañon of the Masatzal Mountains. The night was as dark as it is possible for night to be. A coyote's bark started the nervous animals to their feet, and they were off. The two riding guards on watch howled for help. Their sleeping comrades were up in a twinkling. Each seized a horse at the picket line and mounted without saddle, stopping only to twist a loop of his riata about the pony's nose. Barely a dozen seconds had passed before the camp-fire was deserted. The cowboys were plunging in the dark after the fleeing cattle, through a wild, rocky, unknown district, filled with mesquite and cactus, cut up by dangerous arroyos and cañons. By noon of the succeeding day the drive was resumed. A half-dozen steers had been left behind, lamed or dead, in the gulches, while a few of the heroes in the "wrangler's bunch" in the lead were skinned and limping. But the cowboys, their clothing in rags from the thorny midnight ride, merely joked on their mutual appearance and soled their weariness with tobacco and with endless song. As a rule, the cowboy is an American. In the plateau region he may hail from anywhere, but usually comes either from California or from Texas. But they all fraternize, making issue only over the liking of the Californian for a saddle with a "single-barrel rig," which is a saddle with a single girth. The Texan despises anything but a double-cinched saddle, though usually he does not tighten the second girth.

The sheep herder has a distinctly lower social place. As a rule, he is a foreigner, the few Americans employed being in positions of unusual trust. Most of the herders appear to be Mexicans or Frenchmen. It is said that Basques are the best and most careful shepherds. They come from Northern Spain, many of them especially for this employment. Their wages are not bad, being usually even higher than the pay of cowboys or farmhands, but the nervous American cannot stand the life. The everlasting "baa" drives him mad. He cannot endure the monotony and the necessary separation from humanity, with only a dog for company for months at a stretch. And the diet, mainly tea and mutton, is too simple for his luxurious palate. It is a fact that sheep herding furnishes a greater number of inmates for western insane asylums than does any other occupation. The shepherd, like the cowboy, is gradually assimilated to his surroundings, and naturally acquires much of the nature of his charges. To his credit it must be said that he is rarely unfaithful to the interests of his flock and its owner. There is nothing poetical about him, but he will risk his life for the safety of a lamb, and will doggedly search all night if there be a stray. He is a much quieter fellow than the cowboy, even in his cups, when the wool has been clipped and the hands are in town for a little fling. He has no wild yearning for idly shooting holes in the firmament. He is happiest on a sunny hillside, lying at ease where he may overlook his flock and hear the ceaseless voicing of its lamentation.

RUSSIA'S QUEER ALPHABET.

IT HAS THIRTY-FIVE LETTERS AND SOME OTHER ECCENTRIC VAGARIES.

[Stray Stories:] At the very threshold of the Russian language you are confronted by the alphabet, and a most formidable obstacle it is to linguistic study. Cadmus, with a prophetic sympathy for the modern schoolboy, stopped short at twenty-four letters when he invented Greek, but Cadmusokhoffitchsky (as his Russian prototype is called) launches no fewer than thirty-five on the guileless foreigner.

Some of these, it is true, have the same form as Roman characters, but as their sound is usually entirely different, this similarity is rather an additional stumbling block than a help. Others, again, resemble our letters turned upside down, or wrong side about, or otherwise contorted.

There is one letter for which we conceived a profound respect, not unmixed with awe. It resembles the figure III on a clock dial, and has the appalling sound of "chchch." When we came across a word containing this letter we gazed upon it in silent admiration. Any attempt to pronounce it would, we felt, prove fatal to our incisors, and considering the high fees charged by good dentists we could not afford to run any risks.

Another curious specimen, like a small "b," with a projecting snout on top, has absolutely no sound whatever, and is defined as a "final mute." In spite of (or perhaps on account of) its silence it is greatly in evidence, no word of any size being considered complete without it. Its only purpose, apart from that of an ornament, seems to be to warn the reader that the preceding word is in Russian; and that he must not try to pronounce it according to western rules.

When a foreigner writes his name in Russian he invariably tacks this "final mute" on to it. It is regarded as a subtle compliment to the Russian nation, and doubtless has due weight with the secret police.

Current Literature. Reviews by Adachi Kinnosuke.

FICTION.

A Picture of a Society Woman.

THE author—Luis Coloma, a Jesuit priest I am told—is right; it is not the most cheerful task to find that golden mean of a volume in fiction between the Anglo-Saxon Sunday-school stories and the works of Belot or Zola. Of course, it was no very difficult work for the writers of the Sunday-school literature to mistake inanity for piety, but their readers did not find the task so comforting. Some educators have served the young with "the crudities of Zola"—to borrow the judgment of Coloma—but with indifferent results. Still, it is idle to deny that the novelist is—in a broad and strong sense of the word—a preacher. And it is humorous to take seriously the dictum, "Art for art's sake," unless you accept, at the same time, the conclusion that the beautiful, the true and the good are the triune entity in the ultimate realm.

So, a priest-novelist is a very natural combination. "And if by chance you marvel that, being 'who I am'—so runs an explanatory line of the author—"I enter with so much frankness on such dangerous ground, you must remember that although I seem to be a novelist, I am only a missionary; and so—like the friar of olden times who got upon the tables in the public plazas and preached therefrom rude truths to wandering sheep who did not go to the temple, speaking to them in their own coarse language that they might well understand—so I also mount upon my roof top in the pages of a novel and preach thence to those who otherwise have no way of hearing me, and tell them plain and necessary truths in their own language, which could never be pronounced beneath a dome of a temple."

For the most part it is the history of Currita, Countess of Albornoz, a worldly woman who, as far as a careless glance could judge, "disdained to tread with her elegant brocade the dust of which she was made," and yet who, as a matter of fact, did tread many a nightly path in a quarter of Madrid which by no means was supposed to be proper for la crème, and of whom one could say what a certain writer said, and many another repeated after him, "If she assists at a wedding she would like to be the bride; if at a christening, the newly born; and if at a funeral, the corpse"—it is the record of her vanity, her triumphs, sins, defeats and her home-coming to goodness and piety. Incidentally, also, it is an acute study of the social and political affairs of a certain period of the Spanish history. From the way the author insists in saying, so repeatedly and so emphatically, too, that the characters he treats in his novel have nothing that one could find in the historic characters of the time, you can see how pertinent and full of truth the study of the book must be.

It is a novel—and "novel" is a serious word, grave, high and large in its meaning, and I am not abusing it here—that is to say, the author has shown us in this book many things. In the first place, that he is a keen and tireless student of humanity in general and of the ways of society women in particular. (What I want to know is where on earth could he, a priest, have found all these things?) In the second place, he is a writer with the style which has much of that elegant polish which a literary epicure is so delighted to find on the pages of French masters, which is not at all poor in that dry sparkle of wit like good champagne, which is rich in hues such as you can find on the palette of a poetic imagination. In the third place, he is a good story-teller. And that is the reason why his sermon is not in the least dull to you—and if you despise a sugar-coated pill, you know very well what a miserably dull thing a sermon under the disguise of a story is—save always when it is handled by a master hand. The conversations in the book, moreover, have that vivacity and all-compelling interest which are peculiar to the words of the living.

Altogether a remarkable book from the pen of the man who says to his readers—

"From my solitude I come,
To my solitude I go."

[Currita, Countess of Albornoz. By Luis Coloma; translated by Estelle Hynck Attwell. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.]

An Alpine Romance.

It is a study of woman's emotions—and characteristically feminine in treatment. Philippa, the chief character of the story, is a study in gray. Doves—and although you have, of course, forgotten all about it, that was also the scene through which you made your melancholy wanderings with Miss Harradan in her "Ships That Pass in the Night"—Doves is once more chosen for the scene of the romance. I am not so sure, however, that the author does not think of the famous health resort as much, if not more, than she does of her chief character. Certainly a large part of the book is occupied with the place. It is painted with all the imaginable colors of fancy. The prime qualification of the poet is here, at least—Daves, to her, is as much full of emotions as Philippa. So that one reading this volume may say of it that it is the poetic psychology of Daves.

"The snow was blossoming into crimson, and where it met the sky a delicate tracery of pines laid a crown upon it. At sunrise and sunset an individual life came into the trees, so that each needled point pricked solitary against the glow. When the light passed they closed together again and wreathed the summits with a heavy chaplet. From the Catholic chapel came the sound of Angelus. The sunset burned red on the chalet windows and flashed on the panes of the hotels."

As you see, then, she is exceedingly rich in her poetic colors. The fact that one has a few millions is not offensive. The way he displays his gold, or the fact of his possession, decides whether he be vulgar or no. And poetic wealth of colors without that rigorous refinement of taste seems, somehow, to be much more vulgar than a rich man fresh from Klonika. I do not hint by all this that the

author does commit the offense. But I do mean that she is not to be commended for that indefinite touch of restraint and refinement which is so peculiar to a master. It is a singular—because it is such a rare pleasure—and positive joy to the critic to find a case like the present author. To cry after an author to beware not to show too much because he is so rich, and because if he do not take a precious care he may be in an imminent danger of spoiling his treasures by dispensing them too lavishly. Not so long ago we felt the same way when we read the latest book by James Lane Allen.

There is not the slightest doubt that the present volume has much more of the artistic and the qualities which make a book careless of time than "Ships That Pass in the Night." It may never be one-tenth as popular—but that, of course, tells nothing more of the artistic merit of the book than the taste of fools and the bored does (and after all the majority of the reading public is composed of them.)

Moreover—and this is another reason why the book could hardly be a popular success—over these brilliant pages the shadow of death is always falling; and the melancholy and the pathos of them are perhaps the most excellent elements in the work. And what else could you expect in a study of life in the famous "winter health resort".... "where Death and Life waited together for the bodies of men. Death and life stood sentinel at every door in the village; they were the lacqueys that served at the dances and dinners; and Death waited on this one, and Life on that. They sat in every sleigh as it jangled gayly over the snow, and sometimes Death drove and sometimes Life. And no one saw that the men who swept the lake for the skating were Death and Life, or knew that Death spun toboggan-run down which Life swung into valley."

The author, Miss Annie E. Holdsworth (Mrs. Lee-



MISS ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH.
(MRS. LEE HAMILTON.)
[From the Critic.]

Hamilton) was born in Jamaica, educated in London, lived in Scotland—there she wrote her first poems and stories. On her father's death, in 1893, she came to London and went on the staff of Review of Reviews. She wrote her "Joanne Traill, Spinster," in Egypt; "The Years That the Locust Hath Eaten," in England; "The Gods Arrive," in Switzerland, and the present volume in Italy—a very extensively traveled woman therefore; also rich in literary experiences.

[The Valley of the Great Shadow. By Annie E. Holdsworth. Herbert S. Stone, Chicago. Price, \$1.25. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

A Woman Who Meddled with Diplomacy.

Rather entertaining summer reading, and I fancy equally welcome for the melancholy evening hours of autumn is this little story—enchantingly and wisely short—which is supposed to be the story of a fair woman who thought in her dear thought that her good looks could serve diplomacy. As a matter of course—and as it has been the experiences with so many other fair women who blasphemed the gift of nature in a similar way—she succeeds in getting into many an amusing tangle of adventure. That is as it should be, for it is a good thing for the reader. The work has failed to attain the high and proud distinction of being a book of humor. It has succeeded in being ridiculous. This brilliant and pretty woman, the chief character of the story, proves herself both by the words out of her own mouth and by the actions of her own that she is a very stupid—a ridiculously stupid person—of course, her gown and cloak were always (so at least she says) perfection. And "A Deal with China" may be counted, along with the triumph of the comic opera, "The Mikado," as one of the masterpieces of the ridiculous.

[A Diplomatic Woman. By Huan Moo. Harpers, New York. Price, \$1.]

A Story of American Life.

It deals with a few men and women whose heart is set on "the immortal garland." The struggle of Dick, afflicted with the ambition of being a poet; of Alice, for painting, and of Gilbert for acting, occupies a large part in the book. The character of hapless and gifted Valentine

Leighton is a touching one, and not the rarest in this day. And her perfect, almost child-like unconsciousness of her gifts, her artistic temperament—(it use a popular phrase which seems to have a pretty well defined meaning nowadays—and her thorny, tortuous path through life make a very interest-captivating one throughout the book. The conversation between Gilbert and Valentine over Opus is one of those side-lights thrown upon "Hamlet," to wit the student of Shakespeare may go without the same loss of time or trouble and be grateful for the opportunity.

The work is not a hasty one, constructed—like a city beside the sea—for the short-lived entertainment of summer hours. In this study of a phase of American life, especially that of New York City—there is in it something very much more stable than the bubble-glitters of what the "successes" in fiction are made nowadays.

The author has made it clear to us in her "A Cosmopolitan Comedy" that she can tell an entertaining story also in her "Sir Mark," a romantic romance full of old-time colors and of love. And once again in this book she calls you to witness that she has not lost her power as an entertainer and romancer, and, moreover, makes you admit, with whatever grace you may command, that she is a close student of social problems and a painter of characters and societies of our day.

[The Immortal Garland. By Anna Robeson Brown. Appleton, New York. Price, paper, 50c. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

POLITICAL.

Mr. Reid on Expansion.

An ex-United States Minister to France, one of the members of the commission to negotiate terms of peace with Spain, special ambassador to Queen Victoria's jubilee, the editor of one of the leading newspapers in America—such is the record of Mr. Reid. We have not enjoyed our opportunities, you and I. Naturally, what he says on our subjects—on the fashionable problem of expansion among many others—has much more weight than the words of some others. That, then, is the chief reason why the collection before me—the collection of his essays and addresses—should be read with a special care. These pages are full of pertinent remarks—the remarks which ought to be enough, so it seems to me, to bring conviction to our brains. For those who have eyes to see, here is a book they ought to see and at once. The author is uncompromisingly for expansion.

"Why mourn over our present course as a departure from the policy of the fathers. For a hundred years the United States policy which they began and their sons continued has been acquisition, expansion, annexation, reaching out to remote wildernesses far more distant and inaccessible than the Philippines are now—to disconnected regions like Alaska, to island regions like Midway, the Guam Islands, the Aleutians, the Sandwich Islands, even to quasi-protectorates like Liberia and Samoa. Why mourn because of the present course we are establishing? The precedent was established before we were born. Why distress ourselves with the thought that this is only the beginning, that it opens the door to unlimited expansion? The door is wide open now, and has been ever since Livingston in Paris jumped at Talleyrand's offer to sell him the wilderness west of the Mississippi, instead of the settlements eastward to Florida which we have been trying to get; and Jefferson eagerly sustained him."

And what he says in reply to one who says that it is the best policy for the United States to abandon the Philippines is rather to the point—as he looks at it:

"Have we the right to decide whether we shall hold or abandon the conquered territory, solely or even mainly as a matter of national policy? Are we not bound by our own acts, and by the responsibility we have voluntarily assumed before Spain, before Europe, and before the civilized world, to consider it first in the light of national duty? . . . Are we not then bound in honor and duty to see to it that the government which replaces Spanish rule is better? Are we not morally culpable and disgraced before the civilized world if we leave it as bad or worse? Can any consideration of mere policy, of our own interest or our own ease and comfort, free us from that solemn responsibility which we have voluntarily assumed, and in which we have lavishly spilled American and Spanish blood?"

Also, coming as it does at this time, it is one of the timeliest books for the politicians and the stump speakers. [Problems of Expansion. By the Hon. Whitelaw Reid. The Century Company, New York. Price, \$1.50. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

HISTORY.

Of the Earlier Days of Oregon.

"Sixty years ago, on a green terrace sloping up from the north bank of the Columbia, not far from the mouth of the Willamette, lay old Fort Vancouver. . . . Now John McLoughlin, Governor of, then, Hudson's Bay Company west of the Rocky Mountains, and his chief aid, Douglass, afterward knighted Sir James, first Governor of British Columbia, dispensed hospitality after the fashion of the thanes or lairds of a Highland castle. One autumn evening in 1833 a salute was fired at the gates of Fort Vancouver. 'Some belated trapper,' said the traders in the hall. 'Some luxuries too rare to be anticipated in the far-off Oregon wild. . . . Dr. McLoughlin fixed a keen eye on the wayfarers as Bruce ushered them into the hall. 'What is my name,' said the tall, wiry leader. 'Nathaniel Wyeth from Boston; on a trading trip to the Columbia. 'Bless me!' cried the amazed McLoughlin, extending his hand. 'Bless me, 'tis a marvelous journey. Few survive it. Welcome to Fort Vancouver.'"

So opens a remarkable history of the early days of Oregon—then, the "very end of the world," to use the words of Dr. McLoughlin. The picturesque, vivid and color—and this I have said more than once in

columns—which your fathers used to see in the works of fiction, seem to have fled from the realm of romances into that of history. And this book in front of me is another instance to make the statement full of meaning. It does not read like a novel; it reads better than fiction—that is to say, better than a great majority of romances and novels of the day. It shaves closely the ideal of fiction and his school of historians. Beginning with the chronicle extends to 1837—to the occupation of Oregon by the United States—to the death of McLoughlin, "the Father of Oregon." Of course, in a large measure, the captivating history of Oregon clusters around the life of McLoughlin—and, I repeat, you will look long and admiringly before you would be able to find a book of fiction half as thrilling as the story of the sturdy pioneer who was in his closing days, like so many another of the world's benefactors, "distrusted by England because he befriended Americans, distrusted by Americans because he had been an Englishman."

McLoughlin and Old Oregon; A Chronicle. By Eva Dye. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Price, \$1.50.]

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Love Letters of a Violinist" (Eric Mackay,) and "The Love Sonnets of Proteus" (Wilfrid Scawen Blunt,) are issued this fall by Duxbury's (at the Sign of the Red New York,) uniform with the other volumes in the Red Classics series.

Those who have read "A Dream of a Throne" (which is now in its third edition,) and enjoyed its vivid pictures of history and people around Lake Chapala, may be interested in the following sketch by F. R. Guernsey. Mr. Guernsey is editor of the Mexican Herald, and also the Mexican correspondent of the Boston Herald: "I have just been reading 'A Dream of a Throne,' by Charles Fleming Embree, a most attractive personality, of whom the literary tradition in the United States have had nothing to say. He is a warm, romantic, most engaging young spirit, a son of hardly twenty-seven years, born in Indiana and spent here for a few years past. He has done other work in fiction, but this stirring, Dumas-like tale of the lake country of Western Mexico is his best. There is something about Embree which is spontaneously graceful; he suggests, in manner and habits, the beloved Stevenson."

The leading article in the Engineering Magazine is by Mr. John Barrett, who writes ably of the crisis in China and the meaning for an engineering constituency. Identity of interest throughout the industrial nations should cause unity of action—at the very least. Great Britain and the United States should stand firmly for maintaining the integrity and autonomy of China.

John Markham's "Second Book of Poems," which will be issued from the press of McClure, Phillips & Co., early in October, will contain several poems not before published. The note of hopefulness runs through the verses in this volume quite in contrast to the pessimism which some critics and poets like "The Man With the Hoe."

John Francis Lowell opens the September Atlantic with "The American Boom," his rise and sources of power. Brooks follows with "Russia's Interest in China," a very pointed question ably discussed. Mrs. Candee pictures the nation of "Oklahoma," and Canon Rawnsley sketches "The American Boom." Mrs. Foote begins "The Prodigal," a brilliant short serial. A notable group of great general interest comprises Paul More's "Ancient Feud," apropos of Shakespeare; Marguerite Müller's "Gerhart Hauptmann," on the German Renaissance; Canon Everett's "James Martineau," Opden's "The Press and Foreign News," in praise of methods; Trent's "Old Southern Newspaper," with appealing extracts; and Fernald's dissection of a modern kindergarten "Child."

R. R. Russell announces a new "Dooley" book, fully illustrated by F. Oppen and other prominent artists, with the working title of "Mr. Dooley's Philosophy."

The Bear is a mighty hunter, as A. S. Jennings's story of "Head-to-Head Conflict With a Lioness" is Outing for September affords. G. W. Orton, one of the contestants, compares the forms and systems of the various countries represented in his article on "American Athletics at the Paris Games." "The Sporting Spirit, Ancient and Modern," by George Elphinstone, is a clear statement of the principles that should underlie such victories. In these days when football is playing so large a part in determining native opinion in the Far East, Fitzhugh Leathers's story, "The Athlete's Quits," has special significance. So has Cass Whitney's contribution, "The Boats of the Far East," the Chinese river life which he portrays enables one to estimate the isolation of mind of many of the people of that country. Frederick Remington tells in a humorously graphic story, "How a Trout Broke a Friendship."

There still remain a problem and one of the most vital of far-reaching that has puzzled the generation of today. The September issue of the Critic has seized the idea of a study of "Trusts in Europe," by Cyrus C. Adams, to serve as a comparison with our conditions at home. A highly-coloured romance of our history is attractively told in "Fifty Years of the Golden State," by Arthur I. Street.

The advance edition of Marie Corelli's "Master Christian" amounts to 1,400,000 copies for America and England. The September number of the Critic contains a 600-line dramatic poem by Edmund Rostand, the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac." It is called "La Journée d'une Précieuse" and is printed in French, with an explanatory note by William Briston. The same number will contain the second of a series of papers by Andrew Lang, written exclusively for the Critic. The engaging title of this second paper is "Khayyam as a Bore." Readers of Mr. Lang may know pretty well what to expect from his hands with such subjects.

The special features of the September Review of Reviews are an exhaustive presentation of the Chinese problem in its latest aspects, by Talcott Williams; "Missions in Defense and an Appreciation," by James S. Donnelly, D.D.; "Japan's Present Attitude Toward China," by King Goodrich; "America and the Reconstruction of China," by William M. Brewster; "Pressing Needs of the Chinese," by Maj. John H. Parker, U.S.V.; illustrated sketches of King Humbert of Italy, and the late John P. Huntington; and an illustrated article on "The

National Prohibition Party and Its Candidates," by Edward J. Wheeler.

Mr. Balfour's recent striking address on "The Nineteenth Century," delivered before the University Extension classes at Cambridge, is given in full in the Living Age for September. Josiah Quincy's paper on "The United States in China," reprinted in the same number from the Contemporary Review, is a thoughtful and sagacious discussion of the question, free from partisan bias.

THE ARIZONA TEWKSBURYS.

ENGINEERED THE MOST DESPERATE HERD FEUD IN THE SOUTHWEST.

[Maj. J. H. McClintock in Ainslee's:] The most desperate feud ever known in the Southwest grew out of an attempt to graze sheep in Pleasant Valley, in Upper Tonto Basin, Ariz. The noted Tewksbury brothers undertook the engineering of the operation. They succeeded. But when the sheep side of the controversy had forged to the front thirty-two men were dead. The casualties were not incurred in pitched engagements. The fighting continued during a year or longer in the late eighties. It was done in Kentucky vendetta style. Most of the men who "went over the divide" were ambushed on mountain trails and shot in the back. A Tewksbury household was besieged by a dozen members of the Graham faction, the opposing party. When an old man, Al Rose, went out in the early morning for a pail of water, he was shot and killed within fifty feet of the doorstep. And there the corpse lay undisturbed for three days in the full glare of the summer sun. The men within the house, stolid in their suffering from thirst, appealed for permission to bury their dead. It was denied them. This is only a fair sample of the many atrocities that marked the progress of the feud. The Pleasant Valley war ended only when all the surviving combatants, together with most of their neighbors, were gathered up and taken to Prescott by a squadron of Yavapai county officers, headed by Sheriff William O'Neill, the same "Buckey" O'Neill who was killed before San Juan Hill leading his troop of Rough Riders. A soothing influence was also exerted by Sheriff Commodore Owens of Apache county, who caught four of the sheep faction in a house at Holbrook. The four broke from the house by four different routes, through doors and windows, hoping to get the Sheriff by a divided fire. All alone he calmly started to pump his Winchester rifle, apparently heedless of the rain of lead. When he had finished, the four were dead, and the cool little Sheriff had not a scratch. At the last only a single male of the Graham blood remained alive. He gave up the fight and fled to the Salt River Valley, where he married and settled down to a quiet farm life. While marketing his first crop of grain he was shot from ambush on the road to Tempe. The deed was done by two unmasked horsemen, identified by two young women as Ed Tewksbury and his right-hand man, John Rhodes. The latter was rather summarily discharged from custody by a justice of the peace, after a narrow escape from death at the hands of Graham's young widow, who had brought her husband's trusty revolver to the courtroom. Tewksbury was found guilty of murder in the first degree. But a sharp lawyer found that the clerk of the court had failed to enter the plea of "Not guilty," though the notes of the court stenographer showed the plea had been made in proper form; so the case was twice retried with hung juries, and finally the prisoner was turned loose. I believe he is at present a constable at Globe Camp.

THE CORSET-WAIST MAN.

PARISIAN HABERDASHERS HEAVILY PATRONIZED BY BRITISH AND AMERICAN DANDIES.

From a Special Correspondent.

PARIS, Aug. 28, 1900.—It is strange, but none the less true that Paris is no longer the tiring room for women only. Husbands and brothers are here shopping with an energy that formerly women only expended on the business of getting wardrobes. The explanation is not far to seek. With highly commendable tact and cleverness the French manufacturers have of late years been turning their attention and machinery to the business of weaving wonderful hosiery, handkerchiefs, cravat silks, underwear, linen and shirtings that could not fail to interest and attract the masculine visitor, and though London and New York tailors may be greatly in advance of their Parisian brothers, the London and New York dandies find it a pleasant thing to patronize the Parisian haberdasher for all the small and dainty details of dress.

Continental men have come to regard a yearly trip to Paris as a sartorial necessity and the German, Russian and French military swell is perhaps responsible for the brisk trade in men's corsets that has of late years grown up in the gay capital. While the continentals inspired the corset trade it is perfectly true that Englishmen and Americans have no small influence in swelling the volume of this special trade. The American man used to scorn age and vanity as it might concern the disintegration of his figure, but of late years he has come to think that a tidy round slim waist is a commendable addition to his appearance and the man's corset-maker in Paris says he has a book full of waist measures and names that hail from the other side of the Atlantic.

"My wife is a well-known corsetiere for ladies," said the stay-maker, "and when we compare notes I find that my patrons are as fearful of losing their good lines as hers, and almost as willing to struggle for a renewal of the youthful contours. American men begin very early in life to thicken at the waist, because their way of life, their rich food and their long office hours are conducive to a weakness of the abdominal muscles. A young man one year out of Harvard found he could not button his frock coat across his middle, so evil had been the effects of his office labors, and he came to me for a compressor. You see in college, with his hard athletic training he had had a figure to be proud of and he didn't want to lose it. 'Fix me up until I can get the leisure to take up golf and polo and then I will be all right,' he said."

"Well we fitted him to a corset belt. It consists of a broad belt made of three wide linen bands, whalebone in

front, back and at the sides and lacing in the rear. With that we pulled him back into the limits of his college waist line and the effect was magical."

"That is the stay that most of the American and Englishmen wear who come to us, while for actors, for continentals and British officers, and for the young gentlemen in one of your American military academies we make a regular gentleman's stay, lacing like a woman's in the rear, extending high over the body, back and front, and curved to compress the waist. An English colonel designed this stay, so we call it the Carleton, and there are more men who wear it under their evening dress than you know."

"There is a famous American actor who never goes on the stage without his stays in order to make his Bond-street frock and evening coats fit with exquisite nicety. He used naturally to possess a twenty-eight-inch waist, which for his well-made shoulders was a wonder, and now that years of flesh have come upon him he depends upon his strong, close-laced corsets to remedy the defect."

"A pair of handsome evening stays cost as much as \$18 to \$20, for it is far more difficult to build a corset for a man than for a woman. The woman's stay is an accepted fact, while with a man we must shape his figure on natural, youthful, slender lines and have the observer not only doubtful, but really incredulous of the presence of the corset. Then, too, women's lungs and feminine philosophy and acceptance of the trammels of clothes are such that she is not hard to fit, while the men and especially the Americans! Here the Frenchman threw up his hands with a gesture of despair, 'well they want a miracle, with no suffering and resignation of comfort to pay. Still I am willing to confess the men are learning the force of our old French saying that one must suffer to be beautiful, and I make ten pairs of stays today where formerly I made one.'"

BEAU BRUMMEL.

A MAN WHO DIED TWICE.

WAS ADJUDGED DEAD BY COURT, BUT HE DIED AGAIN LAST JULY.

[Baltimore Special to Philadelphia Record:] It was discovered here this morning that Edward McC. Harbaugh, who died July 4 last, and in the administration of whose estate fraud has been charged by a brother, C. Leonard Harbaugh, is entered on the Orphans' Court records as having died fourteen years ago. From the records it would appear that Mr. Harbaugh, after dying, came to life again and died some weeks ago. His "second time on earth," however, was put to substantial use, for whereas his first estate was valued at but \$400, he left at his final decease, according to the petition recently filed by his brother, nearly \$15,000.

The father of the Harbaugh family died in this city nearly twenty-five years ago. He lived in East Baltimore. In one of the houses which Edward McC. owned at the time of his death.

When Mr. Harbaugh, Sr., died he left a widow, Martha; a son, then called Charles L. and Edward McC. Harbaugh. His property amounted to \$1500, and Edward McC. was entitled to one-third of this sum. Edward McC., however, was not present, and his whereabouts was not known. He continued to keep silent, and, as under the Maryland law, as he may be considered dead if the administrator cannot settle up with him before seven years have passed, at the expiration of that time Edward McC. Harbaugh was adjudged dead by the Orphans' Court and his \$400 share of his father's estate, less the costs, was divided between his mother and his brother, Charles L.

That Edward McC. was not dead has been abundantly proved, but when he returned to Baltimore or whether he received eventually his share of his father's estate the records do not show. That he was reunited with his family, however, is probable from the fact that he owned at the time of his death the house in which his father lived.

His brother, who now writes his name C. Leonard Harbaugh, was granted letters of administration on his brother's first decease, as Charles L. Harbaugh. The latter C. L. Harbaugh was considering a petition to be allowed to administer on his brother's estate for the second time in place of Dr. Jones, who had been appointed, but declined to make a contest, as he wished to return to the West, where he now lives.

A HOUSE FOR EACH FAMILY.

[New York Tribune:] The difference between a tenement house and a farmhouse was strikingly illustrated the other day by the innocent question of a little Fresh Air girl. She had spent all her life in a New York tenement house, and ever since she could remember, her home had consisted of two small rooms in a basement.

There were three other families in the basement, there were five families on the next floor, five on the second and so on to the roof for five stories. In the immediate neighborhood the buildings were all tenement houses, and there were scores of families living in a block. It was from this sort of surroundings that she went to the country a little while ago, for the first time in her life. The people who invited her lived in a large, rambling farmhouse, and as soon as she was handed out of the wagon on her arrival the small daughter of the farmer took her by the hand and "showed her around." They went through a parlor, a sitting-room, a dining-room, large pantry and a kitchen, and then they started upstairs. The eyes of the little city girl had grown bigger and bigger with each new room that was shown her. She had been silent with wonder as the panorama was unfolded to her until she was taken into an immense bedroom on the second floor. Then the question which had been uppermost in her mind came out suddenly and imperatively.

"Where's all de fam'lies?" she asked. "Such nice, big rooms—but where's all de fam'lies dat live in 'em?" And it took almost half an hour to convince the little "Fresh Air" that all those big rooms were for only one family.

The Tribune Fresh Air Fund sent three parties to the country yesterday, aggregating forty-nine children, and their destinations were Dunmore, Pa.; Warwick, N. Y., and Milroy, Pa. Another day excursion for the benefit of poor mothers and children was held yesterday.

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

Aluminum for Infantry Equipment.

AS EARLY as March 4, 1897, it was decided to furnish the Russian infantry with aluminum cooking utensils, canteens, etc., and quite recently new specifications for certain of these articles have been issued.

The aluminum used must be pure; that is, it must contain not less than 98 per cent. of aluminum and not over a per cent. of impurities, the silica of which cannot exceed five-eighths of 1 per cent. of the whole. Each article must be pressed out of a single plate of aluminum, without any seams or solder.

The articles thus far issued to the army are water kettles, canteens and drinking cups.

The kettle (for cooking) has the form of a truncated cone, with the larger diameter at the bottom. It stands about five inches high, with a top diameter of five and one-half inches and a bottom diameter of six and one-fourth inches and holds about half a gallon. Its thickness is about .04 inch. The bottom is flat, rounded at the edges, and the top is turned over around an aluminum wire, and has an iron wire handle catching in aluminum ears riveted on by means of aluminum rivets. The entire weight of the kettle cannot exceed 321 grams (about three-fourths of a pound).

The canteen or water bottle is elliptical in shape, with a conical neck opening outward. In the horizontal cross-section the longest diameter measures 4.9 inches; the shortest 2.3 inches; in the vertical section the longest diameter (length to neck) measures 6.7 inches. The neck is 2 inch in diameter and 1.4 inches high, and is closed with a cork stopper. The contents of the flask is 0.7 liter, and it must weigh less than 154 grams (less than 6 ounces).

The drinking cup is of an elongated oval form, in horizontal cross-section, widening toward the top, with nearly vertical sides. It stands 2.2 inches high, and the largest diameter (horizontally) is at the bottom 2.3 inches, at top 2.6 inches, the shortest at bottom, 1.50 inches, at top 1.0 inches. It holds 0.15 liter, and weighs 25 grams (less than one ounce).

The canteen is carried in a gray cloth case, lined under the flap and around the opening with leather and hangs over the shoulder by a woven hemp belt. The cloth case weighs 65 grams, the belt and buckles 50 grams (or the two together about 4 1/4 ounces). The great reduction thus effected in the weight of these essential equipments is apparent, and the practicability of using aluminum for this purpose has been established.

Recently, however, a rival of aluminum has entered the field, namely, magnalium, which promises even better results.—[New York Sun.]

Hypnotism by Telephone.

LAST night a young man in the New England Bakery was put into a hypnotic sleep by a hypnotist. The subject and his controller were separated by several blocks, but rows of houses apparently made no difference in the success of the feat. J. E. Davis plays a typewriter in the office of the Attorney-General. He is an amateur musician and a prominent member of the Triangle Club, which is allied with the Young Men's Christian Association. He is an ardent student of hypnotism.

At 9 o'clock last evening a number of persons gathered in the New England Bakery to see the telephone experiment. A youth of twenty-one years who had been operated on by Davis several times, took the telephone receiver in his hand while Davis spoke to him from an instrument in the Judd building. A card over the telephone in the bakery had written on it the name of Thomas Williams. As seen and heard from the Judd building the following was the procedure: Davis called to the subject—who, being well known here, does not want his name mentioned—to take the card in his hand.

"What is the name on the card?" he asked. Then he said: "It's growing dim. The letters are blurred. You can't see them well. Your eyes are closing. You are getting sleepy. You want to sit down. You are going fast. See, there you are."

Those in the bakery saw the subject take the card in his hand, heard him answer the questions and finally reel and fall into the chair, assisted by McLaughlin, Davis's guide in the creepy science. McLaughlin telephoned to Davis that the youth was "gone" and then Davis hastened in a hack to the bakery. There he ordered the subject into the laud, where there was more room for experiment. The young man tottered along, with one hand on Davis's arm and seemed glad to sit down when he reached the spot pointed out to him.

His eyes were closed, but when commanded to open them he did so slowly, and stared vacantly ahead. A candle held to his eyes did not cause him to wink, nor did a needle passed over the eyeballs bring any signs of feeling. He was like a man drugged. When told to hold out his arms perfectly still he obeyed, and kept them there for four minutes without evident fatigue. So when made to believe by Davis's persuasive language that he was at a hula he laughed and clapped his hands and seemed greatly pleased. He ambled through a cake walk—not being a graceful dancer in his waking hours—and shuffled his feet when told that he was listening to ragtime music.

The most curious phenomenon of the experiment was in the startling difference between the pulses of the subject. Before he submitted to the test the subject's pulse registered 74. After fifteen minutes it was 96. Under the direction of Davis and McLaughlin the left pulse went to 99, and at the same moment the right was 114. Bringing them lower, the right was 115, when the left was 91.—[Pacific Commercial Advertiser.]

"Spider Time" in Manila.

"SPIDER TIME" has arrived, and the Filipino boy is Shappy. He does not know much about marbles, but when spider time arrives, and that is just after the rainy season begins, he knows that he is to have great sport.

There are two harmless varieties of spiders that are green and yellow in color that mature in June. They are as large as the common black spider, so plentiful in California. The Filipino boy catches these and keeps them secure in a box. A small rod the size and length of a knitting needle is procured. A spider is then placed on the rod. Another boy comes along and he bets a cent that his spider will whip. Then the sport begins. The boy who is challenger produces his spider, places it on the rod with the challenger's. Both spiders make a rush for each other and a fierce battle ensues. Sometimes the stronger of the two will wind a web around the other, fastening him to the rod and completely "putting him out of business." The spiders sometimes fight for ten minutes. Nearly every boy has from eight to twenty spiders, and they bet all the Filipino pennies they can get on the result of the fight.—[Correspondence of the San José Mercury.]

After Forty-Five Years in Cloister.

AFTER forty-five years spent as a cloistered nun in the Ursuline Convent at Bedford Park, in the Bronx, Cecilia Lawrence, known in the sisterhood as Mother Cecilia, passed for the first time since she entered beyond the convent walls and for the first time in her life rode on a railroad train.

Permission to leave the convent for a brief period was obtained by a special dispensation from Archbishop Corrigan on account of Mother Cecilia's failing health, and yesterday she went to Babylon, L. I., where she will be nursed by the sisters of the Convent of St. Joseph.

Mother Cecilia is a daughter of Bryan Lawrence, who lived in New York and at his death left \$100,000 to the Ursuline Convent and a like sum to his daughter. She assumed the white veil when she was a girl graduate, 17 years old.

Although reared in luxury and living with her father in a palatial residence in West Seventy-second street, Miss Lawrence renounced all earthly desires and entered the Ursuline order, taking the vow of the cloistered. From that day until she came to Babylon she had never been outside of the convent yard and had had absolutely no communication with the outside world. Even when her father died, some years ago, the rules of the convent prevented her from attending his funeral.

On taking the final vows Miss Lawrence devoted her whole fortune to the convent of which she has now been an inmate nearly half a century. She is the aunt of Joseph Lawrence, a son-in-law of John Byrne, one of the wealthiest of Babylon's summer residents.

It was with the utmost reluctance that the venerable nun was persuaded to leave her lifelong retreat. Accompanied by two of the sisters, she left the convent early yesterday morning and went by train from Bedford Park to the Grand Central station. Thence an electric car took her through the bustling streets and another across the great bridge to the Flatbush-avenue station, where another train was taken to Babylon.

She was like a being suddenly translated from another world. All was strange beyond realization. She was stunned by the rush and roar of the trains, by the speed of the electric cars, by the noise and bustle of the great city, by the immensity of the crowds, the towering mass of the buildings. Throughout the long journey she sat outwardly impassive and almost silent, only opening her lips to murmur "Wonderful! Wonderful!" She was like one in a dream.—[New York World.]

The Typewriter's Hard Work.

"THE average typewriter works harder than a man who shovels coal," said a youth who ought to know. "Let me prove this by cold figures," he continued. "The average typewriter carriage weighs four pounds. The average operator lifts the carriage five times a minute, or 1200 pounds every hour. If he is lucky he works but eight hours a day, which means that he lifts nearly five tons a day. The carriage is lifted on an average seven inches every time it is raised, or 175 feet an hour, or about a quarter of a mile each day. But as the hand travels through as much space in lowering as in raising the carriage, and as the strain is as great, we must double these figures, which means that the average operator lifts over two tons fourteen inches each day, or two pounds one-half mile."—[Philadelphia Record.]

The New Lockinvar.

"SOME of the most trying, and yet ludicrous cases with which Mrs. Stucklen, the chief of the women's department at the Barge Office, has to deal concern applicants for wives who come there from the Far West. These individuals sometimes furnish a deal of sport for officials and the immigrants themselves, who are not all of them devoid of a sense of humor. But they get such a severe cat-schizing at the hands of the chief of the women's department that they generally depart sadder and wiser. Offers of marriage come by almost every mail from various parts of the country, but these are usually ignored. The inspector argues with feminine acuteness that the man who cannot find a wife in his own district, with so many marriageable girls on the lookout for well-to-do husbands, has little to offer the Barge Office maiden.

"A case occurred some time since, the applicant being a self-confident man of years, who wandered through the Barge Office on the lookout for the likeliest arrival. He finally picked out a buxom German lass and imparted his intentions to the inspector. Mrs. Stucklen questioned him, and then sent for the girl, making known to her the applicant's intention, assuring the girl, on the man's word, that he had a snug fortune and promised to pay the sum of \$1000 cash after the ceremony. But the German lassie only laughed at the presuming suitor, saying that if he were a millionaire she would not marry such an ugly-faced old goose as he. Much shrunken in self-estimation,

the rejected suitor departed, to the merriment of the spectators and all who were in the secret."—[Albion's Magazine.]

To Prevent Railway Wrecks.

EXPERIMENTS have been made in Russia with an invention designed both to give warning and to lessen the deadly effects of railway collisions. Two wrecking roads were provided. On the first the sleepers were placed, and on the second the rails were taken off the bed. In both cases the train was stopped immediately without any outside assistance, and also without injury to the moving cars. The invention consists essentially of an iron tube, connected with the general system of rails placed in front of the wheels. This tube has been used in various places by having cuts made on it at regular intervals. At the least irregularity in the movement of the train this tube breaks and thus produces an immediate stoppage of the train—locomotive as well. At the time the invention the official examining committee found the tube fully accomplished its purpose. This invention of special value in Russia, where railway accidents are frequent occurrences. Official statistics give the number of railway accidents in 1893 as 4348; in 1895, 5763, and in 1896, 6107.—[Chicago Record.]

Gathering Shells for Sixty Years.

THERE is probably no finer collection of shells in the world than one in this city, owned by Prof. Conrad Langa. Agents of the Smithsonian Institution, who have seen it, have said this, and added that it excelled in many features, especially in the rarity of its specimens, the number in the possession of that famous museum. Every specimen in the world has given from its treasure to the collection and it has taken De Lange nearly sixty years to put it together. The professor says, and eminent authorities sustain him, that he does not believe there is another collection of conchological specimens—that is, shells with their scientific value in existence.

Shortly before the demise of the late Senator Stanford he entered into negotiations with the professor to purchase the collection, but the latter's last illness came in the midst of them and they were abandoned. De Lange is getting old and he feels that the time has come to give to the world the benefit of his three-score years of research. He was with this idea that he took up the study of conchology and started a collection in his Norwegian home when he was more than a boy. He is now 81 years of age and believes that among other important things of civilization that he first got his idea of architecture and color from shells.—[San Francisco Bulletin.]

Clocks at the Capital.

THERE are six hundred clocks in the Treasury Department, and a man named Fleming is paid \$45 a month in winding them and keeping them in repair. This duty is let annually to the lowest bidder, and the cost has been reduced from \$75 to \$45 a month by rivalry between Fleming and another clockmaker, who secured the job for two or three years through political influence during the last Cleveland administration.

Mr. Fleming has looked after the clocks in the Treasury at a salary of \$75 a month as long as anybody could remember, until he considered that privilege a vested right, and when it was taken away from him by Secretary Taft he was very uneasy and finally underbid his rival and offered to do it for \$60 a month. The contract was given to him, and the next year the other man underbid him and got the job for \$50 a month. Next time Fleming came with an offer of \$45 a month, which was really lower than anybody could afford to make, because it requires nearly his time to perform the duties, particularly as many of the clocks are getting old and constantly need repairs. In other departments the messengers of the different bureaus look after the clocks, except the large ones that are connected by wire with the Naval Observatory and automatically mark the sun time.

The clocks of the White House are looked after by one of the local jewelry merchants, who sends a man every week to wind them and see that they are in order. It is curious fact that only one of the twenty-five or thirty clocks in the White House is of American manufacture, that is a big gilt affair which stands on the mantel in the Green Room and was purchased while James Monroe was President.

The most interesting clock in the White House is in the Blue Parlor. It was made of alabaster and French bronze for Napoleon Bonaparte, and was presented to the Washington by Marquis de Lafayette. It still keeps excellent time and runs for a month without winding.

In Mrs. McKinley's sitting room is a French clock which has been running without repair for over thirty-five years. It was purchased during the Lincoln administration.

We have no famous clocks in the United States like "Tom" in the tower of the British House of Parliament, that in the spire of the Cathedral at Strasburg, or the one in St. Petersburg, which is the most wonderful in the world. It has ninety-five faces and indicates the time of day, thirty different spots on the earth's surface, the movements of the earth and moon, the signs of the zodiac, the location of the principal planets and the date, according to the Gregorian, Greek, Moslem and Hebrew calendars. In Moscow there is a clock made for the Emperor Russia in 1744, upon the reverse of which is a representation of the Holy Sepulchre. At a certain hour of the day an angel appears, rolls away the stone, an image of the Savior steps out and a music box plays the Easter hymn of the Russian church.—[Chicago Record.]

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

To Refit a Library and Front Chamber.

W. E. B. S., Los Angeles, says: "We are about to refit and make various changes in our library and front chamber. I hope you can make suggestions that will help us."

For your library I would suggest a soft, yellow tan for the walls. Golden-brown jute or velvet for door hangings (this color will open well into your green dining-room or parlor.) Golden-brown corduroy for covering of window seat, and cushions of the blue in your rug and of which shade of yellow. This will bring your rug into harmony with the other colors. Curtains your windows with net, over each curtains of yellow silk. Place a gold coat of Mercury or a Hermes on your mantel or on top of one of your bookcases. This color scheme would be prettily carried out by a jar or plate against the wall, of the chiseaux, or a jar of a rich shade of Chinese green. A small palm, on a stand near your large window, would be pretty, and your reading lamp should have a yellow globe.

I think you can secure a quaint and beautiful effect in your chamber by using a drapery of flowered cotton at your window and as a covering for the seat. With your heavy mahogany furniture you should use an old-fashioned flowered design. Poppies (rather large) or hollyhocks, or carnations, in pink, red or yellow, on a white ground, would be beautiful here. In buying flowered stuffs in chintz, calico, or any sort of cotton, I would always advise a cream or white background. You will find it most effective. Carry out the color of drapery in rugs on the floor. Under the flowered curtains at your windows hang others reaching to window seat, of white, ruffled muslin, and catch all back together, about a foot above the sill, with a flat band of the flowered stuff. By carrying out these details you will secure your really quaint result. An oval mirror in an old-fashioned gilt frame adds a pretty touch to such a chamber. If you have a plain, high-backed cushioning chair, cover the wooden arms, the upright pieces of the back, and the cross pieces, tightly and smoothly, with the chintz, tacking it on with very small gimp tacks on the underside. Then make a cushion of the same, with a deep valance for the seat, and you will have a chair which will carry out the suggestion of your mahogany furniture. Your diagrams and questions were so carefully and carefully made out that you have rendered my task of getting a clear and comprehensive idea of what you had already, and what you wished to know, an easy and pleasant one. I shall be glad to be of further use to you.

An Artist's Home at Long Beach.

"Amethyst:" I gather from your letter that you wish for advice about your floors. You say they have been painted a yellowish gray, but need repainting. I would advise a dark-brown stain with a polished surface, rubbed down with wax. You will find that dark floors will serve to freshen and brighten the effect of your whole house. All colors in rugs will look richer against it, etc. You speak of a hall seat which has three panels above it, divided by pine strips, you would like to have a mirror here but a large one would be too expensive. Why not put in three small panels of mirror, leaving the pine strips to frame them? The divided panels would have a better effect than a large one, and a mirror will serve to enlarge the effect of your hall so much that I would prefer fine tapestry painting. You can often buy very cheaply fine French mirror in comparatively small pieces. I think a black table would be preferable in your hall to a hat rack.

If you use a black and yellow rag rug in the hall and it is dark I should certainly use yellow silk against the front door. You could drape it differently and get an entirely new effect, but you could not have any better color. Your draped seat must be very effective, but, like you, I do not care for rope portieres. Why not use a cushion of orange silk on your seat? If you do leather work, I should think you would make a handsome leather screen for your doorway. It would look well beside the fish-net baggy.

You next ask for advice in coloring your hall, parlor, study and dining-room. As your hall is dark I would paint it yellow. The furnishing of your parlor seems to me to call for Cobalt blue. Why do you not use one of your tapestry paintings as a deep-net panel in your walls. As the magnificent painting of the desert was set in the oriental sun that I published a week or two ago. The effect of this setting is really as if you looked through space off into the desert. A soft, cold green, darker than a tint and yet light enough to be cheerful, is a good color for a dining-room. And you will find that blue and white china will look well in it. Curtains at the windows of plain green burlaps, with sheer white muslin each curtains underneath, will be simple, refreshing and artistic.

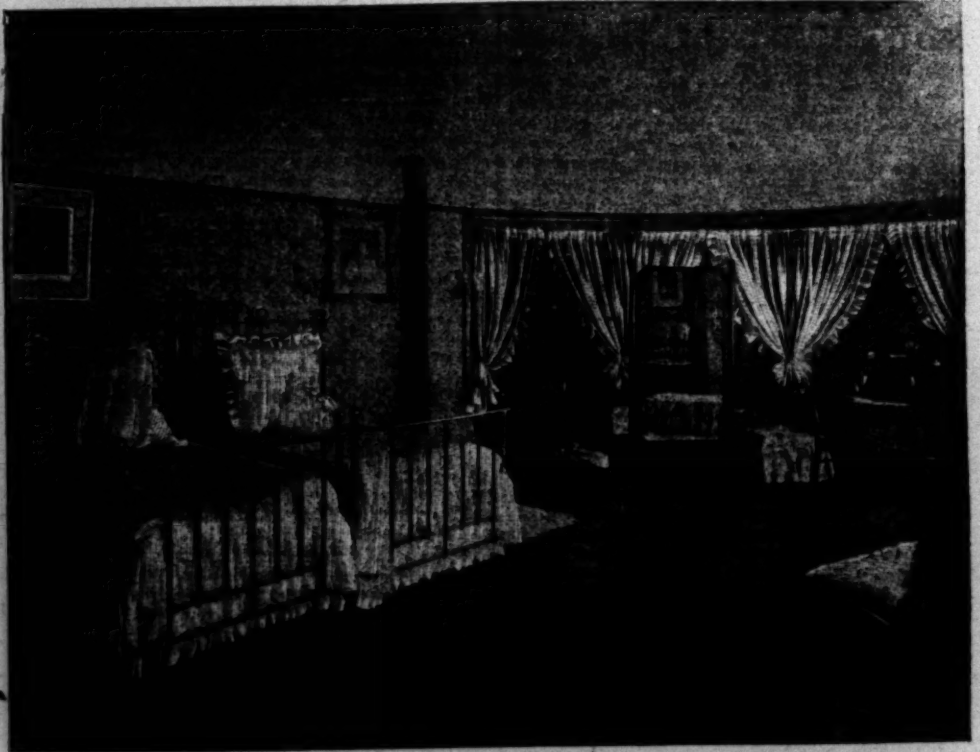
You next ask for suggestions as to your fixtures for electric lights. I am very partial to wrought iron, but it is expensive. However, any sort of metal can be painted black, so that it is hard to distinguish it from the iron. I once resorted to this scheme in order to save expense. I had a room in which I decided that the fixtures must be black. My carefully-worked out scheme of decoration would be utterly spoiled otherwise. I possessed some beautiful wrought-iron candle sticks, for which I had paid by apiece, and a very expensive iron lamp. The fixtures must correspond; I therefore selected some simple, artistic designs in the cheapest brass and had them painted black with a dull finish; they cost one-fourth as much as the same thing in iron, and I think it has never occurred to anyone to doubt that all of the ironwork in this room is brass. There are rooms in which the brass or copper or old silver of fixtures light up decoratively, therefore you will have to decide this matter when you have completed your other arrangements. Paper or paint the back of your china closet with green that matches your walls,

draw soft, soft green silk curtains back in even, fluted folds on either side against the glass doors, and if your glass and china is well arranged you will find that is a great addition to your dining-room. If you do your own work, if you live simply either from choice or necessity, I sincerely believe that you will find a dainty artistic dining-room most cheering and helpful in many ways. You say that you have no sideboard and you need something to take its place. Also you say that you have a handsome oak extension table. Now if you will have a simple wooden framework made, into which you can slip three of the extra leaves of your table you can have a handsome little buffet for a song. These table leaves being handsomely finished and highly polished make a good effect and if you wish to draw some silk curtains in front of them you can do so, set a quaint bowl or two, a bit of old silver or pewter, a

paper, as I perceive from sample, so that I would advise here, a green denim cover for oak table and straight curtains of green denim from top of windows over full white dotted muslin sash curtains. The bedroom could have the blue matting, the antique oak furniture, blue and white curtains over white ruffled muslin, etc.

A Santa Barbara House.

S. S. M.: I will answer your letter in part this week, as I have not space for all of it. You say that in your parlor you have a mahogany upright piano, a tea table, one really pretty mahogany chair, a mahogany table, an easy chair covered with rose (rather worn.) The window seat in bay window is covered with yellow, the other window seat with dark green, the portieres are yellow and the moquette carpet is a mingling of cream, brown, and terra cotta. Your



VIEWS OF A BLUE AND GREEN BEDROOM.

carafe, etc., on the top shelf and use the curtained portion as a sideboard. The upright pieces of wood at each end of the shelves should be very plain in design and may be simply oil finished redwood.

General Suggestions.

Mrs. A. E. R., Los Angeles, has two rooms with an archway between. They are papered with a brownish tan paper, having bronze figures on it. Woodwork, redwood. There is a redwood mantel with reddish brown tiling. The furniture is, so far, a couch in golden brown and old gold plush, rocking chair, bamboo bookcase, etc. There is nothing which will relieve this prevalence of browns, tans and bronze but suggestions of orange and rich old blue. Some pretty pieces of wicker furniture with cushions of these colors, orange silk sash curtains at the parlor windows under long curtains of cream fish net. A wicker tea table set with white linen cover and dainty china, these things introduced will wonderfully relieve the situation and the eye. If curtains of plain green burlaps or denim could be hung from a pole in front of the opening where the stairs enter the dining-room, it would be a great improvement. There is a small green leaf in the dining-room

walls a robin's-egg blue. Don't you think you have a mingling of too many colors here? You would, I am sure, be much better satisfied with this room if you adopted a scheme of uniformity. If you wish to use yellow with your blue walls (and I can imagine certain shades harmonizing very richly) use yellow entirely on window seats, cover your easy chair with it and reproduce it here and there about the room, or if you prefer to adhere to the green seat, and it is a rather light cold green, do away with your yellow portieres and hang green curtains here, also covering your window seat with green instead of yellow. You would find that a handsome Morris chair, covered with a blue harmonizing with your walls, also an East Indian chair would add much to the handsome and comfortable look of your room. You say that in your dining-room you have a very old, shabby Brussels rug, red. A redwood sideboard "not elegant, but not ugly and must do." A corner cupboard, "oak table and chairs, paper good, strong yellow, woodwork white enamel." It seems to me that without that very old rug you might have a pretty dining-room. Put a fine white matting on the floor like a large rug, leaving a foot margin of floor to be stained and polished. If you discard the yellow portieres in the parlor hang them in here.

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

THE FUR SEASON HAS BEGUN.

THERE ARE FEW NOVELTIES IN SKINS, BUT SOME CHANGES IN THEIR APPLICATION.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—Already we know what to expect when the fur shops begin their vigorous autumn trade. This is to be a season notable for a paucity in novelties. There are no new skins on the market, that is to say, none that we have not worn before, and are not capable of recommending or condemning. The forms of the warm garments show also no decidedly new designs. Fewer capes will appear and a greater number of fancy collars and stoles than were seen and used even last winter. The coat is absolutely unrivaled in its popularity and justly so, for it possesses the virtue of contributing warmth and true protection that the cape never gave.

Every possible shape of coat, from the short tight Eton to the long, loose carriage ulster finds favor in feminine sight. However, the bigger and looser one's broad-tail or Persian lamb wrap may be the smarter it is. Coats, or more properly speaking cloaks, that drop nearly to the knees, are the most fashionable shape and very few cling to the figure.

A Cloth and Fur Coat.

A beautiful, and in details, a new coat is the Siberian. The name is derived from the form of the wrap, which is an adaptation of the full wolf and bear-skin coats worn in cold Northern Asia. This American edition of the Asiatic wrap has its body part of the richest invisible blue cloth. From the shoulders the long skirts are so shaped out as to form a graceful fullness near the knees, and the bottom is deeply bordered with charming soft brown Siberian cub-wolf fur. This fur is used on the quaint buttoned sleeves with their wide-flaring bottoms that are nevertheless held in close to the wrist by buttons of polished agate, set in silver rims. Such buttons are employed on the front of the cloak, and are one of the many details in make-up that saves the furriers from the accusation that they have brought forward no novelties this season.

A cloak of this make-up is lined with satin twill to enable the wearer to slip her wrap off and on as if its interior were carefully greased, and also to endure staunchly the wear and tear to which coat-linings must submit.

Combining Fur and Velvet.

Again this season velvet will be plentifully used in the making of wraps, and the shining, fragile broad-tail will be considered the most elegant and prove the most costly cloak material. The straits to which the furriers have been put in their search for refreshing coat decorations is shown in the ornamentation of an expensive Persian lamb carriage wrap, the model for which comes from Paris. The fur in this instance is black, with claret-colored velvet, and thick silk tassels most adequately applied. A wash of velvet draws the full skirts of the coat in at the waist line, and is pulled under straps on the front width; straps of fur held down by buttons of brilliants. The same velvet motif occurs on the cuffs and collar, and as the season advances this treatment of cloth and velvet coats will appear again and again.

A Splendid Surtout.

Boleros banded with fur and sweeping robes for the carriage only show the two extremes, in which velvet, chiefly black, is used. Those royal velvet surtouts must train out upon the dress skirt, their collars must be high, they often show three different furs in their composition, and they have hats to match their wintry splendors. Witness a fine example in the sketch given of a calling wrap. Its material is broad-tail of the deepest, silkiest pile, and the capelet over the shoulders is of Russian sable. Opening upon this are revers of ermine that flarrow until the white fur dissolves into the lining, for the interior of the coat is faced with the royal pelt. On the head of the model is a toque of the fragile fur upon which is applied stripes of sable, and in front from a broad band of ermine springs a full black aigrette. With such wraps a large muff of sable would be the proper adjunct, and it is necessary here to hint that the "wee bit" muffs of last season will be out of style for the autumn on whose threshold we stand.

Holbein Toques.

Every day we touch more nearly the autumnal actualities in dress, and one modiste who is determined to lead all the rest is making a fine show of the Holbein toque. She has them direct from Paris, where she says a successful test has been made of the small hat, which will still overhang its wearer's face. This the flat Holbein will do, and it is a small, light affair. The one drawback to its universal acceptance is the undeniable fact that it becomes only the woman with a slender face. If, however, it is accepted as an actual fashion, the broad-faced women will put their notions of taste into their pockets and wear the flat cap steadily and bravely.

Moor Cloth is a Novelty.

Most flattering is the task of contemplating some of the new fabrics put forth for our winter wardrobes. First and foremost, in every possible shade, are the covert goods that for durability deserve every woman's first consideration. They are beautiful, too, in warm tones of prune and lichen gray, that is so full of green. Besides these in solid colors are shot-coverts of silver gray, turning a fine autumn hay red and dark blue with violet tones.

Scotland sends an admirable new wool mixture called moor cloth. Its colorings are supposed to echo the soft tones of the moor's vegetation, and the texture is truly delicious to the touch, so soft and supple. The finer French cloths are at hand, and most of them are sumptuously embroidered. Some of the robes come in boxes with lines of



A GRACEFUL JACKET.

This graceful combined jacket is of the palest lilac satin surah, and has a deep-tucked yoke and mames of lace on both edging and insertion.

needlework between furrows of tucks, or with bands, all tacked and embroidered to apply to the gown.

There is not, so far, a shadow of a doubt but that the bolero, and the skirt with a box-pleated back, are good for another season of usefulness, and what promises to ultimately become conspicuously important, will be the myriads of round and brush-shaped tassels, that already appear on some of the best French importations. Rows of baby tassels hang like a fringe from the high neckband of a charming cloth gown, and one of the few velvet creations seen so far was in black and really most effectively treated with numbers of wee white silk tassels, in which a few silver threads appeared. Here and there on the same gown a bit of silver embroidery appeared, and the result was not so garish as it sounds.

MARY DEAN.

WASHDAY WISDOM.

A FORMULA FOR QUICK, EASY AND BEAUTIFUL LAUNDRY WORK.

By a Special Contributor.

The quickest thorough washing is the best washing. Except for very dirty things, soaking hinders cleanliness rather than helps to it. But it is best to make haste a trifle slowly. Sort your clothes carefully before a thing is wet. Wash table linen first, then bed furnishings, then skirts, nightgowns, and so on, then colored things, next stockings and underwear, and, last of all, the soaked bits.

Two wooden tubs of handy size in addition to the set tubs



A NEW-SEASON TURBAN.

This is a model just completed for the new season. It is a Spanish turban in shape, showing a happy combination of velvet, wings, satin ribbon and steel ornaments, all in varying shades of blue.

help out very much! One may be kept especially for table linen, and for rinsing fine white things. Use the other for soaking, but do not soak too long. An hour is enough to soften and dissolve the dirt without setting it all through the garments. Soda in the soaking suds eats and destroys the fabric, but the dirt will come out easier without damage to the fibers if the soiled things are wet through with warm soda water, and well wrung, before they go in suds. This wetting and wringing out of clear soda water will both whiten and sweeten the whole wash without hurting the clothes. The caustic soda attacks the dirt first, and is dissolved, or rather washed away before it has time to eat the fabric. It must not be too strong—a tablespoonful of soda is enough for three gallons of soft water. With hard water use one-fourth more soda, as part of the strength goes to neutralize the lime in the water.

Spots and Soaps.

Keep an eye for spots and stains in the sorting. Either wet fruit stains with alcohol or pour boiling water through them. A stain once set with suds is hopeless. Wash out specks of machine oil from new garments with cold water and a little soap, or else drop kerosene through them. The washing is surest. Grass and mud stains upon light print or muslin frocks can often be taken out without injury to the pattern by sprinkling the stain thickly with salt, wetting the salt with the juice of a ripe tomato, and laying for some hours in the sun.

Borax soaps, which are white and mild and have little free alkali, are the best, but any decent soap will answer very well indeed if only none of it is left in the clothes. It saves much time and strength to dissolve the soap before beginning to wash. Cut up a cake, cover it with water, and set it over a slow fire until it turns to jelly. Wash in either cold water or warm, as suits your convenience, but keep the water near the same temperature all the way through. Alterations of hot and cold indiscriminately "foul" all sorts of fabrics, and make them dead and coarse looking. Lukewarm water is best until you come to the boiling from that the clothes should be dropped into clear, cold rinsing water, well wrung out of it, then rinsed again in lukewarm water, and blued at the same temperature. Fold the clothes as flat as possible to send them through the wringer—thus there is less soap to be rinsed out. It is the remnant suds and dirt that make garments yellow, and it is almost impossible to rinse out the soap if the clothes lie long between wringing and rinsing. The quicker their passage from the first suds to the line, the whiter and sweeter smelling they are likely to be.

Kerosene in the boiling whitens clothes safely, especially such as are yellow from lying. Put in a tablespoonful to each gallon of suds. For very yellow or grimy things make an emulsion of kerosene, clear lime water and turpentine, in equal parts. Shake them together until creamy, then add a cupful to a boilerful of clothes and boil for half an hour. The same emulsion is good for very dirty things, such as jumpers, overalls, working shirts, children's trousers. Use it in conjunction with strong soda, as hot as the hand can bear, and rub a little directly upon dirty grass spots. Let the clothes stand five minutes before washing out, and be sure to have the suds and the rinsing water as hot as the first.

The Way to Dry Clothes.

It is almost as essential that table and bed linen shall be properly hung out as that they shall be well washed. If they are allowed to dry out of shape, stretching and pulling them straight wears them much more than use. Hang table clothes and sheets evenly across the line, ends down. The warp threads are much stronger than the woof—if stretched habitually lengthwise the things will split along the fold. It is the same with towels and napkins. Indeed, everything washable lasts longer if hung to dry or that the weight while wet comes mainly upon the long-way threads. Unless you can go straight at ironing do not fold down clothes damp from the line. Even then the things will not smell so clean as if they had been allowed to get bone dry, then sprinkled. Letting damp clothes lie folded over night is a laundry sin of the first water. With perfectly dry clothes ironing can wait your leisure and your pleasure, but once they are damp, fire or sudden death are the only valid postponements.

This curtains, as madras, bobbinet, Nottingham lace, are best shaken free of dust, washed in warm suds, by squeezing, not rubbing, boiled, rinsed, blued and dried as quickly as possible. When dry haste a broadish hem in the top and bottom of each curtain, also supply yourself with two painted wooden curtain rods long enough to stretch a curtain full breadth upon. Slip a rod at top and bottom of a curtain, then sprinkle it, and hang it from the upper one, where there is plenty of air. The weight of the lower one will hold it smooth and straight until it dries. Repeat until all the curtains are in shape, then rip out the hems and press the ends lightly with a warm, not hot iron. If by chance there are any wrinkles or "cat faces" in the curtains after drying, sprinkle them lightly just as you hang them at the window, and pull the rough places smooth. Curtains with ruffles can have the ruffles fluted after coming off the rods. If hanging is inconvenient the drying curtains can be stretched horizontally between the two rods. Take care to have the rods smooth and thick enough not to spring.

Prints and Starch.

To make a good curtain starch dissolve two tablespoonfuls of dry starch in a little cold water, add it to a gallon of boiling water and cook for three minutes. Then put in a pinch of salt, three lumps of white sugar, wax—white, of course—the size of a nutmeg, and half a pint of strong gum water. Cook five minutes longer, blue very slightly, and strain twice before dipping in the dry curtains. There is a great difference in the absorbent power of fabrics—it is well to starch and dry a corner before putting in all the

contains—then, if the corner is too stiff or too limp, remedy is easy.

To wash prints in perfection you must choose a special day—dry, with plenty of air stirring and abundant sunlight. Yet the prints themselves must be dried in the shade if they are to look new afterward. Sunlight plays havoc with wet things that go through it dry, unscathed. Indigo prints, madder browns and pinks, black and white, and the whole family of chambrays, ginghams and madrases, ought to be well shaken, then wrung out of clear, cold salt water, washed quickly through white soapuds, rinsed twice, and laid quickly in the shade. Make a starch for them as for muslin, only adding twice the quantity of gum water. The black and blue and colored piques need the same treatment. Kern and grass linens and cream-grounded prints should have yellow starch, colored either with strong, clear color made with water in which a handful of hay has been soaked.

For mourning prints, with either coffee grounds or tea in place of soap, do not starch them all over, but as much of them—of course, on the wrong side—rub the sunlight over with gum Arabic dissolved in strong black ink. Wet only a little bit at a time and iron perfectly.

Ironing.

Flannels, lawns and delicately flowered stuffs generally ought to be washed with wheat bran instead of soap. Tie a bag of bran loosely in a cheesecloth bag, and rub the stuff with it as though it were a cake of soap. Wash them up and down in the water, which will be milky and sticky, and press the bran bag close into all folds and corners. Have the water barely milk warm, so as not to scald the bran. If the clothes are much soiled you may use a fresh bag of it in fresh water. Rinse afterward in two waters, dry and starch with raw starch, wet up in seawater. Do not let skirts dry double. Hang them over a wooden barrel hoop, made fast to a coat-hanger. Now stretching pull and clap almost dry, then let hang an hour. Sprinkle and fold an hour before ironing, and iron with iron just below scorching heat. The garments should now be out better than new. If there is much green or mauve shown in the pattern it is well at the first washing to put the garment in alum water before putting it in the line. A tablespoonful of ammonia in the bran water makes any colors brighter and helps materially to keep clear white grounds white.

To wash fine white waists, all lace and embroidery, without war, shake them well, wet them in clear water, with a little ammonia added, then lay them in an earthen vessel, cover with strong white soapuds, and set in the sun for two hours. No rubbing is needed—the sunlight takes out the dirt. Rinse in three waters, blue well and starch as desired for muslin. Iron on the wrong side, using a sleeve board covered with flannel.

Ironing is tedious work and trying, but may be made less so by a few simple expedients. One is the foot cushion. Make a flat pad of excelsior three inches thick and big enough to stand comfortably upon. It is a sovereign help in the ache that comes from long standing. Another is the low board, thin and light as a foot board, and three feet long, which may be held in the lap for ironing small things, such as napkins, handkerchiefs, collars. Still another is the stand, to set betwixt stove and ironing table, fending heat away. And best of all is the oil heater, which will keep the iron going at once, and by help of which you may be in the easiest room about the house.

"MR. JONES AND HIS BULL PUP."

WE WILL BE THE CORRECT ANNOUNCEMENT OF AFTERNOON CALLS NEXT WINTER.

From a Special Correspondent.

CHICAGO, Sept. 5.—The bigger and uglier a dog is these days the better are his chances for moving in high society and of claiming the prettiest debutants of the season as his romantically devoted friend. For four years now the black and white or brindled bull of the Boston or French or English breed has been a prime favorite in the smart set. Now, however, a bulldog must have wicked-looking fangs or he is not esteemed fit for the society of ladies. The extremely bow-legged bull of a pale golden shade with his owner's initials sometimes branded on his hind quarter is the latest compromise between art and nature. This species with a fierce underjaw and peculiarly Spanish markings come from England, but this country is rapidly securing an adequate domestic supply for the man and the girl who refuse to walk abroad without a canine attendant at their heels.

The pipe-smoking young man is as insistent on this dog as the high-heeled girl, and this winter many an afternoon will announce himself as "Mr. Jones and his bull pup." This particular type of bulldog is highly esteemed, because his head and his early education is carried out on lines that teach him the importance of minding his own business. In the city a dog requires a leash chiefly to keep him out of the way and the hands of the dog catcher, but not so the head-bowed bull. From puppyhood it is instilled into his mind that he must scorn the use of a leash and give conclusive attention to following, utilizing his teeth and sinews when wantonly interfered with. These bulldogs could be taken to church or to a concert with perfect confidence in their gentlemanly deportment. In winter weather they wear brown or gray chinchilla blankets, fastened with handsome decorated silver or brass buttons, a collar of calf-skin, trimmed with steel or gun metal, and \$500 is not a good price to pay for a fine, well-bred specimen.

A good country dog has become a necessity in these days, when families stay late out of town, and young women have a propensity for taking long strolls, sometimes quite alone. Various dogs as protectors and companions were tried and all of them proved too unreliable or too disagreeable until a trial was made of the reliability and temper of the respected bloodhound. He proved equal to the task, and one or two women have bought their heads from the hands of the bloodhound and have adopted them as walking companions. The stately cowed hounds are the type for which a price as a thousand dollars apiece is cheerfully paid. Their dignity, good sense, tact, strength and stern devotion to duty is beyond praise, and sometimes beyond

belief. They are enormous dogs, and when a bloodhound realizes he has a mistress to protect he never leaves her out of his sight, yet never attacks any one until he receives her express orders to do so. Then, and only then, like a gentleman, he engages his enemy with ninety-nine chances of victory on his side, though he will draw out of the battle at a word from the lady he serves.

The cowed bloodhound is one of the only dogs who can't be fooled and patronized by strangers, and who refuses to run at the end of a leash. He will wear a collar with a ring in it by which the owner can lay a restraining hand upon him, and it is the not inappropriate fashion to give these stately and fearful beasts such names as Terror, Vengeance, Revenge, etc., as somewhat descriptive of their distinctly bloodthirsty natures.

A beautiful new dog who no longer has his way to make socially is the Russian borzoi, the favorite Cossack hunting hound. For a number of years past the borzois have been much the mode in England, but not until the Princess Catherine sent a beautiful specimen from her Russian home to her mother, Mrs. Grant, have they found welcome here. The women who have country estates boasting stretches of fair lawns, have sent abroad for these noble creatures, more for the decorative effect they convey to the front of a fine country place than for any other reason. They are as graceful as deer, and wear their silver-mounted collars with an infinitely aristocratic air.

It is necessary to buy a pair of borzois, for with the delicacy of highly-bred creatures, they are exclusive, finding no pleasure or association with other dogs, and make a far better appearance leaping over the green in couples. On their collars their names are always engraved, and they are Russian names usually, Alexis or Ivan, Vladimir and Dushka.

EMILY HOLT.

MILLIONAIRES AT HOME.

NOTABLE FEATURES OF GREAT AMERICAN COUNTRY PLACES.

By a Special Contributor.

Although the country homes of the millionaires of this country bear a striking resemblance each to the other in one respect, that the one legend may be inscribed upon each—"built regardless of expense"—there are marked features which characterize each individually.

For example, the most costly and completely equipped private riding academy in the world is one of the notable features of the George Gould place at Lakewood. It was but recently completed—at a cost of \$250,000—and when looking about for something well known with which to compare it, you say, and quite within the bounds of veracity, that it is as large as Madison Square Garden—that is the ring. Here the sixty fine horses—polo ponies included, are exercised; the Gould children take their daily lessons in riding, and the bachelor guests are lodged, there being beautifully-appointed apartments for them. There are swimming pools, billiard, card and smoking-rooms, and a loggia or gallery overlooking the polo grounds, where a vast number of spectators may watch the games of polo, which now is the game par excellence of the smart set.

The notable features of Furlough Lodge, Mr. Gould's mountain home in the Catskills, are the pigeon warren and the pheasantry, the finest in the world. Then there are immense deer parks, and a small herd of buffalo, and foxes run wild the year round. The whole establishment is kept up in the good old English style, and probably no one on earth spends so much on a shooting box.

Hudson River Palaces.

Among the many charms of Lyndhurst, Miss Helen Gould's palace at Tarrytown, the roof garden most attracts. It is the roof of her new \$10,000 bowling alley, which by means of awnings, soft divans, rare plants and singing birds, has been converted into a roof garden, where the cup of tea is dispensed of an afternoon and music of a moonlight night.

Another Hudson River palace is John D. Rockefeller's on Kykuit Hill, Tarrytown. Its expensive and attractive feature is the big swannery, which is equal to the famous one on the Thames and in the gardens of the Luxembourg. A pond was constructed at a cost of \$15,000. About two hundred birds now occupy the swannery. Another feature worthy of note is the small house on the estate, where Maj. John Andre passed the night prior to his capture. This house is to be preserved for its historical interest. A stone slab has been inserted in the old chimney bearing this inscription:

ROCKERY.
This old house is supposed to have been built about the year 1750. Maj. Andre lodged here the night before his capture.

Also included in the Rockefeller estate is the old Landers house, where Andre halted for refreshment. The very step is still preserved where he sat while eating his frugal meal of bread and milk, his captors meanwhile standing guard over him. The Rockefeller mansion is the French classic style, with a Greek finish. It may be mentioned that the weekly pay roll of the men employed in landscaping the Rockefeller grounds averaged from \$4000 to \$5000.

Outdoor statuary and landscape decorations representing many hundred thousands, if not a million dollars, claim first attention at "Ferncliffe," Rhinebeck, the John Jacob Astor place. The greenhouses, too, are noteworthy, and roses are carried into the house every day in bushel baskets, to be distributed in every nook and corner where they can be placed. The library is also to be reckoned with, not to mention the rugs, of which one is said to be the finest in the world, and cost the most.

The Ogden Mills doric mansion at Statburgh-on-Hudson, of white brick, is built with particular care as to fire, extraordinary precautions having been taken in this respect. The walls are three feet thick, and the floors of iron, covered with marble in some parts and mosaic in others.

With Vanderbilt Millions.

Mrs. Margaret Louise Vanderbilt Shepard has her country seat at Scarborough-on-Hudson, which is famous for many reasons, primarily because of its beautiful Pompeian gar-

dens, which are quite unlike any other gardens in America. For Frederick Vanderbilt's new house at Hyde Park-on-Hudson, part of Napoleon's chateau at Malmaison has been brought over—the price well up in the millions, for the finished mansion.

A specially-fitted-up suite of sporting apartments is a feature of Dr. Seward Webb's princely establishment at Shelburne Falls, Vt. His "farmhouse" cost not less than a penny, and of broad acres he has 5000, more or less. Before building, Dr. Webb visited scores of castles and beautiful homes abroad, collecting photographs. With these for aids Dr. Webb followed the architect's plans step by step, a large corps of skilled draughtsmen being kept busy for two years working out the plans. The suite of sporting apartments would delight the keenest of English sportsmen with its gunroom, a room where implements of every sport known to man may be found, from the indolent croquet set to the boomerang of the wild Indians. Although "born a Vanderbilt" is not written after Dr. Webb's name, the legend is "married a Vanderbilt," which is just as lucky.

Ophir Farm, White Plains, N. Y., the residence of Whitelaw Reid, is famous for its rose gardens, where bloom roses of all colors, qualities and species, wafting their odors from the lodge gate to the veranda. The entrance hall at Ophir is another feature, which has a reputation, it is very, very long, and very, very wide—the exact figures are of no consequence—with a marble wainscoting eight feet high, and a frieze of wonderful mosaics.

A marked feature of the exterior of H. O. Havemeyer's villa, near Stamford, on the Sound, are the six massive chimneys, with quaint projections at the corners that simulate dragons and gargoyles. Each chimney, built of rough, native stone, is a pile to stir a geologist or a stone worshiper to enthusiasm. The dining-room is patterned after an old Dutch picture, from its massive fireplace to its floor of tiles. A window occupies the whole of one side of the room, and just outside the window is an open-air dining-room in summer and a glass-enclosed dining-room in winter. A Venetian town is being planned by Mr. Havemeyer, the site to consist of 100 acres on the Great South Bay. To clear the site \$500,000 will be spent—this includes the making of the canals.

The distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Trenor Park's \$1,125,000 house at Rye, on Long Island Sound, is its electric plant, which is the most costly and elaborate ever built for a private residence. There is an electric burglar alarm, which illuminates the whole house if a window is raised at night. The whole house is lighted by pressing a button, and every door opens by simply touching a button. Here one lives the life of a Sybarite, electricity bearing all the burdens of existence.

ELEANOR LEXINGTON.

THREE ORANGE SWEETMEATS.

THESE ARE WELL TESTED AND RELIABLE RECIPES TO HAVE ON HAND.

By a Special Contributor.

But few housekeepers really appreciate the full and varied value of an orange. As a flavoring this fruit is perfect, and can be utilized even to the skin. The following recipes describe the exquisite sweetmeats, which have been successfully tested:

Preserved Orange Peel.—Cut the orange peel into thin, small stripes, and throw them into a moderately strong brine. Let them stand for ten days, stirring thoroughly from the bottom every morning. At the end of that time wash thoroughly in cold water, and then soak in fresh water for three days longer, taking care that the water is changed once every twenty-four hours. When ready for cooking, drain well, and put over the fire in fresh cold water of sufficient quantity to cover and boil until the rind can be easily pierced with a straw. When tender, drain thoroughly. To each pound of peel allow one pound of sugar, add just enough water to the sugar to make a syrup, when it reaches the boiling point, add the peel and let it cook until a rich syrup is formed. Remove then from the fire, and add white brandy in the proportion one pint to four pounds of the orange peel. Pack away in jars, and let stand for two weeks before using. An economical method of securing the peel is to gather it bit by bit from the fruit that is used for other purposes, and then throw it into the brine until needed. As the peel must necessarily stand ten days, it is not injured by a considerably longer period in salt, provided it is well stirred each day, and so a goodly heap of the peel can be collected for several weeks.

Orange Leaf Cake.—Mix the juice and grated rind of four oranges, let stand for ten minutes, then rub well with a spoon and strain. Add one pound of powdered sugar and work to a thick syrup. Cut one pound of butter into dice; wash in cold water. Squeeze, remove all water and milk, then add to the orange syrup, and beat to a light cream.

Beat ten eggs until they are like soft custard and sift fourteen ounces of flour; stir them alternately with the cream a little at a time. Beat as long and as steadily as your strength will allow; pour into a buttered mold, and bake in a brick oven until it shrinks from the pan. Turn it out from the mold, dust with flour, wipe it off; then cover with the following icing while warm:

Roll one small orange on a plate so as to cause the oil to exude. Then take a little powdered sugar to which there are no lumps, and rub gently and evenly in the hand, and then rub over and over the orange till it becomes saturated with oil, repeating the process till three pounds of sugar has been used, or the oil becomes exhausted.

Squeeze out the juice of the oranges, and strain. Then break the whites of two eggs into a shallow china dish, and whisk them until they foam but do not whiten; then sift in the sugar, a little at a time, adding the juice with half a teaspoonful of lemon juice, little by little till it has been used.

Orange Creams.—Boil the rind of one large orange until tender, then beat it in a mortar until reduced to a pulp. Add one tablespoonful of brandy, the strained juice of the orange, and one-quarter of a pound of sugar. Then beat all together for ten minutes, when add the yolk of four well-beaten eggs, and again beat briskly. Bring one pint of cream to the boiling point, pour it very gradually into the orange mixture, stirring all the time. Beat until nearly cold, then pour into custard cups, which place in a deep dish of boiling water, and let stand until the water is quite cold. When cold, remove the cups, garnish the tops with sundried orange peel, and stand on ice until needed.

MRS. OLIVER BELL BUNCH.

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

THINGS ALL AROUND US.

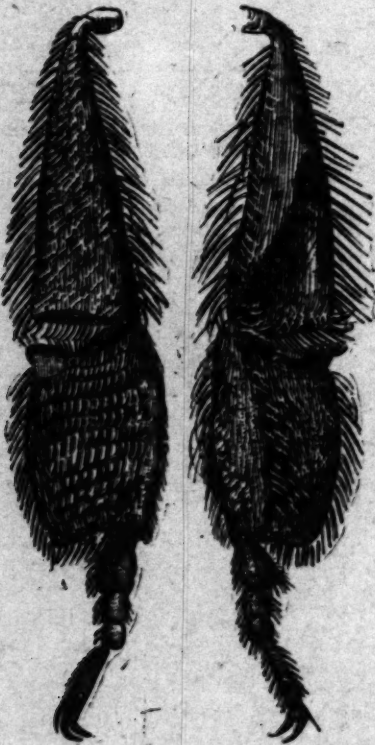
NATURE SERIES—XLIII. SOME INSECT COMBS AND PINCERS, SAWS AND CHISELS.

By a Staff Writer.

THE legs of insects are usually very wonderful little pieces of machinery. Squirrels, as you know, and some other of the larger animals, use their forelegs for some things as we use our hands. But the legs of insects are often not merely hands, but also pincers, comb, brush, mason's trowel, and a half dozen other instruments all in one. Take the legs of the honey bee, for instance—that is the legs of the working honey bee; for those of the male and female insects are not made quite after the same pattern. Here you have the picture of the hind legs of the worker. Notice how long they are and how queerly shaped. The foot, as you see, is armed with hooks, with which the bee can cling to the stems of the plants over which he walks. Insects in the winged form are generally provided with some sort of hooks on their feet, and these hooks are of different shape to suit the particular kinds of leaves and branches over which the insect is most in the habit of walking. The hooks have the same work to do as the claws on a bird's foot and look much like these, as you can see. Only the bird is in the habit of sitting across the branches, and his claws turn from front to back, whereas the insect more often crawls along a stem or twig, and the hooks on his legs therefore turn from the side inward, clasping from each side and giving a very strong hold.

On the legs of the bee you will notice two very thick parts, hinged together, with a squarish opening between them. You can see, too, that what you may call the mouth of the opening is smaller than the rest of it and has two little points sticking toward each other. In this opening between the two joints of his leg the honey bee worker can hold things as in a vice or a pair of pincers.

You will notice, too, that these two parts of the leg, but



LEGS OF A WORKING BEE.

more particularly the upper one of the two, are covered with hairs. These hairs serve the insect as a brush. The leg next in front of this one, on each side, is also quite thickly covered with hairs, and the bee can work the two brushes against each other if he chooses. This is, in fact, the manner in which he is said to comb out the pollen he collects for the purpose of making bee bread.

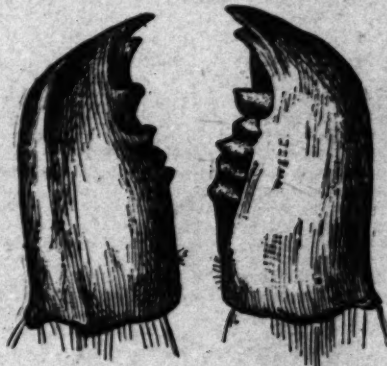
The legs of other insects are quite as wonderfully made for their special work as are those of the honey bee.

But generally the most remarkable tools of insects belong to the head. Those parts especially which are placed at each side of the mouth and called "mandibles"—a name which means "little jaws"—are usually of such form as to serve as very wonderful tools. The mouth itself, taken with these, often represents a whole kit of tools. Mandibles are used for seizing living prey, when the insect feeds on such, and for tearing it in pieces for food. They are used by insects which live upon green stuff, leaves and twigs, in sawing these off and in cutting and grinding them up for eating. In some cases these outside jaws become especially strong saws. Here, for instance, you have the picture of a large beetle that bores into wood, which has such a saw.

Down around Rio Janeiro there is an insect which saws the small limbs of trees round about until they drop off, and this insect, as you will understand, must have mandibles which are very perfect saws. Mandibles are used, besides, by those insects that make nests, for carrying building material and also in the actual work of making walls, and in other operations.

If you will notice the mandibles and feet of insects, you

will soon discover that they are different in almost every kind of insect and often shaped similar to one or another tool of human make. But on the other hand you will find a good many parts of insects, perhaps especially parts of their feet, the use of which will puzzle you. In fact there are a great many such parts for the particular shape of which no student of insects can give you any reason. How-



MANDIBLES OF THE GREEN GRASSHOPPER.

ever, you may be sure that the shape of every part has some reason, although people have not yet discovered it; and to find out what this use is will give you something to watch for. Perhaps you may be able by and by to tell us something about the habits of insects that no one else has ever before found out.

JIMMIE SMITH'S MAGIC PUMPKIN.

A FAIRY STORY THAT WILL BE OF INTEREST TO BOYS.

By a Special Contributor.

All Smithville knew Jimmy. Some folks said that they "knew no good of him." Perhaps they were prejudiced. Deacon Smith always said when he introduced him to the elders at meeting: "My son, James." But then everybody knew he was just Jimmy.

Jimmy believed in fairies, for hadn't he had an experience with the dried-apple fairies and the wish apple? Anybody would believe in them after that.

It was a beautiful autumn day, just the kind of a day when a real boy feels ripe enough for any kind of sport or mischief. Jimmy had been enjoying himself out in the corn field ever since dinner. Weren't there just hundreds of big, orange-yellow pumpkins out there, and hadn't he engraved "J. S." "Jimmy" and "J. Smith" on their shining hides until the whole cornfield was like an autograph album on a large scale? That was enough to fill to the brim any boy's cup of happiness. Just as he was giving the finishing touches to a mammoth golden pumpkin he heard his mother calling:

"Jimmy! Jimmy! Oh! Jimmy!"

He waited a few minutes to add some flourishes to his carving and not until the voice was heard calling him for the third time, and in a higher key did he respond: "Yes'm, I'm a-comin'." And come he did, stopping here and there to alter the fresco on some of the yellow fruit that seemed to his artistic eye to need retouching. Now and then he poked at a hop-toad with the great toe of his bare foot. Then he would stop and measure the length of the toad's jump.

Mrs. Smith knew boys in general and her own in particular, so she said nothing about the tardy response to her call, and noted with satisfaction that the wood-box filled with surprising rapidity, and that Jimmy was now developing a wonderful ability to find empty water buckets among a row of apparently full ones.

"Better hunt the eggs," she said. And Jimmy disappeared in the direction of the barn, turning a handspring and cartwheel as he went. In the hen coop and under the barn eggs were plenty, and putting them safely in a box of bran on the barn floor, he scrambled into the hay loft to look for hidden nests. Eggs were scarce in the mow, and he had scarcely a handful before he tired of the search; besides this, his new-born spirit of industry was waning. He tried "skinning the cat" from the rafters and tumbled in a heap on the soft hay of the mow. Then he tunneled into the hay and made caves and forts. It was hot in the mow, and he crawled into a cool tunnel in the hay to rest, and hatch plans for the next day. Soon he thought he heard a soft, mellow voice calling his name. He pinched himself to make sure that he was awake, then he heard the voice calling again and was sure of it.

"What do you want?" said Jimmy.

"Come down here and help me out," said the mellow voice.

"Who are you?" said Jimmy.

"I was raised between two rows of corn. Can't you guess?"

"Punkin, for certain," said Jimmy. Then he looked about him and saw buried in the hay at the bottom of the tunnel a great golden pumpkin. "Are you in the punkin?" said he.

"Yes," said the mellow voice. "I am the fairy of the magic pumpkin. Help me out, boy. It's very close in here."

"How will I get you out?"

"Cut a whole around the stem," said the fairy, and Jimmy did as he was bidden.

As soon as the hole was cut, out jumped a little man all dressed in yellow, with great pumpkin seeds on his clothes in place of buttons. "Thanks," said he, "but you needn't have been so long about it. I am sure to be late to the

ball, you have been so long finding me. Still, I'm mallee, you can have the magic pumpkin, but don't cut pumpkins again." And the fairy vanished. Jimmy could ask what ball it was and what the ball was good for, and lots of other questions. But the fairy was wise in his day and generation and knew better.

Jimmy examined the pumpkin and found it just as other, except that the inside was smooth and the seeds were all gone. As he felt about inside the pumpkin very thirsty and wished for a glass of lemonade, he wished that he felt something cold slip into his inside the pumpkin. "Oce whis!" said he, as he took a sparkling glass of lemonade. Then he smacked his lips and wished for ice cream and cake. Out of the pumpkin came layer cake, sponge cake, and all sorts of cake, great dish of harlequin ice cream. "My eye, but that's great," said Jimmy. When he had feasted until he was no more he tried to think what he would like best to get out of the pumpkin, for he knew fairies seldom come more than three wishes at one time. Think as he could, the only thing he could think of to wish for was a brand new jackknife, with four blades and a handle like Billy Barlow's. So he wished for it, and sure enough lay a shining knife inside the pumpkin.

Now a new knife is useless to a boy unless he has something, and the pumpkin was the only cuticle within reach. Jimmy couldn't help thinking what Jack o'Lantern it would make. The thought was by action, and the fairy's warning was forgotten. The great pumpkin was hard, and did not cut easily. Jimmy tried to cut it with the knife, but found he was from within to make the mouth for the lantern. After he put his arm into the pumpkin he felt a creepy, pinching, prickling feeling all through it. Then he saw with horror that the pumpkin was about his arm. The eyes, nose and mouth were close, and he was being slowly drawn into the pumpkin. Jimmy tried to cry for help, but he could only cry in a soft, away, mellow voice, like the pumpkin fairy. The pumpkin kept growing faster and faster, and finally about his head with a snap. He was inside the pumpkin, could feel the smooth walls, and the air seemed suffocating.

The cramped quarters hurt dreadfully, and he was frightened that he began to cry. "Why did I cut the pumpkin? I'll never do it again. I wish I'd never cut the pumpkin." Then something pricked him, and he was so hard that his head went bump through the pumpkin and he woke up. He was lying half buried in the hay with his head bumping against the side of the mow. His arm was asleep, and felt queer and prickly, but the pumpkin, jack-knife and all was gone.

Jimmy shouted and shook himself to make sure he was all right and, hearing the supper bell, he got his hateful of eggs, slid down from the mow and ran to house.

On the table, in the center, sat a great, deep dish in it, surrounded by crisp, crusty scallops, was a mottled with tints, creamy, golden and brown.

"Yum, yum!" said Jimmy. "Punkin pie for me. And he smacked his lips."

DICK SYLVESTER

SOME FANTASTIC ANIMALS.

A CYRANO AMONG BEASTS—SNAKES THAT ARE APPALLING INSECT INDUSTRY.

By a Special Contributor.

Horses, giraffes and ostriches have the largest eyes of terrestrial animals, but among marine animals, the cephalopods or ink fish, which have eyes as large as a plate. A tiger with a glass eye is something of a rarity, there is one at the Stuttgart menagerie, and its glass eye looks as fierce as its real one.

A perfect Cyrano among beasts is the coati, found on Devil's Island; for its size—about that of a dog—it has the largest nose of any known animal. It is pyramid shaped, with jaws like an alligator's, and its forepaws to carry its food to its mouth as a coati does. This animal is found on the island Dreyer, famous, and nowhere else on earth. At the Natural History, Paris, there is a single specimen of this attracting much attention.

A snake which uses its backbone for a walking stick—the puff-adder of South Africa, the most deadly snake in the world. It can climb, swim, and, more wonderful still, actually walk. It moves forward without undulation or wriggling. Wave-like motions pass along its ribs move backward and forward like legs, but the skin; these motions are similar to the undulation of the legs of a millipede. The snake does not move its spine while walking, nor deviate one jet from a straight swimmer.

Giraffes can perform as many gymnastic feats as circus contortionists—that is, with their necks, which are so easily broken that when the animal wishes to reach a certain height it twists its neck about until it snaps, and defense is no longer possible the animal is destroyed. A full-grown giraffe is never captured; the animal is killed. There are but few specimens in captivity. One time there was only one in England, but now there are two in this country. The animal in a menagerie which gives its keeper most trouble is the giraffe. The freight bill for one giraffe from the wilds of Africa to the Arsenal, Central Park, would be \$7500—a stiff price for one curiosity.

Quite as rare as a giraffe is a black lioness, only one in captivity; this is in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. Lions of this color are found only in the of the Sahara, and are scarce even there.

The industry shown by ants is appalling. In America they have been known to construct a tunnel miles in length. The small red ant of India is

It takes about twelve of them to carry off a tiny grain of wheat, yet they will carry one of these grains 1000 yards to their nest. One ant, which was placed in a saucer with some larvae, worked from 6 in the morning until 10 at night, and carried 187 of the larvae to her nest. The largest known insect is the elephant beetle of Venezuela, which sometimes weighs half a pound. The Ceylon spider weighs nearly half a pound. Now and then a spider has been found to weigh nine ounces.

The insect with the shortest life is the ephemere of Germany—five hours is the limit of life, and it takes no time during this time. It is true, however, that when taking the form of a butterfly it has lived three years as a worm. During this time it lives in or near the ground, and the change to an ephemere is so sudden that one has no time to see it.

THE MAGICIAN'S CASKET.

THAT CAN BE READILY MADE AND WILL PUZZLE MOST PEOPLE.

By a Special Contributor.

It has besides being difficult to open has the merit of being difficult to close when it is opened. It should be about three inches long by one inch thick. The lid is made of two pieces that turn on a peg. The longer piece is a slot twice the diameter of the peg in one-half inch is placed a shot exactly filling it, as shown in

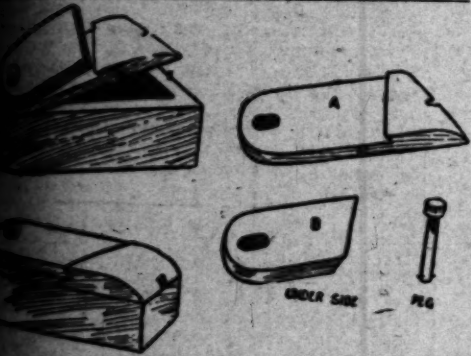


DIAGRAM OF MAGICIAN'S CASKET.

Figure A. The smaller piece has a cavity over the shot, and when it will drop when the box is turned upside down as in figure B. At the end of the longer piece is a little hole fitting against a wire pin to prevent the lid from being moved sideways.

The thickness of piece marked A must be as great as the diameter of the peg, so as to give room for the shot, and the hole in B must be greater so that the cavity can be made without cutting through it. The peg when in place should be held through it a wire pin, so as to hold the parts tightly together and prevent their being lifted.

"BE FRUITFUL AND MULTIPLY."

VARIOUS INSECTS EXECUTE THE LORD'S COMMAND TO FILL THE SEAS AND EARTH.

Rev. Theodore Wood in London Mail: Insects may be truly described as small animals with very large families. They think nothing of having a few hundreds of little ones at a single birth. Many of them are never satisfied with one or two, and some 100,000, while there are not a few whose progeny resemble the sands of the sea, since they cannot be numbered for multitude.

One of these is the common English oil beetle, a great black creature which waddles clumsily about in many places in spring, and squeezes out an evil-smelling oil which will all over your fingers if you venture to pick it up. It cannot walk properly, for its body is so heavily laden with eggs that it drags heavily on the ground beneath it.

There are some 50,000 of these eggs altogether, and the mother lays them in batches in holes in the ground, 3000 or 4000 in a batch, and then considers herself as absolved from all responsibility with regard to their future welfare. The little long-legged grubs which hatch out from them, however, are quite capable of looking after themselves. They dig up the stems of the nearest flowers, and hide among their petals until bumble bees come along in search of honey.

Then they spring on to the hairy bodies of those insects and somewhat simple insects and ride them pick-pick to their nests, where they feed luxuriously on the juices of the bees and on the food which they had stored up for the young. Another insect with a very big family is the house fly, first cousin to the common or household bluebottle. The creature believes not only in having as many little ones as it possibly can, but also in rearing them with the most practicable rapidity.

Instead of laying eggs, as almost all other insects do, the house fly grubs, which come pouring out in a continuous stream, all neatly arranged side by side together, like ribbons from the mouth of a conifer. These grubs, which are fed upon carrion, at once set to work to devour it, and the more they eat the hungrier they get, so that life is one long unbroken meal.

The common hive bee is fairly prolific, for the queen lives for four or five years, and lays eggs at the rate of about a hundred a day from March until the end of October. Her annual output, probably, amounts to between 100,000 and 200,000.

The queen ant is more prolific still, for she drops eggs wherever she goes for her attendants to gather up and carry to the nurseries. In many cases her offspring must number at least half a million in the course of a single year.

This magnificent record, however, is put into the shade by that of the queen termite, whose body swells out to such an enormous extent that she looks like a small sausage, with a tiny head and six absurd little

legs at one end. The workers build a strong clay prison around her, inclosing her in a narrow cell, from which there is no possibility of escape. But the precaution is quite unnecessary, since she could not drag her great, lumbering body along for a single inch under any circumstances whatsoever. She can only lie perfectly still for four or five years and pour out eggs in one continual torrent, while hundreds of tiny workers pick them up as fast as they fall and carry them away. In the subsequent career of her numerous little ones she takes no interest whatever. She is simply a live machine for producing millions and millions of eggs.

But the efforts of the queen termite, great as they are, never result in so vast a family as that of the aphid—the formidable "green fly" of the farmer.

An aphid does not lay eggs, as a rule, until the very end of the summer. All the rest of the season it produces living young by a kind of budding process, little ones sprouting out of its body at the rate of some twenty-five a day. This goes on for a month or five weeks, while the young are born in so advanced a state of development that in a very few days they begin to set up budding operations on their own account. So the original parent very soon finds herself surrounded by descendants of the fourth or fifth generation. And, moreover, all these little ones are females. Aphides of the masculine persuasion are exceedingly rare. They only make their appearance, in fact, once in every season, so that aphides, when they die, are gathered, not to their fathers, but to their mothers.

The consequence is that these creatures multiply with almost inconceivable rapidity.

LITTLE MONKEY'S SWIMMING SCHOOL.

THE STORY OF THE VISIT OF TIGER AND ZEBRA AND THEIR BATHING SUITS.

By John Walker Harrington.

Little Monkey lost his tail, and the other monkeys made so much fun of him that he could not live with them any more. He went away by himself and fed on berries. He was sitting on the bank of the river one day when the earth gave way and he fell in the water. He swam out again, and as he did he had an idea.

"I'll start a swimming-school," said he, "I'll teach all the other animals to swim so that their lives will be saved if they fall into the water."

So Little Monkey built houses on the shore of the river and put up a sign which read:

L. MONKEY,
Swimming-Skule,
Bathing Suits to Hire.

He had 100 bathing suits in sizes to any animal from a mouse to an elephant. He hired the tailor bird to make new suits as fast as the old ones were out. Ben Crocodile was always swimming around to save the lives of the animals who swam out too far. Little Monkey put a raft away out in the stream, where the animals could rest after they had swum as long as they should.

When all the animals and all the birds heard that Little Monkey had a swimming-school they said, "How very fashionable!"

Some of them thought they could swim, but then it became the style for all animals and birds to swim like little monkeys without tails. Every afternoon the beach in front of Little Monkey's bathing-houses was filled by the jungle folk. All those who went in hired bathing suits, and the tailor bird was kept busy all day making new suits and mending the old ones. Little Monkey wore a fine gray suit, and he swam up and down to teach the animals how to swim like a little monkey without a tail.

Tiger and Zebra were great friends, and one afternoon they went to Little Monkey's swimming-school.

"We want nice new suits," said Tiger.

Tailor Bird brought out two suits with yellow and black stripes. Tiger and Zebra then had white hair, for this was many years ago.

"They're fine," said Tailor Bird. "They fit like the bark on the tree, and the colors are so new that they would be ashamed to run."

"What pretty suits," Zebra and Tiger said at once.

They put on the bathing suits and sat down on the sand.

"Why don't you come in?" asked Heron, who had stayed in the water until he was blue.

"We want everybody to see our fine new suits," answered Zebra.

"Come on!" cried Little Monkey. "Bathing suits were made to get wet."

So Tiger and Zebra stepped into the water and followed Little Monkey.

"Tiger," cried Little Monkey, turning around, "you must keep your mouth tightly shut."

(Every time Tiger got near Little Monkey his mouth flew open.) This made Little Monkey very nervous, for Tiger had big, sharp teeth. When Tiger was not scaring Little Monkey, Zebra was kicking the water over the poor little animal, which was doing its best to teach its pupils how to swim. The other animals and birds got out of the water and sat upon the beach and laughed and laughed at the fun which Tiger and Zebra were having with Little Monkey.

Tiger and Zebra made believe that they were very awkward. They were all the time catching Little Monkey around the neck until his head was under water. Then when he came up again with his ears and mouth all streaming, they would say, "Noble Little Monkey, you have just saved our lives." They even got a little fish to swim under Little Monkey and bite his toes. Little Monkey pretended not to be angry. All the time, though, he was vexed, and he made up his mind that he would pay back Tiger and Zebra for the mean way in which they were treating him. He was all tired out, but he kept swimming, for he saw that something was happening which would give him a fine revenge.

"Tiger," he said, "if you would keep your mouth from being open so much, and Zebra, if you would not splash with your feet, you both would become very fine swimmers. Don't bother to take off your bathing suits. Just sit in

the sun and when I teach Antelope how to dive I'll give you another lesson."

So Tiger and Zebra sat in the sun and told the other animals about the great fun which they had had with Little Monkey.

Then they found something else to make fun for them. Leopard, who was all spotted, came down to the beach.

"Ho, ho," laughed Tiger, "did you ever see an animal in a polka-dot skin?"

"He, he, isn't he gayly dressed?" neighed the Zebra, as he grinned and looked around at the other animal.

"It is not every animal," answered the Leopard, as he came out dressed up in his white bathing suit, "who has the good fortune to be born with a beautiful white skin. Many is the time I have tried to change these polka dots for a plain checked suit, but somehow I could never do it. I may be funny, but I never looked so queer as do two very mean animals who are lying on this beach all dressed up in ugly, striped bathing suits."

Then Zebra and Tiger became angry. They got up and took off their bathing suits and threw them at Tailor Bird. Then all the birds and the animals laughed so hard that they had to put their hands to their sides. Hyena laughed until he rolled over and over on the beach.

"Hyena," roared Tiger, "you are always laughing at nothing. What is the matter with you?"

Hyena pointed with his paw. Tiger and Zebra looked at themselves and found that their skins were all striped. The color had come out of the new bathing suits and the sun had dried it into their hair. Ever since that day the beasts in the jungle have always said Striped Tiger and Striped Zebra, and it was not until the Spotted Leopard told me this story that I knew that those two animals were once as white as the Polar Bear.

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A NEW ENTERTAINMENT.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] A Cleveland woman who came home from New York the other day is delighted with a novelty in entertaining that she came across during her stay. It is called a "Chinese Quizzing Party," and exercises the mental faculties in a way that is calculated not to be too severe a strain for hot weather.

If possible the guests are entertained on the porch of the home of the hostess, and everything easily available in the way of Chinese decorations is utilized in order to give the suggestion of proper environment. There are Chinese lanterns, of course, and Chinese bowls of flowers on Chinese stands, and mats and bamboo odds and ends. Then each guest is given a card with a Chinese decoration on it, and a pencil to write the answers to the Chinese quizzes, and when the hostess has fired a cannon cracker—not in her fingers, however—the pencils are promptly leveled at the cards and the queries begin. There is a reasonable amount of time allowed after each query, but when the hostess lights and tosses out on the lawn a little firecracker its explosion is a signal that time is up, and the next query at once follows.

Here is the list of quizzes which the Cleveland woman brought home:

What two letters are most popular in China? Tea and que.

What is proof that the eyes of the Mongolians are open at last? The Yellow Sea.

Through what? The open door.

When the powers get hold of the Empress Dowager what will they catch? A Tartar.

If you're anxious to go to China what will the government do? Take.

Then what will you be in? Transports.

What couldn't the Empress Dowager govern? China Proper.

When the Empress makes the Emperor cry what would he like to do? Boxer.

What sort of a great wall are the powers likely to build in the Flowery Kingdom? A partition of China.

How is it to be expected that the Chinese will take reverses and victories? Coolie.

If the Chinese were Spaniards what would they call the stories of American heroism in China? Pig tails.

What sort of fruit is generally found green and always found rotten in China? Mandarin.

What sort of an army ought to reach Peking the quickest? A Russian army.

There are Chinese politicians that don't care for Earl Li, but who would like what? Old Li Hung.

A bunch of firecrackers is exploded to mark the moment when "time's up," and while the cards are being looked over in order to find the winners, refreshments are served. Of course a real Chinese menu is impossible, and the guests wouldn't sample it if it was. But there should be tea and chopsticks, and the prizes must be simple Chinese knick-knacks.

The queries and answers must be compiled afresh for every quizzing party, of course, but for ingenious minds this would be but little labor.

Anyway, the lady says it is a delightful novelty, and she wants to give a quizzing of her own at an early date.

WHO KNOWS, INDEED?

[Baltimore American:] She wept.

"Oh, you editors are horrid," she sobbed.

"What is the trouble, madam?" inquired the editor, as he blue-penciled two paragraphs that had come as an inspiration to the young man who was "taking up journalism."

"Why, I—boo—hoo—I sent in an obituary of my husband, and—boo—hoo—and said in it that he had been married for twenty years, and you—oo—oo—boo—hoo—your printers set it up 'worried for twenty years.'"

She wept.

But the editor grinned.

Perhaps it was all right, all 'round.

Who knows?

AN EPITAPH.

He stood on the bridge at midnight.

Had his escape been fester.

The hand that slapped the bridge of the nose

Had not killed Amos Keeter.

—[Josh Wink in Baltimore American.]

OCEAN CURRENTS.

THEIR CAUSES AND EFFECTS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE sea is a well-known type of restlessness, and therefore represents one of the special characteristics of the age in which we live. And yet at this season of the year tens of thousands rush to the sea to find the rest and quiet which they feel they need, and which they cannot secure in the daily round of life.

The restlessness of the sea which strikes us most readily is the constant movement and ever-changing forms of the waves on its surface. But these are only surface indications of the action of the winds. There are much mightier movements always going on in the whole body of the waters of the seas which the eyes can hardly detect, but whose influence is felt in every part of the world. The cold waters of the polar regions are perpetually flowing toward the equator, and the warm waters of the equatorial regions are constantly flowing toward the poles. The heat of the sun is the first great cause of this general movement. The evaporation of the waters in the region of the equator is said to amount to about fifteen feet in the year, and thus a depression is formed which the colder waters from the poles rush in to fill. These two cold currents of water from the poles, being heavier than the waters near the equator, flow at the bottom of the ocean as they approach the equator, and there gradually rise to the surface to be heated in their turn, and to fill up the vacuum caused by evaporation. This is of course only a very general statement of what has been called the vertical circulation of the waters of the ocean, as distinguished from the horizontal or surface currents.

The thermometer is one of the chief means employed for discovering the existence and character of these currents; and in proof of the point that the cold water of the polar regions does flow to the equator and then rise to the surface it is found, that the water is colder at a certain depth from the surface at the equator than it is at the same depth some distance on either side of the equator. Again, the waters in the polar regions are less salt than those in the tropics, and it is found that this is the case with the water that rises to the surface at the equator.

But the waters from the poles do not flow in a straight line north and south, but generally in a westerly direction as they approach the equator. And this is caused by the daily rotation of the earth on its axis from west to east, the second great cause of all ocean currents. The earth being about twenty-four thousand miles in circumference, any point on its surface near the equator will travel at the rate of a thousand miles in a hour. As we approach the poles the rate will diminish rapidly, till at about 60 deg. of latitude it will be only about five hundred miles an hour. The waters around the poles will therefore naturally have a very slow motion in common with the surface of the earth eastward; but as they flow toward the equator they will come in contact with the more rapidly moving surface of the earth, and, not being able to keep up with it, will be left behind and flow toward the west. The exact opposite of this takes place in the case of the warm surface waters flowing from the equator to the poles. These waters have the original momentum of 1000 miles an hour eastward along with the surface of the earth; but as they flow north and south they soon come over the more slowly moving parts of the earth, outrun the earth, and flow generally toward the northeast and southeast. This again is but a general statement of a great principle, which is modified in its action in many ways, chiefly by the prevailing winds, by the depth of the water and by the obstruction of the land both above and below its surface.

The prevailing winds must then be considered as another of the principal causes of all movements in the ocean; and these must have a great share in the credit of producing the best-known and most remarkable of all the currents, the Gulf Stream. This receives its name from the Gulf of Mexico, out of which it flows, but in which it does not originate. It begins on the western coast of Africa, and is formed by the north and south equatorial currents which flow across to Brazil and the West Indian Islands. The southern current seems to flow, or a portion of it, along the northern coast of South America into the Caribbean Sea, past the western end of Cuba, around the Gulf of Mexico, and passes out into the Atlantic again between Florida and the Bahama Islands. It is met on the northern shores of Cuba by a portion of the north equatorial current, and thenceforth the united current is known as the Gulf Stream. This great river of warm water, with its bed and banks of cold water, flows at first in the general direction of the east coast of the United States but not close to the shores. When it gets about opposite to New York it takes a more easterly direction and soon divides into several branches. Part of it goes up toward Iceland, another portion passes on to the western shores of Great Britain, and then on past the coast of Norway cut into the Arctic Ocean. Another branch flows southeast toward the Azores, and finally joins the north equatorial current again, thus completing almost a circle, in the midst of which is formed the famous Sargasso Sea, where there are no currents, and which is almost covered with a bed of seaweed, from which it receives its name. The Gulf Stream is met near Newfoundland by the cold Labrador, or Hudson Bay, current, and also by the Arctic current from the east coast of Greenland. The meeting of these warm and cold currents is the principal cause of the dense fogs so well known on the Banks of Newfoundland. A portion of these cold currents from the north flows along the eastern shores of the United States, inside of the Gulf Stream, thus depriving the Eastern States of the genial warmth which they would otherwise receive from the Gulf Stream.

A similar system of horizontal and almost circular movement of the waters prevails in the South Atlantic, and also in the Indian Ocean; but it will be more interesting now to turn our attention to the currents of the Pacific. The

chief difference, perhaps, between the Atlantic and Pacific is, that the former is widely open to the flow of cold water from the north as well as from the south, while the Pacific has only a very narrow and shallow passage from the north in the Bering Strait. The principal cold water current of the Pacific comes therefore from the south toward Cape Horn, where it is divided into two branches, one of which flows into the Atlantic and the other up the coast of South America until it reaches Peru and is then turned to the west and forms the southern branch of the great equatorial current. This is a very broad current having, according to one writer, a width of 3500 miles, flowing between 24 deg. north latitude and 50 deg. of south latitude. Its average speed is about nineteen miles a day, but in some places and at certain seasons its progress is twice as rapid. When this mighty ocean river has crossed the Pacific it must of necessity change its course. A portion of it is turned southward toward Australia and New Zealand, and is gradually merged in the general flow of the currents from the south, thus completing the almost circular movement of the waters in the basin of the South Pacific. The other portion of the equatorial current strikes the coast of Asia between the Philippines and Japan, and is then turned in a northeasterly direction and forms what is known as the Japan current. This current has been known to the Japanese for centuries, and valued by them not only for its genial influence on their climate, but also for its assistance to them in their coast navigation. The great mass of this current follows generally the shores of the North Pacific, bringing to Alaska and Vancouver's Island the warmth of tropical waters, and flowing past our own shores helps to give us the most equable and delightful climate in the world. After passing our coasts the bulk of it turns in a westerly direction and joins the North Equatorial current, thus completing its circuit, and including another immense bed of seaweed, or Sargasso Sea, in the middle of the North Pacific, like the one in the middle of the North Atlantic.

The effects of these wonderful currents can only be hinted at. The difference between the climate of the western shores of Europe and the eastern shores of North America must be attributed chiefly to the influence of the Gulf Stream; and the cooling effects of Humboldt's Current on the climate of Peru is an equally remarkable example of the influence of ocean currents on climate. G. R.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By a Staff Writer.

WHAT would the women of Jane Austen's and Mme. D'Arbigny's day do if their restless natures should, in their wanderings, happen back to this rapid little planet and come face to face with the nineteenth-century American girl? If spirits ever have heart failure, surely those soft and fleeting shades would at once experience it and gently fade away into nothingness with the shock. Out at Rockaway Beach, N. Y., a few days since, a young girl effectually reversed the old order of things by swimming to the help of her fiancé, who had been swept from his feet by the surf, and rescuing him from drowning. He was unconscious when she reached him, but she kept him up, despite a strong undertow, until assistance came. At South Hyannis, Mass., Mrs. Jane Peck was recently chased by a shark which proved to be nine feet eight inches long, although she did not at that time stop to measure him. She led him a swift race into shoal water, and while he was floundering about on a sand bank calmly went for a rope, slipped him and dragged him ashore. At Corbetsville, Pa., two small representatives of the sex, aged 15 and 9, respectively, when awakened by a burglar, gave him so much to do that he fled ignominiously.

Now what would have happened to the girls of the eighteenth century in adventures like to these? What did the Belindas and Aréthuses and other maids of that day do, for instance, when they happened up against a midnight intruder? Did they tackle him? I trow not. Their very most valiant performance was to rend the atmosphere into tatters with their screams and look picturesque in a negligee specially designed by the novelist for the occasion and having absolutely no counterpart in reality. What would even the spirited Evelina have done had she seen her adored Lord Orville carried off his august feet by a vulgar and impertinent undertow? Supposing that she had, by any chance, possessed the masculine art of swimming and had succeeded in reaching his side in the waves, one glance at his unconscious face would have been enough for her. She would simply have collapsed and gone down like a plummet, which would have been extremely picturesque, no doubt, and might have saved a wearied audience the third volume—but for strict practicality falls short of the fin-de-siècle American method.

As for the shark episode—but that whole incident is unthinkable from the eighteenth century point of view. The shark's threatened victim could only have been a man. The woman in the case, if there had been one, would have been on shore, and would have done nothing more sensible than to stand still and yell loud enough to scare all the funny monsters of the deep into convulsions.

These signs of the times are all very well. Evidently they take a good deal of responsibility off the other sex and are therefore to be hailed as an advance. But there are other signs of a less propitious character—some of which, indeed, ought to be mentioned only under the breath lest they should leak out and encourage already threatening tendencies. In Winnebago county, Ill., for instance, the Old Maids' Society not long ago held a picnic. The members of the club were just in the midst of a discussion of the awful possibilities of married life when their privacy was disturbed by a party of married women who came to pry and jeer. Now the age-honored picture of the old maid makes her a spare and angular creature, feeble and fragile, surveying the universe somberly through spectacles of an antique cut. Evidently the old maids of the Illinois club were not made after this pattern, for it is related by the Elgin News that they seized the intruders, twelve in number, and gave them a ducking in the river. In addition to this, the fat

matrons were dumped into hammocks and (and) baskets of all were taken from them, and and and forlorn the misguided married sisters fled through woods, pursued by the insulted spinsters. Did our republic bear the like of that! Whither are we going?

There are a half-dozen tots in the City of New York who will have the earnest sympathy of a good many people. Kind and benevolent people sent these boys and three girls from the tenement districts to the country for a nice outing. They had never in their lives seen so much green-grocer's stuff or so much deadliness as they had never heard half so many birds or a half so many mosquitoes before; and when the excitement of the mosquitoes—which, they said afterward, were as big as swallows—had subsided, they grew very tired and determined to run away home. So they fled from the pleasant summer home provided for them by good, nice, kind benevolent people who had taken them on a lift from a farmer's wagon, and went that night, in their own little beds in the hot, stuffy room without the companionship of the green-grocer's stuff or the deadliness and the Jersey mosquitoes. They actually cried, they were so glad to get away from things. All of which goes to show that the children of the day are wise in their generation.

A German inventor has just perfected a scheme for the use of photographs as guides to museums and exhibitions. The person desiring information on any exhibit has place in the machine the roller dealing with that particular subject and turn the crank. The formula usually off by the human photograph provided at such places thereupon be delivered, at any pace to suit and without usual subsequent demand of extortionate fees. Those who have traveled in Europe will welcome this invention as a particular relief, and will probably breathe a fervent prayer that it may find its earliest application in the case of its inventor.

FAMOUS FEMINE WITS.

DO ENGLISH WOMEN OUTSHINE THEIR AMERICAN SISTERS IN CONVERSATION?

[New York Sun:] London differs from New York in the possession of a group of women who have made a reputation for themselves as conversationalists, and in the respect of what their other charms may be are famed in the city. Their presence at a dinner is said to be sought by hostesses more interested in the success of entertainments than in the impression they may make socially. The woman now accounted the most brilliant conversationalist in London is Lady Dorothy Neville. She is said to be equal to the task of supplying animated wit at the very fullest kind of a dinner, and with a little bit discouraging to read that she is famed for the quality and quantity of her anecdotes, her claims must be well founded, as she has held her place in the society for some years without dispute. It is known that a woman in New York society would owe her fame because she told anecdotes at dinner, and in her case would probably grow less frequent, indeed more numerous, as they have in the case of Lady Dorothy Neville. But London standards are evidently different; the reputation of Miss Helen Kemble, sister of Lady Dorothy, considered one of the most brilliant women of the day, will readily show. She is said to have made her reputation chiefly through the wonderful brilliancy of her wit, that have been known to keep smart London dinner parties going through the greater part of a meal.

It is doubtful if that gift would serve to make a reputation for cleverness in New York society, unless there were some quite unusual quality in the riddles. The late Margot Tennant, now Mrs. Asquith, is another woman who maintains her ability to talk entertainingly, without saying any of the marked peculiarities of the other women who share her reputation. The conversationalist Mrs. William James is said to be the secret of her success, and it was once potent enough to gain for her and her husband the honor of a visit from the Prince of Wales. She is said to take a great delight in Mrs. James's wit, and other women have gained the reputation of brilliant talk, and one of these made a visit several years ago to Newport, says a writer in the Savannah News. It was noted there that her conversation was vivacious and interesting. Some evidence of its character may be had from an experience that befell her at Newport. She was beginning to tell an anecdote when one of the women in the group arose and went toward an open window. "You want to hear Mrs. X's story?" one of the other women in the group tactlessly asked. "Yes," was the answer. "I don't mind hearing it myself. But my husband is sitting on the piazza, and I'd rather close this window if it is told." The conversationalist with a wry smile, as if she thought that rather a tribute to her powers, and went on with the anecdote.

DID THE BABY REASON?

[James Champlin Fernald in the Atlantic:] The gossamer says it is a growing opinion that it is not until the age of 3 that the child begins to see the end to be in contradistinction to something to be done. The notion is not true of real children. The present writer, for instance, a little cherub of 3 years' terrestrial existence, who found the cat in his high chair after he had eaten, and went to eject her. The cat objected, and he held his hand, whereupon he withdrew to think it over. His high chair was of the dislocating kind that can be pulled low easy-chair by pulling a handle. Two-year-old round the table, came up behind pussy's strategic pulled that handle, and brought the whole thing down like thunder. That cat made a leap such as only have been inspired by a conviction of the approach of all things; and young humanity had ever since the "dominion" given him in Genesis over the rest of the field.

[Syracuse Herald:] (Foreman:) Do telegraph all please!

(Editor:) Never mind; run it as it is, and I'll be the only original Chinese dispatch, translation to the marrow.

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

DANGER IN ICE.

HERE is no country in the world where anything like the same quantities of ice and iced drinks are consumed as in the United States. A Los Angeles physician writes as follows to The Times on the dangers of this habit:

It seems singular to me that not more is said by those interested in promoting hygiene, against the evil of using ice in American dietary. Dr. William Hammond called attention to this subject in 1887 in the North American Review, but the warning is apparently unheeded and the harm to American digestion goes on.

The almost universal custom of imbibing cold drinks and eating of ice at all times of the day and especially at meals might be taken as a proof that it is harmless, but the almost universal dyspepsia of the American people may be a counterbalance to the argument.

Americans, as a rule, summer and winter, drink ice water at the beginning of a meal. This numbs the tongue and pharynx to such an extent that taste is anaesthetized and the stomach is cooled down to an unnatural temperature and the blood is driven away from where nature calls it for its work in hand. Thus after taking a hearty meal, ice cream is put down, which renders digestion impossible until the system can reestablish a temperature necessary for the promotion of its work. Some neutralise the effect of the cold by hot drinks, but the quick succession of cold and heat soon then is deleterious to that quick digestion which is so necessary to good health and spirits.

Thus, again, the effect on the teeth of sudden changes of heat and cold in the mouth which cracks the enamel and decay resulting is of great importance. The Americans have the poorest teeth of any people in the world, notwithstanding we have the best dentists. The reason is there are none who use ice as the Americans. Indians have good teeth until they become civilized, and all nations are better than the Americans in this respect, because they eschew ice.

The drive of our drug stores and restaurants allures the cadaverous and they smack and munch their potions with impunity and congratulate themselves on their temperance. Church parties think they have not fulfilled the custom of society without lowering the vivacity of the mental spirits of their guests with this poison of indigestion.

Dr. Hammond calls to mind the effect of a large draught of cold upon the abdomen of paralyzing the solar plexus, a net of nerves controlling the office of this viscera, and also upon the heart, lowering the pulse and causing a sudden pallor which is often attributed to the effect of the heat which created the thirst which one wrongfully tries to slake with ice water. There are other serious symptoms reported in his writings on the use of the "Ice Pitcher."

The bad effect of the use of ice in one case came under my observation several years ago, which awakened me to a long train of observation and study since that time.

A friend of mine, a proprietor of a prominent daily, a man of fine physique and good health, had a birthday party at his home and a sumptuous dinner was eaten and good cheer prevailed and ice cream finished the menu, of which this man ate heartily and remarked, on finishing, that "that dinner was good enough for a king." In less than half an hour this friend was dead. Post-mortem revealed a great congestion of the brain, the abdominal viscera showed nothing abnormal, and would not on the explanation given by Dr. Hammond. The opening of my eyes by this case has led me to see many deleterious effects of this craze of our people in the use of ice.

The other extreme which some people have adopted of sipping hot water is a blind reaction which they follow without knowing just why. It is not so harmful as the other extreme, but has its objections.

Water the temperature of the earth is in the proper condition to put in the stomach and a plenty of it is healthful.

I saw a few weeks ago at the noon hour a wagon with pigs and another with ice cream backed up at the High School and there was liberal patronage. To a cold lunch these abominations were added and I imagine a dull class in the afternoon.

If a beer wagon had been there it would have aroused the community. Beer would have exhilarated. Ice cream depressed. Beer might have formed an immoral habit. Ice cream a dyspeptic habit. If one was immoral the other was wicked. When will people awake to the importance of the religion of hygiene?

Value of Good Teeth.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to The Times as follows on this subject:

Few persons realize the vital import of good teeth, as relates to the general health. Without proper mastication the food eaten sets up gastric disturbances of all kinds, dyspepsia, etc., and as for those who have any ulcerated or rotten teeth, I would say as you value your health, yes your very life, have them out at once, and new teeth on plates put in. Ulcerated teeth, and decaying bone in the mouth will poison the entire system, and many a person who is continually ill, and many who die, owe their condition to nothing in the world but ulcerated and decaying teeth, or not sufficient teeth to masticate the food.

Kissing Bugs.

A CORRESPONDENT writes as follows: "I don't often catch The Times in a mis-statement, but once one of the force made a bad break in the number for Sunday, August 12.

In Topics of the Times, Magazine Section, page 26, first column, second paragraph, he says in regard to "Kissing Bugs," "no entomologist ever saw a kissing bug, and no one has ever described or pictured it."

I send a copy of Bulletin 23, published by Division of

Entomology, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., in which pages 24 to 30 are devoted to kissing bugs.

"Conorhinus manginaga," pictures of which are on pages 28 and 29, is the species that has bitten so many persons in Southern California of late years. The Latin name means "cone-nosed blood-sucker," and any one acquainted with the bug will see the name exactly describes it.

You will see by the report that it was described in an eastern scientific publication as long ago as 1854.

I trust you will publish some extracts from the report, for the bugs are not at all scarce, and their bite is very painful and sometimes serious.

Members of my own family, and neighbors, who have frequently been bit (stung would perhaps be the better word,) always when in bed and never on the lip, have always found the bug on searching for it.

I send one of the bugs. If the Topics man wishes to extend his experience we will send him a nice live bug, and when it bites him he will need lots of Christian Science to persuade himself it don't hurt.

Please mention, for the benefit of sufferers, that corrosive sublimate, about 1 to 500 strong, gives immediate relief if used promptly. Wet a cloth in the solution and keep on the spot.

A Blast on Beer.

MANY who decry the use of alcoholic spirits advise the substitution of beer for the stronger liquor. Such people will not find much comfort in the following severe arraignment of beer, from that conservative publication the Scientific American. With beer and whisky ruled out, there will be little left for those who desire alcoholic stimulants than our light native wines, which are probably the most wholesome form of alcoholic beverage:

"For some years a decided inclination has been apparent all over the country to give up the use of whisky and other strong alcohols, using as a substitute beer and other compounds. This is evidently founded on the idea that beer is not harmful, and contains a large amount of nutriment; also that bitters may have some medical quality which will neutralise the alcohol it conceals.

"These theories are without confirmation in the observation of physicians. The use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs; profound and deceptive fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion, and perversion of functional activities, local inflammations of both the liver and kidneys, are constantly present.

"Intellectually, a stupor, amounting almost to a paralysis, arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger that are senseless and brutal.

"In appearance the beer drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, a severe cold, or a shock to the body or mind will commonly provoke acute disease, ending fatally. Compared with inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol, he is more incurable and more generally diseased. The constant use of beer every day gives the system no recuperation, but steadily lowers the vital forces. It is our observation that beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous ruffians in our large cities are beer drinkers. Recourse to beer as a substitute for other forms of alcohol merely increases the danger and fatality."

Perspiration.

PERSPIRATION is almost peculiar to men, monkeys and horses. Horses sweat all over the body and so do human beings, but monkeys, it is said, sweat only on the hands, feet and face. The use of perspiration is mainly to cool the body by its evaporation, although it is generally believed that waste materials are also excreted through the sweat glands when the action of the kidneys is interfered with. In animals that perspire but little, the cooling of the body is effected by evaporation from the lungs, as we see in the case of a panting dog. A writer in the Youth's Companion says:

"The amount of perspiration varies greatly, according to the temperature of the surrounding air, the condition of health, the degree of exercise taken, the amount of fluids imbibed, etc. The average amount of perspiration is thought to be about two pints a day, but this is, of course, much increased in hot weather.

"In damp weather evaporation from the skin is lessened, and so one seems to perspire more profusely than in dry weather, but this is only apparent, for really perspiration is lessened when the atmosphere is charged with moisture.

"Hyperhidrosis is the medical term used to denote an abnormal increase in perspiration. This increase may be general from the entire body, or confined to some particular part, as the face, the hands or the feet. Profuse sweating is very common in cases of debility and in excessively stout persons. It occurs also in connection with various diseases, such as consumption (night sweats), pneumonia, inflammatory rheumatism and certain nervous disorders. Sudden emotion may cause increased perspiration.

"The opposite condition, a great diminution or absence of sweating (anhidrosis) is much rarer, and occurs usually in connection with some disease of the skin. Sometimes the character of the secretion is changed, and cases of black, blue, gray, yellow or red sweating have been described.

"The treatment of profuse perspiration depends upon the cause. Tonics, cold or cool bathing, especially salt bathing, temperate exercise and rubbing of the skin are useful in cases dependent upon general debility or obesity. Spraying or sponging the body with brandy and water, vinegar and water, or a solution of tannin or of boric acid is useful.

"Certain drugs which have a tendency to diminish perspiration are sometimes employed to reduce the night sweats of consumption, when these are so excessive as to weaken the already debilitated patient and to prevent much needed sleep."

Greatness and Longevity.

THE question as to whether great men enjoy a longer life than that allotted to more ordinary mortals has long been of interest, and a number of studies of the subject have appeared. Perhaps the most recent presentation of the

topic is that by William M. Thayer. He lately collected a list of some 500 prominent men and women of the nineteenth century, and he found that they lived on an average sixty-eight years and eight months, or about thirty years longer than people in general. A writer in the New York Journal says:

"On the basis of these investigations he combats the idea which has been commonly expressed that men of genius and eminence of the nineteenth century have showed signs of degeneracy, for longevity and the ability to do sustained work for many years is in itself a sign of unusual vitality and vigor.

"Prof. Jastrow, of the University of Wisconsin, takes issue, however, with Mr. Thayer. He calls attention to the fact that it requires considerable length of time to become eminent. Studying the lives of the greatest men of all times he finds that taking an average of the date between the first important work and the greatest work of these men, it gives an age of about thirty-seven years; that is to say, a man must live about thirty-seven years before he produces a work of decided merit.

"Eminent men are a carefully selected class, and the selection inevitably involves the attainment of a certain number of years. After this age is attained the chances of old age are excellent, for the greatest general mortality is in childhood and infancy. While Jastrow considers incorrect Thayer's argument concerning longevity and greatness, he is in sympathy with his contention against the common idea as to the association of greatness and degeneracy.

"The statement that genius and insanity are related is probably not capable of belief."

Hot Water Injections.

A HYGIENIC exchange, Omega, thus defends a practice which came into vogue a few years ago of flushing the colon with hot water, a practice which has since been assailed in some quarters:

"As a result of some of these anti-water fulminations, we have received numerous inquiries as to whether the objections were valid that are urged against the practice of cleansing the system by flushing the colon, or large intestine, with from three to four quarts of warm water. It is not the province of this magazine to advocate any particular system of treatment, but these requests have become so numerous and persistent that we deem it a duty to our readers to reply to them.

"As a matter of absolute fact, that can be demonstrated, there is not the slightest danger attending the practice referred to. On the contrary, it is one of the most sanitary proceedings that ever engaged the attention of mankind. We know all the objections that are urged against it, but not one of them will hold water. No pun intended. It is asserted that there is danger of rupturing the intestine; but those who make the assertion do not stop to reflect that in countless cases the bowel is distended far more with gas, or impacted matter, than it could be with water (without the aid of a force pump,) yet no rupture occurs. Again, it is said the muscles will lose their power of contracting through frequent distention; but we have yet to learn of a muscle that failed to develop increased strength through exercise, and in addition, heat acts as a stimulant.

"It operates against peristalsis," we are told. We deny it, for the great desire evinced to expel the water is proof of increased peristaltic vigor, if it is proof of anything. And even if it did suspend peristalsis for the space of five minutes, it is not a fact that other natural functions can be suspended for much longer intervals, only to be resumed with unabated vigor? The system will in time come to depend upon it, is another objection that is urged. In advancing this objection the objectors display their lamentable lack of information. We have yet to learn of a case where the intestines failed to resume their normal action when the practice was suspended. In fact, when, through the removal of effete matter, and the consequent production of good blood, the system regained its normal tone, it was found that the intestines had shared in the general benefit, and resumed their wonted function with renewed zest. It has even been contended that the frequent washing of the intestinal walls deprived the system of the mucus it needed for lubrication. To that we reply, that we never heard that bathing the body robbed the sweat glands of their power to excrete more perspiration, or that the drinking of large quantities of water in any way affected the secretion of gastric juice.

"But granting, for the sake of argument, that the system did come to rely upon it (which we deny,) is it not a far more rational and hygienic means to an end than reliance upon cathartics, which so many thousands have to do at the peril of their digestive powers? We do not think that any rational person having due regard for his physical welfare could or would hesitate long in making a choice between the two methods.

"Of all the valuable uses of hot water, in a therapeutic sense, assuredly one of the most, if not the most, important, is its employment to cleanse the human sewage system, and render the body a fitting temple for a pure mind."

Coal Oil for Purifying Water.

YET another use for coal oil has been suggested by a Louisiana physician, who says in the Medical Summary:

"Some years ago I saw a creole pour coal oil into his cistern, and, on inquiring for what purpose, was informed that it prevented insects from entering the water. It would clean out the 'wiggletails' and wood lice also.

"I took a barrel of rain water, full of 'wiggletails' and wood lice, poured in a tablespoonful of coal oil, stirred up the water, and an hour afterward no living insect was to be found in the barrel, the water being as clear as crystal the oil only showing on top, and the taste sweet and pure. I believe it purifies the water as well as prevents the formation of germs. Every cistern among the creoles of St. Landry Parish contains coal oil. When called to a case of fever, I ask if the water has been 'coal-oiled,' and if not I order an ordinary gobletful for a large cistern. I believe it prevents all diseases originating from impure water."

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY, CAPITAL AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

What Water Has Wrought.

A CORRESPONDENT sends The Times the following description of the change which has been wrought by water in a section near Los Angeles:

Extending between the Santa Fé tracks and the foothills lies as good an example of the difference between land with water and land without as can be found anywhere this side of the Needles.

For years parts of the great Laguna and Repetto ranches, east of the city, have raised only occasional crops of barley; the rest of the time they have reveled in the pink and purple mistiness loved only by the artist.

Lately, however, that has been changed. The tourist can now see from his car windows even fields and garden patches, where less than six months ago only cattle ranged, just because water now flows where water never flowed before.

The Pam & Bartolo Water Company had artesian wells a-plenty four miles away, and it seemed the part of wisdom to unite land without water to water without land. They leased 1000 acres of the 21,000 in the Laguna ranch, laid four miles of steel pipe, put up a pumping plant and the result is even better than they hoped. The land proved the best possible for corn and vegetables and promises equally well for fruit trees and alfalfa.

One of the great advantages in the water for raising vegetables is its extreme purity. The housewife who wanted her lettuce in cans, lest it might be contaminated by the water used for irrigation, need have no fear of this. In fact, it seems almost a pity to use such water only for vegetables. Up at the head works are to be found four flowing wells and three where the water stands four feet from the surface. To these last is attached a small pump which raises the water to the surface, whence it flows to the Laguna ranch by gravity. Of the seven wells only four are at present needed to supply the 1000 inches now used on the thousand acres. These wells have been tested during our three seasons of drought, and have not varied in the slightest particular, showing conclusively that their source of supply is not affected by surface or local conditions.

The analysis of the water, too, is very different from that flowing above ground, being fifty-seven to one hundred thousand parts of pure water. The temperature of the different wells varies somewhat, and yet they are all in strata less than 500 feet deep. They are also situated within a radius of five acres, which proves that the water-bearing land of the company has been barely prospected as yet.

This is the largest enterprise started near the city of Los Angeles since boom times, and bids fair to be one of the most successful. Although it spoils that expanse of purple and amethyst, it speaks of energy and the development of the country, and confers a direct benefit upon many thirsty settlers by giving them good water and fertile soil, something that has been hard to find at late within convenient distance from the city.

Water for Corona.

ACCORDING to a Corona correspondent of the Riverside Enterprise, a syndicate composed of the following five citizens, M. W. Findley, E. A. MacGillivray, W. C. Barth, H. C. Foster and Alex. Nordstrom, have purchased the Woody ranch, located at Temescal, for \$5000, and have entered into a contract with the Temescal Water Company to deliver in the lower line 100 inches of water by March, 1907, at an annual rental of \$50 per inch. The water will be obtained by sinking artesian wells and will be conveyed to the lower line by a tunnel, which will be driven 3000 feet, and will tap the water basin 150 feet below the surface. At the expiration of the present contract the Temescal Water Company has the privilege of renewal, or it can purchase the water for \$500 per inch.

A force of thirty-five men will be put to work in the near future.

Paper Pipe.

THE Pioneer Roll Paper Company of this city owns a half interest in patents for the manufacture of asphalt paper pipe and a stock company of well-known men was formed for the purpose of carrying on the business. The company now has a complete plant and is filling a number of important orders, one being for the Sunset Telephone Company for about seventy miles of the pipe, which is said to be very durable.

The Golden Colorado.

ACCORDING to some people we may expect to see a large amount of gold taken out of the Colorado River before long. The San Diego Tribune has the following:

"I have heard your great river termed the muddy Colorado, the sluggish Colorado, and named by many other more complimentary titles, but I think the most appropriate of all, and one I have never heard, would be 'the golden Colorado.'"

The speaker was Maj. W. K. Ude of Kansas City, head of the Urie Mining Machinery Company, builders of more dredgers of the gold-sieving variety than any other com-

pany in the United States. His company is building the big dredger at the foot of Main street for the Advance Gold Dredging Company, and the major is here for a few days "seeing how things are getting along."

"Seven years ago next September," continued Mr. Urie, "I was in Yuma, looking for gold-dredging land. The working of placer ground by the dredger method was practically unheard of in the United States at that time, and in fact was new in the birthplace of the industry, New Zealand. So far as I know, I was one of the first searchers for this kind of property in this country. I know the Urie Company built the first gold dredger ever operated in the United States, and although it was small and crude as compared with the big machines we manufacture now, it was a success and acted as a wonderful stimulus to the industry."

"I was looking for dredger ground, as I said, and thought, as I still think, that the Colorado River afforded the most likely opportunities. Its entire course is a veritable aluvial box, running through a country rich in gold. That the deposits of placer gold along the river banks carry big values has been proven time and time again, both before and since my visit here in '03, by hand miners and primitive methods. My faith was very strong and has never been shaken. When I was here I wanted to go up to the Potholes, where the Advance Company propose to operate, but got switched off onto another proposition and never got back here. I am very glad the matter is to be tested, and am confident it will have a successful outcome."

In reply to a question on the subject, Mr. Urie said: "The dredger my company is building here for operation at the Potholes is a magnificent machine—one of the largest and most powerful gold-saving dredgers ever built, and it combines the best features of the most successful dredgers with the improvements of men of the widest experience. Mr. Linn, the Advance Company's superintendent, has embodied a number of his ideas, gained from personal experience, in this dredger, and they will prove of great benefit."

"The successful operation of this machine means great things for the Colorado. I will be back here in a few weeks and stay until it starts off."

Arrowhead Reservoir.

FOLLOWING particulars in regard to the activity of the Arrowhead Reservoir Company, a corporation of Cincinnati capitalists operating in the San Bernardino range, is from the Riverside Press:

"This company has had a resident engineer on the ground in the person of Mr. Hodges for eight years, making preliminary surveys and keeping records of rainfall and water flow. During all this time more or less preparatory work has been done. Half a dozen mountain valleys in all parts of the range have been acquired as sites for storage reservoirs, to hold the rains and snows of winter and give them out for summer use. The largest of these is Little Bear Valley, where the company owns 3000 acres. A dam 150 ft in height will stop the outlet of this lake; and a new outlet is already made by driving a magnificent tunnel through the hills to the north. This tunnel is big enough to drive a team of horses through, and is beautifully cemented all around. It is a mile in length. From its lower end gushes a stream of icy water, always cold. On the hill and directly over the tunnel stands the Gate House, the seat of the company's business at present. It provides houses, barns, corrals and everything necessary to care for men and animals through the cold snows of the winter season."

"At the mouth of the tunnel the water will be taken in a huge steel pipe, fifty-six inches in diameter, and carried westerly across the ridges that put toward the desert, through many tunnels and over trestles. As it goes it will receive the tributary waters of Hoston Flat, Grass Valley, and the other reservoirs of the system. At last, the great pipe runs across the mountains to the south, going through a tunnel directly under the big water trough near Roger's Camp, and delivering the water directly on the face of the mountain, 5000 feet above San Bernardino. Taken down here, great water power can be developed. If the water could be taken through a hose under this enormous pressure it would cut through a man like a bullet—the velocity would be but little short of a cannon ball directly from the gun."

"And the water itself will naturally be sold to the highest bidder—it can be delivered anywhere from such a height, and Redlands, San Bernardino, Rialto, Riverside, Bloomington, Etiwanda, can have it if they can pay for it."

"It will be in the nature, too, of a new development of water, since heretofore it has been running off in the streams toward the desert. It will be several years before the dams are completed and the water started this way. But our teams are at work today up there, dragging together great piles of logs to burn, clearing up the reservoir sites—piles of logs that would make a Riverside wood dealer turn green with envy—that would make his fortune and save our shade trees if we only had them here."

"All this, perhaps, will give our good friends and readers something new to think about when they gaze off toward the calm and restful mountains on the north."

"Water is king."

Arizona Fruit.

THE Salt River Valley in Arizona is rapidly growing in importance as a fruit-producing section. The Arizona Republican says:

"That Arizona can produce peaches far in excess of the quality of the California product is a fact being given daily illustration by the fruit sent to Phoenix from the Verde Valley. Every morning, from 500 to 1000 pounds of the finest peaches that ever grew, come into this city. Great, luscious fruit, of a red and cream blend of hue, and a flavor that is fit for gods and men, it is in heavy demand on the local market. The peach crop in some places was a failure, and even in the Verde Valley many growers lost over half their crop through the drought. A few escaped and one of the most fortunate was J. Page. His crop was a big one

and as a result he has a corner, so to speak, on the peach business. Some of this fruit goes to California, some goes as a native product, but most of it finds a market in Prescott, Phoenix and the smaller towns. A few peaches are coming in, but they are not up to the quality. Apples are becoming rather plentiful and excellent quality retails at 10 cents per pound. They come from Southern California, but will soon be succeeded by the better and cheaper northern fruit. Oranges are possible in large variety, and the Seedless Sultanina, Mrs. Lady Downing, Muscat and Zinfandel sell at 1/2 cent each per pound. A few old-fashioned Concord are coming in from Mesa City. Watermelons and muskmelons are scarce and high and not very good. The latter crop, however, promises well."

"The only plums on sale are the Hungarian prune and Tragedy. There are a few blackberries, but not many are expected. Tomatoes are plentiful at 5 cents per pound. Oranges are high and not in brisk demand. The Valencia is the only variety to be found in Phoenix and is 10 cents per dozen. Lemons are not good and according to C. E. Holland, the heavy demand in California is causing the shipping out of the fruit before it is properly ripe. Bartlett pears will be in before many days and the only large one."

Manufacturing Iron.

ACCORDING to the San Diego Union, before the close of this year iron made from the ore of the famous Tipton mine in Lower California will be shipped out of San Diego and will be shown in most of the large cities and centers of the United States, as San Diego iron, made that city from Pacific Coast ore. The Union says:

"The cost of a single furnace is about \$5000, with capacity of thirty tons per day, and it turns out a charge every 10 hours. Of course such an industry would mean at once iron mills, nail factories, and multitudinous industries employing thousands of men, could be gotten. There would be no longer a question of outgoing freight for ships. The daily consumption of pig iron on the Pacific Coast is about fifteen hundred tons, and refined iron, equal to the amount of 35,000 tons, was used last year in San Francisco alone."

"If the process is all that is claimed it will do more for the Pacific Coast than any other industry, and San Diego is fortunate in having the richest iron at its very door. It is for this reason that the first furnace is to be built here."

"As the furnace treats all ores with equal success, a prominent mine-owner has arranged to bring 100 tons of ore here for the initial run, and Louis Mondstein, the well-known agent of the Lower California Company, guarantees to furnish 500 tons of copper ore monthly for treatment soon as furnaces are built to handle any amount of ore."

"The building of a single furnace means an outlay of about \$5000, and they cannot be erected in numbers much less than that amount. A plant to turn out 500 tons of iron a day by the methods at present in use, would cost from eight to ten times as much as a plant with these particular furnaces, and as soon as the one furnace is erected here during September proves the success of the method there should be no amount of capital seeking investment of the kind that this business will present."

"The single furnace is only about sixteen feet high, occupies comparatively a small amount of ground. The ore is roasted and smelted, and it is all taken from the bottom of the furnace until it can be taken out of the furnace a refined product, much better in truth than comes from blast furnaces now in use. That has to go through what is called, a puddling furnace afterward, and the metal for this furnace does not."

"While the furnace to be erected here is called by the projectors an experimental furnace, it is not the first to have been built. One has been in operation for several months as an experiment, while its inventor has been working to perfect it, adding improvements here and there, and there is little left of the original structure. The furnace to be built here is to be a finished structure on the pedestal plan."

"The product of this furnace has been shown to the Coast interested in iron, and by them it has been pronounced better than A-1. On one of the tests of this experimental furnace, the idea of time was under consideration, and those who were watching the test were looking for gold buttons from the ore inside of twenty-eight minutes and in exactly an hour and ten minutes thereafter, iron was being drawn off, the furnace having been cleaned and iron was put in after the gold button was secured."

"For these reasons the projectors are certain of their success. While it is not the intention of Mr. Howard and O'Brien to enter into the iron-making business, they are certain that the capital will not be wanting from others to start an immense iron industry here as soon as the product of the first furnace is demonstrated."

Crawfish.

OVER TWO tons of crawfish were shipped from San Diego to Los Angeles by train on one day recently. One San Diego firm has a contract with a Los Angeles firm to deliver a thousand pounds a day. The eastern market is calling for crawfish, but the demand is said to be greater than the supply. Arrangements are being made for the establishment of a large fish cannery in San Diego.

REPORTER.

[Detroit Journal:] Observing the manager of the department, the woman accented him, in a spiteful badinage.

"I have sleepwalked," she said. "What would you like me to take?"

"The devil, by all means!" said the manager, who added, "And not something just as good!" contained the most affecting great surprise.

SOU'WEST BY SOUTH.

By Bill the Bo'sun.

With this week with a growl in behalf of the traveling public. It is on account of the impositions practiced upon the latter by certain ticket scalpers in this city. I will tickets to people ignorant of sea-going vessels and accommodations, or rather, the lack of them. There has been a great rush northward by steam vessels from the companies between the Southern Pacific and the railroads, by the terms of which the latter corporations, virtually, to sell no tickets to passengers for the coast and by which the fare was raised from \$13 to \$15. Since that period there have been a lot of steam schooners carrying passengers at about \$4 less than they would have to pay on the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's boats. Some of these vessels are hardly fit to carry pigs or cattle, let alone members of the human race. One of these vessels there was a room with five bunks in which four ladies were assigned. The boat had been taken by the new breakwater at San Pedro when a Swedish sailer opened the door of the room and a valise.

"What's that for?" asked one of the ladies. "The valise of mine," said the Swedish sailor. "I tell you I've got my ticket for this room and so have the other ladies; and that man will have to sleep somewhere else," said the spokesman of the party.

"But that man has paid his fare and his dicked galls for a berth," asserted the tar.

"Right," said the lady, pulling out a tiny revolver. "If that man comes in here, he comes over my dead body."

"They fixed it up I do not know, but they probably did the example of Mr. Pomeroy and 'did the best they could.'"

Another one of these floating chicken coops the supply of fresh water gave out just as the vessel was abreast of the coast; and the unfortunate passengers had no water for the last ninety-five miles of the voyage, some of them nearly crazed with thirst. They could have gone into the bay or Santa Cruz and gotten a couple of barrels of water, but that would have delayed the voyage about two days and cost another ton of coal, which was a waste of money not to be thought of. So on they went to San Francisco and landed a lot of passengers whose tongues were hanging out like so many tired buffaloes. Still another complaint that has come to my knowledge is that of a "lady" who said a man a ticket for San Francisco by a steamer that was announced to leave San Pedro that afternoon. She took the 1:45 train from the Arcade and found, on arrival, that the vessel in question had only arrived in San Francisco a few hours previously; that she had to wait about one hundred and eighty tons of cargo at that time, which would consume at least eight hours; and that she had then to go to Redondo and discharge about one hundred and twenty tons more, which meant a delay of at least twelve hours additional. He was shown to his room and told he could sleep there at night, but would have to wait for his meals ashore, as the boat served no meals to passengers while in port. It was nearly thirty-five hours from the time he arrived at San Pedro before the vessel got under way for San Francisco. The three cases narrated above are the only ones that have come within my personal knowledge, and these were told me by the aggrieved parties without solicitation. If I were disposed to go out and ask for similar cases, I have no doubt I could have picked up a lot of them, every week in the past two months. There have been vessels plying between San Francisco and ports as far as San Diego, that have no business carrying passengers at all; and the district inspectors should be censured for granting them licenses to that effect.

Some passenger brokers say, "Our ships are just as good as the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's ships, only they are quite so large;" and the greeny gives up his money, and that the whole thing is what the House of Bondage is, "gachwindel, mine friendin'." The vessels are always clean, and never well provided for in the way of food; and as for "our ships" that they tell about, the interest they have in them is the percentage they reap on the sale of tickets through the grossest of misrepresentation. About thirty years ago the old Kalorana was taken to Huesame and way ports. She had about a dozen passengers, one of which was next to a cattle pen. A man named Patterson had just received a Durham bull by rail and into that pen he went. About an hour afterward he came along who was quite an amateur musician and a slide trombone in the Ventura brass band. They went into the next room to the proprietor of the powder mill and other jewelry. He didn't altogether like this, but before the old ship sailed, he went up the deck and stood on the beach, "hat they retail on the wharves." The pretty well loaded when he came aboard again and into his bunk with his boots on. The ship finished sailing and stood out through the heads just before the Capt. Archie Harlow (who told me this story) on the deck. The fellow woke up shortly afterward and found all his dinner and everything else; and then fell deep asleep, from which he awakened about 4 a.m. He was moving quietly up to his deck at Santa Cruz when a steward bell when the man in his berth rubbed his eyes and said:

"What am I?"

"A-c-o-o," replied the occupant of the cattle pen.

"A-c-o-o, mister, sound yer C," said the musician, in a tone of authority.

"A-c-o-o-o," responded the masculine exponent of the family.

"The dancier (hic) sound yer C?" persisted the bucolic

"A-c-o-o-o," again asserted the bovine gentleman of the persuasion.

"Sound (hic) I've been aboard here some time and I

(hic) haven't heard you vomit any. You may (hic) be a better (hic) shaller than I am, but you're (hic) the worst excuse for a musician (hic) that I've met in the last shix weeks!"

Well, the old Kalorana was a pretty tough sort of boat, but she was a full-fledged floating palace compared with some of the alleged passenger steamers for which these Sprag-street "scalpers" are selling tickets. Of course most of the people who are hunting for cheap travel are men from Kansas, Nebraska and other inland States, who know nothing about sea-going vessels; and if they did, it would in no wise help them out, for Los Angeles is not a seaport town and they have to buy their tickets before they see the vessel on which they are to travel. These ticket scalpers have handsome posters printed and headed in the electrotypes cuts of such vessels as the City of Puebla or the Queen; and the greenhorn sees them and asks for nothing more. He is told that "our ship is just as good as the Santa Rosa or Corona, only a little smaller." Another one says, "our ship sets a good table—all that the market affords." Yes, after it is shut up. The man who first sang "On the Bowery, the Bowery—I'll never go there any more," is "not in it" with the man who gets duped into patronizing these steam schooners that have come into play since the railroad fare to San Francisco was lifted to \$15. He won't come back to Los Angeles on one of them as long as the walking is good, no fear about that. It reminds me of what "John Phoenix" wrote about his first trip from San Francisco up to Oregon. There was an opposition boat on the route at that time and he said, "Both ships were lying at Vallejo-street wharf and so were the runners." As long as these ticket scalpers told the truth and let people know they could not expect much for \$7.50, I should not bother with them, but, when they resort to such misrepresentations as are the food of their daily existence, I feel constrained to give them a piece of my mind even if it does destroy their peace of mind.

For this evil, the Pacific Coast Steamship Company is largely responsible. By this I mean the corporation itself and not Messrs. Goodall, Perkins & Co., its agents at San Francisco. The head office is now located in Seattle and its chief executive officer is a railroad man who believes in operating steamship lines at the least possible expense. "It was a well-known fact that the Admission day celebration at San Francisco would attract to that city an unusually large concourse of people from all parts of the State, but that corporation made no preparations to meet it. They ran the Santa Rosa and Corona on a schedule of departures from either end of the route, every four days. How easy it would have been to put on an extra boat like the Pomona or Curacao and reduce the schedule to every third day until the Admission day festivities were over, taking her off and resuming the former service whenever the travel abated. The ferries of the Southern Pacific Company have always been run on a similar niggardly plan. On holidays, when the travel was nearly double what it is on ordinary occasions, they ran but two boats (every half hour) on each of the two routes to Oakland, instead of putting on an extra boat and reducing the service, temporarily, to every twenty minutes. These boats are licensed to carry 3000 passengers, but, on such occasions, they frequently have had quite a loss of life arising from the overcrowded condition of these boats. The travel on the southern steamship route has been just about as plethoric during the past six weeks. The Corona left San Francisco on Saturday, the 25th ult., and at noon on Thursday before her departure, every berth was sold. If the Pacific Coast Steamship Company had put on an extra boat, the last week in July, these little whittled steam schooners, that make life wearisome, could not have gotten a dozen passengers in a whole month.

In early days the overcrowding of steamers was something frightful. I came up from Panama on the old Winfield Scott, licensed for 422 passengers, but having 978 on board. The cholera broke out on the third day out of Panama and we had fifty-four deaths before reaching Acapulco and forty-eight more between there and San Francisco. I was a helper to the butcher and was working my passage. On the afternoon after leaving Acapulco, a woman named Fox was taken down about 3:30 and was buried at 5:30, just before supper. That was a very hard day's work for Harrington and myself, for we had killed a steer, a sheep and a pig that day. We both went to bed about 9 o'clock. At 1 a.m. the gang rang to stop the engines, then to back, then to stop; and I sat up in bed and rubbed my eyes.

"I wonder what that's for?" I asked.

"Some poor stiff going overboard," replied Harrington, and then he added, "Go to sleep and thank God that it's not you."

I could not stand it, however. Crawling out of bed and pulling on my slippers and pantaloons, I stole up to the promenade deck. There stood Capt. Blunt on the bridge, with an Episcopal prayer-book in his hand and his colored servant holding a lantern beside him, to enable him to read that matchless piece of English composition commencing with "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord." When he came to the word which was the signal for throwing the body overboard, he said, "him" instead of "her," so I knew it was a man that had been committed to the deep. The body was seen in canvas with a ten-pound shot at its feet and cut the water as if it had been a flat stone thrown edgewise into the air. As I went back to my room, the purser's colored boy stood at the head of the stairs.

"Who was the man that was buried, Ames?" I asked.

"It was de husband of de pore lady dat was buried jess befo' supper, sah," was his reply.

Between Fox's room and ours was a narrow stairway that led from the fire-room to the deck, about thirty-two inches wide; and that man had died within less than five feet of me without my knowing that he was even sick. I tell you those were "the times that tried men's souls." When I heard the old Scott had been wrecked on Anacapa Island, seven months later and no lives lost, I was glad of it.

But that was only one case in a hundred of the way that ships were then overcrowded. The Golden Gate and John L. Stephens could each carry about nine hundred, and

there was not a trip, until 1862, that they did not carry from 1100 to 1250. For each excess passenger so carried, the ship was liable, in her hull and tackle, to a fine of \$500 and costs, but there were only eleven prosecutions for this offense in the Federal courts in nine years! The local inspectors were both mercenary men, who wanted every dollar they could get hold of in any way; and both of them had left the State before 1860. The Pacific Mail Company was a rich corporation and could well afford to purchase their silence. In the Nicaragua line, managed by C. K. Garrison, this overcrowding was still worse because the vessels were smaller. These were the Independence, Sierra Nevada, Cortes and Brother Jonathan, with the Orizaba added a few years later on. None of these ships had accommodations for over five hundred people, yet frequently carried twice that number. Now steamships are plenty and there is no excuse for carrying more than can be fed and housed in comfort; and, as I before remarked, if the excessive travel caused by "Admission day" at San Francisco had been carefully considered by the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's officials at Seattle, the comfortable and dirty steam schooners that have been carrying passengers hence to the metropolis, could not have gotten enough passengers to pay for the oil used in lubricating their coffee-mill engines. But as long as Los Angeles is sixteen miles from the coast and men have to buy tickets before they can see the vessel on which they are to travel, such abuses as I have detailed, are likely to continue.

We are now in a fine way to have direct communication with Salt Lake by railroad—and perhaps two of them. The purchase of the "Terminal" by Senator Clark of Montana gives assurance that it will be soon extended to the City of the Saints; and I know enough of the Southern Pacific's movements to know that its harbor improvements at Galveston will be completed by the middle of December, when a large force will be cut of work. The relaying of the roadbed between here and Galveston with heavier steel will throw out of use nearly thirteen hundred miles of steel rails, most of which are in comparatively good condition. These rails will be used somewhere, and it would not surprise me to hear that the Southern Pacific was laying them hence to Salt Lake by the way of Randburg. That line has been surveyed twice since 1882 and locations were made by Assistant Engineer Long in March and April, 1897, after Mr. Boschke was taken off that job to build the branch between Visalia and Exeter, in Tulare county. Hence if the Southern Pacific people find out that Senator Clark is going to build immediately, they are not likely to let him head them off in competition, for a railway to Salt Lake is not only going to make a great market for our local products, but it will also bring this city from fourteen to twenty hours nearer Chicago than it is at present. By the close of 1903 we shall have at least two roads running hence to Salt Lake, if the money market does not tighten in the meantime; and I look for the Burlington to head this way before long. It is now running into Denver the fastest trains that are operated west of Chicago, and would not be spending all that money for coal and axle-grease, to say nothing of wear and tear, if it were not trying to build to the Pacific Coast and endeavoring to gain a prestige for the fastest time made outside of the Pennsylvania and Vanderbilt systems.

As for the Vanderbilts, my own belief is that they will have a railway system straight through to San Francisco by 1905. They now control the Union Pacific and would have done the same thing with the Central if they had deemed it worth having. My belief is that when the Vanderbilts get ready to build, they will have a line about ten to fourteen miles further north than the main course of the Central's line; and will come out of Nevada into California by the Beckworth Pass, whose gradients average about thirty-one and a half feet less to the mile than those of the Central, which means a great difference in the wear and tear of roadbed and motive power. They will come down into the Sacramento Valley somewhere about Chico and cross the Sacramento River near Jacinto, going westward through the Coast Range by way of Colusa and Lake counties, so as to catch the traffic of a great vineyard and orchard region, as well as the summer travel to the inland watering places which are always crowded from May to October. When I heard the Northwest road was sold, the other day, I made up my mind that the Vanderbilts had bought it. It starts at Tiburon, on San Francisco Bay, and runs up through the rich valleys of Sonoma and Mendocino counties, to Ukiah. Contracts have already been let for extensions into the vast redwood forests of Humboldt county; and the man who lives to see 1910 will see a branch of this system working northward by way of Klamath Lake to the Rogue River Valley and thence to Portland, 19 not to Puget Sound. The Vanderbilt family are never in a hurry about doing anything, but, when they do undertake anything they do it well.

AUTOMOBILES FOR THE KAISER.

[London Telegraph.] The motor car has not made so much progress in Berlin as it has in Paris; but a number of persons connected with the Berlin court are trying to do business with it, and there is a good deal of enterprise and readiness to speculate among the courtiers on the Spree. More than a year ago the Kaiser's Master of the Horse inquired of a well-known carriage manufacturer in the capital if he could supply him with cars for the conveyance of visitors from the station to His Majesty's country seat, at Wildpark, near Potsdam—the new palace. Since then the Imperial Postoffice has secured some heavy vans propelled on this principle; and now Kaiser Wilhelm himself is going to try this mode of traveling. In the month of August the Kaiser has arranged to visit the military drill ground at Alten-Grabow, in the province of Saxony, and proposes to travel the distance from Wusterwitz to Ziesar, and thence to Nedlitz, in a motor car. The carriage maker above referred to has offered His Majesty a present of three of such vehicles, which he has graciously accepted. The roads in the neighborhood are now being put in order for the convenience of the imperial party.

[Philadelphia Call:] (Young Lawyer:) At last I have got a case to try.

(Friend:) Is it a good one?

(Young Lawyer:) Don't know yet. Come around to the house and help me. It was given to me as the finest beer brewed.

AFTER YEARS OF SEARCHING.

FINDING OF A BLACK AND WHITE SKETCH OF NAPOLEON MADE JUST BEFORE BATTLE.

[Oil City, Pa., Correspondence New York Journal:] A picture of Napoleon, a crude pen-and-ink sketch of no intrinsic worth, but immensely valuable on account of its history and the circumstances of its origin, has oddly turned up in an out-of-the-way village of Butler county, after two hemispheres had been searched in vain and many thousand dollars spent in an effort to recover it.

The picture was hastily sketched by a soldier of the empire named Paul Dovar, on December 2, a few hours before the battle of Austerlitz. The story of the picture's history is as follows:

The night before the famous battle Napoleon, unaccompanied, made a tour of the French camp. When he reached a small stream running toward the Russian camp, tolling bells attracted his attention. He stood on the bank of the stream intently listening and peering into the gloom. The attitude of Napoleon made a deep impression on the soldier, Dovar. Tearing a leaf from a note-book he made a hasty sketch of the warrior standing on the bank of the stream.

During the battle the Russians charged the camp in the vicinity of Dovar's tent. Two bullets were put through the drawing hanging on the tent wall, clipping off the ear and marring the outlines of the nose. As soon as order was restored Marshal Berthier's attention was called to the dead men, and incidentally to the picture on the wall. On reaching Paris the Emperor described the picture to Talleyrand, Bourrienne and Josephine.

At the earnest solicitation of the Empress he sent for the drawing. Meanwhile Dovar had been killed in action, and the sketch and his effects sent to his father in Southern France. The elder Dovar emigrated to the United States. No further attempt was made to secure the picture until long after Napoleon's sun had set and his career was closed.

Dr. Musgrove was commissioned to find the picture. He spent seven months unsuccessfully in this country tracing Dovar's descendants. Some time ago a Mr. Scheiter, foreman for the National Transit Company, was transferred to the Thorn Creek oil field, Butler county. While negotiating for a residence at Renfrew he came into possession of the picture. He is a close student of Napoleon's history, and while reading the life of the famous man he came across an article that firmly convinced him that the picture in his possession was the drawing made by the sentinel Dovar the night before the famous battle.

RUSKIN'S HOMELY HOUSE.

THE CABINETS OF SHELLS AND MINERALS AND THE DREADFUL WALL PAPER.

[London Chronicle:] The house is miles away from everywhere, and even when you are there it is very difficult to get in; you enter at the back, and the front door is where back doors usually are. I had pictured it inside as the brightest example of exquisite taste, and thought it would be a lesson in beautiful esthetic decoration. But the furniture was simply appalling. I have to this day nightmare recollections of an awful green tablecloth, with a gilt edging to it, and a cheap, forlorn little vase in the center, and there was a terrible sideboard and hideous chairs and couches, all huddled up in faded chintz. Truly the master delivered us from early Victorian bad taste, but he himself remained in bondage to it all his days.

As for the wall papers, they were enough to make Morris turn in his grave. There was a legend attaching to one (designed, I think, by the master himself) representing very realistic bunches of flowers, with detestable scrollwork signifying all about; the flowers were so naturalistic that misguided bees had been known to dash in at the windows and hurl themselves onto the deceptive roses. Once, being much fermented by this repulsive wall paper and the afore-said legend, I ventured to ask why his roses were right, though he had demonstrated that Zeuxis's grapes were wrong, and I was gilding softly into his pet theory of "representation versus imitation" when he burst into laughter, clapped his hands and said, "His bees were wise and I was a fool," whereupon I changed the conversation.

The chairs and sofas I treated with distant respect, as I knew "papa and mamma" and "old nurse" had sat on them, and so they were evermore sacred. I have an etching of one special chair in which a great part of "Modern Painters" was written, and I never look at it without taking my hat off. Amid the bewildering ugly surroundings were exquisite drawings and rare paintings by Turner, Burns-Jones, Prout and Titian, cabinets of shells and minerals, and the delightful incongruity of it all was a constant surprise and charm.

SHOCKED BRISBEN WALKER.

WOMEN IN HOMEMADE BATHING SUITS, MEN IN JUMPERS ON HIS BEACH.

[New York World:] On account of the deplorable taste in bathing suits displayed by an ungrateful public at Kingsland Point, on the Hudson, John Brisben Walker has rescinded his invitation to all to bathe there.

When he purchased the property Mr. Walker erected on the beach bath-houses which he threw open to the public. During the summer the bath-houses have been crowded daily. The young people of Tarrytown appeared in natty suits, and Mr. Walker for the first few weeks was pleased.

Of late, however, there has come to Kingsland Point a job lot of bathers, possessors of a strange assortment of suits. Among a large number of Women the Mother Hubbard was held in high favor. There were dotted calicoes and calicoes of lurid colorings; dimity gowns that had passed their usefulness in housework and faded lawn for

The mothers viewed this invasion with dismay, and unadvisedly abandoned Kingsland Point. The becoming costumes of the girls and young matrons of Tarrytown were so much in the minority that they occasioned frivolous remarks. Among the men, jumpers held up with "gaiters" were considered as fait.

Mr. Walker the other day escorted a party of friends to the beach that they might witness the enjoyment of the public in his free bath-houses. The effect on Mr. Walker's guests was painful. They hastily retreated, and Mr. Walker forthwith ordered a notice posted forbidding anyone to go in bathing on the beach without a full and ornate bathing suit of the generally-accepted type.

The Duchesse d'Uzes got a verdict in her favor recently in a lawsuit running for more than a year against a Paris newspaper for publishing her portrait. French society women do not allow their portraits to be published and this

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It is a science to bake bread well. We have been in the business over thirty years and we know the exact temperature which it required and all the other conditions. We quote the following from one of the leading physicians of this city. "I regard aerated bread highly nutritive, easily digested and far better than ordinary bread—due to its being free of fermentation." The increasing demand for aerated bread tells the story.

Meek Baking Company,

Retail store 296 W. Fourth St. Tel. M. 1011. Bakery, Sixth and San Pedro St. Tel. M. 223.

is one of the points wherein French society customs differ from ours. Not long ago a fashionable Paris photographer permitted to be taken from his studio, or had stolen, as he sustained, and published, a portrait of the beautiful Countess Gréville, and saw himself in consequence taboed by the countess and her friends. Few of them, however, would take such an affair into court. The Duchess d'Uzes is valiant. The court placed the damage at \$400.



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CONTENTS.

PAGE

PAGE

The Diplomatic Situation of China. (Cartoon).....	
Editorial, etc.....	
Between two Oceans. By Nora May French.....	3
The Gate of Hal. By Harry Forbes.....	4-5
American Shipmaster. By Morgan Robertson.....	
The Island Empire. By O. C. Welbourn, M.D.	6-7
Russia's Capital. By Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.....	7
Guns at Paris. By V. Gribayedoff.....	8
Discovered America. By Thomas R. Dawley, Jr.....	9
A Yellow Lariat. By Will Levington Comfort.....	10
Being a Boy. By H. A. Brininstool.....	11
The Chinaman at Home. By John Foster Fraser.....	12
Series of the Firing Line—Animal Stories. (Compiled).....	13

Lillybelle's Burglar. By Minnie S. Snell.....	14
Good Short Stories. (Compiled).....	15
Bloodhounds of the Philippines. By Frank G. Carpenter.....	16-17
Current Literature. By Adachi Kinnoosuke.....	18-19
Graphic Pen Pictures. Sketched Far Afield.....	20
The House Beautiful. By Kate Greenleaf Locke.....	21
Woman and Home.....	22-23
Our Boys and Girls.....	24-25
Topics of the Times. By a Staff Writer.....	26
Ocean Currents. By G. R.....	26
Care of the Body. By a Staff Writer.....	27
Development of the Southwest. By a Staff Writer.....	28
Southwest by South. By Bill the Bo'sun.....	29

HOW OUR SECRET CIPHER WORKS.

THE SYSTEM IS THE INVENTION OF ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE ADEE.

[Washington Correspondence Rochester Herald:] The War Department uses both a "code" and a secret cipher. The code is based on the same plan as McNeill's, Lieber's and other cable codes and is designed primarily to cut down the number of words in a cable message—an arbitrary word stands for a sentence of several words. For instance, the word "punch" may stand for "I have received your cable," "punch" for "Negotiations unsatisfactory," "pear," for "had interview with foreign secretary," etc. This code is printed and forms a fair-sized book. It is in the possession of the members of our diplomatic service who, of course, are expected to guard it from all unauthorized eyes. There are several hundred of these books scattered over the world in the hands of our foreign service.

Each legation, each consulate, has its own key word, used as often as required or at stated intervals. The key is the invention of Mr. Adee and was purchased by him by the government when he was secretary of the legation at Madrid for quite a large consideration.

Each minister and consulate is furnished with twenty-six strips of wood, each about eight inches long and one-quarter of an inch wide. Each of these strips contains all the letters of the alphabet arranged in the most promiscuous and irregular manner. Each strip begins with a different letter. This represents the appearance of one: I. N. G. D. S. C. R. A. P. V. U. M. T. L. E. J. Q. H. X. Y. I. F.

Suppose it were arranged that the key word should be "Grant." The strip bearing these letters at left end would be placed in the holder in proper order to spell "Grant" and the cipher ready for use would look like this:

G. O. N. D. V. I. T. U. R. E. S. A. P. K. C. O. H. S. W. F. L. M. X. J. Y. B.
B. I. C. V. E. P. T. R. W. S. C. I. U. Z. K. X. H. A. O. N. O. M. J. Y. B. E.
A. Q. C. R. E. W. F. T. V. D. G. U. E. S. Y. I. X. L. J. N. H. O. P. K. M.
H. O. R. D. E. K. C. R. O. A. P. V. H. M. T. L. E. J. Q. H. X. Y. I. F. Z. W. S.
T. R. A. M. W. E. G. R. A. P. D. C. F. O. S. P. N. V. K. Y. P. J. X. U. X. S.

Suppose the message to be sent were, "Legations still open." We would look in the top strip for the letter "L," take as its equivalent the letter under it in second line, which is "O." Then again, in top line we would look for "G" and take letter under it in third line, "D," and again in first for "N" and in fourth would find "I." Again in first line for "A" and in fifth line find "C." We would look under "T" in first line for letter "H" in second line, and so on until the message is complete, according to the cipher scheme here given, this message would look like this:

O. N. D. V. I. T. U. R. E. S. A. P. K. C. O. H. S. W. F. L. M. X. J. Y. B. E. I. C. V. E. P. T. R. W. S. C. I. U. Z. K. X. H. A. O. N. O. M. J. Y. B. E. A. Q. C. R. E. W. F. T. V. D. G. U. E. S. Y. I. X. L. J. N. H. O. P. K. M. H. O. R. D. E. K. C. R. O. A. P. V. H. M. T. L. E. J. Q. H. X. Y. I. F. Z. W. S. T. R. A. M. W. E. G. R. A. P. D. C. F. O. S. P. N. V. K. Y. P. J. X. U. X. S.

When the receiver gets the message he arranges his strips in the order of the key word and for convenience points off the message thus:

O. N. D. V. I. T. U. R. E. S. A. P. K. C. O. H. S. W. F. L. M. X. J. Y. B. E. I. C. V. E. P. T. R. W. S. C. I. U. Z. K. X. H. A. O. N. O. M. J. Y. B. E. A. Q. C. R. E. W. F. T. V. D. G. U. E. S. Y. I. X. L. J. N. H. O. P. K. M. H. O. R. D. E. K. C. R. O. A. P. V. H. M. T. L. E. J. Q. H. X. Y. I. F. Z. W. S. T. R. A. M. W. E. G. R. A. P. D. C. F. O. S. P. N. V. K. Y. P. J. X. U. X. S.

When the key word of six or seven letters were used, the message would be grouped into fives or sixes and read in the same way.

It will be seen that combinations of which this cipher is capable are vast in number, and without the key word the translation and translation of a message is impossible. The key word should be known in Peking by Mr. Conger, the secretary, and if the message received was in the cipher, then it is absolutely certain it was directly from the minister and not connected from any last code.

THE SHEEP STATES.

[J. H. McClintock in Ainslee's:] Today the seat of the sheep-rearing industry of the Union has shifted from the West to the plateau region between the Rockies and the Sierras. Ohio is still doing very well in the business with nearly three million head, but she has dropped from first to fourth in the list of mutton-producing States. Mexico is at the head, with more than 4,000,000; Oregon has nearly as many, while Wyoming leads Ohio with four hundred thousand head. Idaho closely follows in the rating. Oregon, California and Texas each has 300,000 sheep. The Navajo Indians of Arizona are

a material factor in the wool market. The tribe is wealthy through its flocks. The tribesmen are believed to own little short of 1,000,000 head, the care of the flocks and the weaving of wool being almost the sole occupation of the 25,000 Indians. Singular to relate, only a small part of the Navajo wool crop is worked up at home into the wonderful blankets that have made the tribal name famous. Only the coarser and cheaper blankets are now made of the native wool. The up-to-date Navajo weaver uses German-town yarn and Diamond dyes.

OUR BUREAU OF EDUCATION.

GETS INFORMATION ON EVERYTHING FROM BUILDING TO TRANSLATING.

[Dr. W. T. Harris in Ainslee's:] The United States Bureau of Education was originally established to collect information concerning the schools and school systems of the different States and of Europe, and to make it accessible and of use to all the people of this country. Educational experts and specialists are specially studying the methods of other countries, devising ways of improvement in our own schools and making researches and experiments. The results of all these efforts are constantly being put into form for distribution throughout the country. Reports are sent out making clear the requirements for admission into colleges, universities and schools of technology. An expert is at work on the laws regarding the legal rights of children. The National Educational Association discussed recently the best methods of making a log schoolhouse into a better one; how to make the small school into a large one; and how to obtain the best results in country schools. The bureau printed and distributed thousands of reports of these discussions. Last year was published the early history of the kindergarten in St. Louis, the first city in America that introduced kindergartens. Pamphlets have been prepared

and distributed on agricultural colleges abroad; the Tennessee centennial; the actual work done by the United States government; discussions on the first common school of New England; the special education required to give a man a license to be a doctor or a lawyer; Eskimo language translated into Anglo-Saxon in vocabulary form; reports by superintendents of States and cities; essays on the systems of different cities.

Our American consuls are asked by the bureau for educational information. The bureau is in constant receipt of such questions as: Why is co-education to be preferred to separate education? What is the best method of imparting instruction in temperance? What are the advantages in electing women to school boards? Why are free textbooks selected? Who selects them? How can we do away with those districts that have five or six pupils?

When such questions are received, if they have been already made the subject of study, the bureau is prepared to answer them at once; if not, the subject is carefully considered, and the report made. The bureau, in fact, acts for the whole country as a sort of clearinghouse for educational literature. It has something to do as well with the agricultural colleges of America which receive patronage from the United States. The bureau is expected to see that the provisions of the law are complied with. In 1890 the government began appropriating money for agricultural and mechanical purposes. Congress thought that these colleges were using the money for the regular curriculum of Latin, Greek and mathematics; therefore in 1890 a new bill was passed giving them \$15,000 apiece, which was increased to \$25,000, then to \$37,000, and finally to \$55,000, but with the provision that this money be used only for industrial, agricultural, mechanical and similar purposes.

CAPT. KIDD'S TREASURE.

A JOLLY LITTLE GAME FOR AN OUTDOOR AND INDOOR PARTY.

By a Special Contributor.

To play this game the hostess must prepare before the company arrives, and scatter in various parts of a room slips of paper, each having on it directions to look in a certain other place for the treasure hidden by Capt. Kidd.

The directions on each slip must be different, and the searchers, who go in pairs (previously determined by lot), are started on different lines of discovery, finding in each place to which they are directed other slips of paper, and so on until they reach the end of the series. But one series will lead to Capt. Kidd's treasure, and while all will be rewarded by finding some trifle, the fortunate pair alone will reveal the box or kettle of golden nuggets, among which is concealed a quantity of candy.

The nuggets, which are small, round stones gilded, are distributed among the company as souvenirs, and upon them may be scratched or written the name of the hostess and date when found.

For the best results the slips of paper should be widely scattered, and placed out-of-doors, as well as indoors, when possible.

When Back from the Beach Anita Cream

Will remove all the tan from face and arms, but it must not be used as a cold cream, because it is a medicinal preparation which cures all discolorations. "It coaxes a new skin."

50 cents a jar post paid, or of druggists.

Sample and instructions for a 2-cent stamp.

Anita Cream Advt. Bureau, Los Angeles, Cal.



CURSE OF DRINK

Drunkenness Cured by White Ribbon Remedy.

Can be Given in Glass of Water, Tea or Coffee Without Patient's Knowledge.

White Ribbon Remedy will cure or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient is a confirmed inebriate, "a tippler," social drinker or drunkard. Impossible for anyone to have an appetite for alcoholic liquors after using White Ribbon Remedy. Los Angeles—Owl Drug Co., 310 South Spring Street. By mail \$1.00. Trial package free by writing MRS. T. C. MOORE, President W. C. T. U., Ventura, California.

Wood Carpet.

A covering for floors in place of the ordinary dusty and otherwise objectionable woolen carpets. Polished Oak Floors \$1.00 per square yard.

Jno. A. Smith, Established 1891. 707 S. Broadway

Ye Grandmothers

Ginger Cookies



Ye Grandmother's Ginger Cookies

Are a new cookie made expressly for those people who know what a good old fashioned ginger cookie with the true molasses flavor is. They are as dainty and as toothsome as the most expensive cake, packed 20 in a neat, pretty box, which your grocer sells you for 10 cents—try them with your next order.

BISHOP & COMPANY, MAKERS.

THE GEM OF HAWAII



NEWMARK'S HAWAIIAN BLEND

IT SHINES FOR ALL

NEWMARK'S is the genuine Hawaiian Coffee, blended to secure the best results as to flavor and strength. The quality is always the same. Order a package of Newmark's Hawaiian Blend and see if it is not as we claim it to be.

NEWMARK BROS., IMPORTERS, ROASTERS AND PACKERS.



CAPITOL FLOUR

It's the kind of wheat the flour is made of and the manner in which it is milled that determines the quality of the flour. Capitol Flour is made from the choicest selected wheat and milled by the most scientific methods—that's the reason it is superior to every other flour. Every sack guaranteed.

CAPITOL MILLING CO.



Puritas Pomelo is made from the pure juice of the grape fruit, is a most refreshing and healthful summer drink. One dozen glass bottles, 6.00. We have ice and cold storage. Order by mail or telephone M. 28.

Ice and Cold Storage Co.